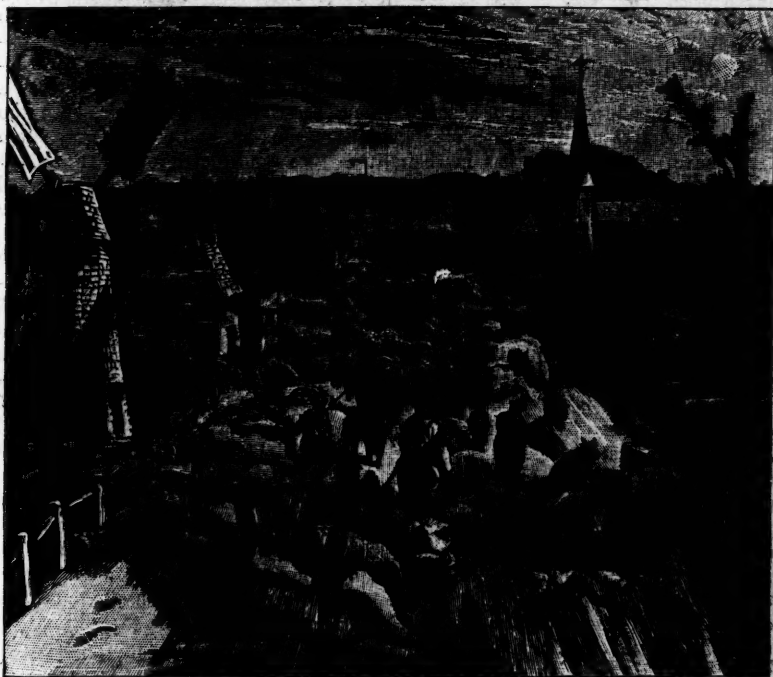


# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

## A WALK OVER MONTAUK.



SEMI-ANNUAL CATTLE-DRIVE.

THE little fishing village of Amagansett, a hamlet of the quaint old town of East Hampton, Long Island, is the last which the traveller meets before entering the weird, desolate, anomalous peninsula of Montauk. Between it and the "Point," the eastern extremity of the peninsula, lie seventeen miles of shifting sands and grassy wastes; a mile east of it the mainland of Long Island

ends abruptly; from its base a low, sandy bar, a few feet above the sea-level and from two to three miles wide, stretches seven miles to the eastward until it meets a series of bold bluffs, high table-lands, and concentric rings of hill-ranges entirely different in appearance and formation from the mainland of the island. This sand-bar is called Napeague Beach, and the bluffs it

connects are known locally as Montauk. The Atlantic Ocean is on the south side of these sands, and Long Island Sound on the north, and at flood-tide, if a heavy storm happens to be raging, the waters of the one dash madly over the beach and mingle with those of the other.

There is no more striking spectacle in the entire range of American coast scenery than that which presents itself to one who stands on the Amagansett headlands and looks out over Napeague. The whole beach is literally a tumbled mass of sand-dunes, from twenty to thirty feet high, covered to their summits with broad-leaved sage-grass, and disposed in every variety of form and position. Some are round-topped, some conical, some shaped like a sugar-loaf; others, again, have great white chasms in their sides, gleaming blankly in the sunlight and suggesting the shovels of the Titans. The sand-dunes of Henlopen and the Carolinas, so much talked of by travellers, are not at all comparable to these, either in number, size, or picturesqueness of grouping. One's first thought is that these curious hillocks are the work of the waves; but a few moments' walk among them is sufficient to show that they are raised by the winds alone. Even in a moderate breeze the beach is alive with innumerable grains of sand drifting hither and thither, a few of which lodge against a bit of drift-wood or a tuft of sage-grass, and a little mound is formed; other tufts of grass take root there, affording lodgment to other grains of sand, and thus, in a few weeks of moderate breezes or a few days of heavy gales, a hillock containing hundreds of tons of sand is thrown up. This mound may stand for a year, or only for a few days, but it is sure to be demolished in time by the same agent that created it. The dying of a grass-tuft or the swirling eddy of some furious tempest opens a little hollow in the side of the mound: this the wind seizes upon, and scoops out bit by bit, undermining the grass that has taken root, and in an incredibly short space of time the mound is either scattered over the beach or piled up in a far-distant locality. There is nothing

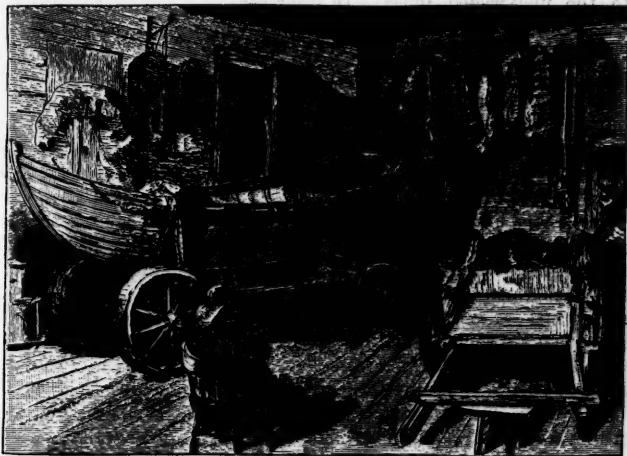
stable about this coast, and he who gazes upon it sees, as in a phantasmagoria, a picture that in a week's time may be so shifted as to be unrecognizable.

Onesunny September morning a Child of the Public stood on the Amagansett headlands and looked out with delight over this scene. Protracted literary labor inducing insomnia had sent him for a week of foot-travel over these wild and breezy wastes, in the hope of winning rest by exertion and strength from the strong sea-air and wholesome fare of the farm-houses. A knapsack strapped to his back contained all his travelling *impedimenta*, and a stout oaken walking-stick was his only weapon. He drew a long breath of the salt air, bade the village good-by, and plunged gayly into the loose sand that forever drifts about the base of the dunes. As he emerged upon the beach, a mighty breaker threw a cloud of milk-white foam about his feet,—a salute which he acknowledged with his most courteous bow, and then seriously addressed himself to the journey of seventeen miles before him. It was a royal highway along which he travelled,—the hard, smooth, surf-beaten sand,—an unbroken level, save for the gray cliffs of Montauk in the distance, and behind him the same unbroken coastline stretched away to its termination at Manhattan Beach, nearly a hundred miles distant. One of the advantages of the foot-traveller is that his isolation and slowness of movement allow a close and leisurely observation of the country through which he passes; and as the practised strides of our tourist bore him deeper and deeper into the wilderness, he was surprised at the interest with which he came to regard even the smallest objects and incidents of his journey.

The ocean, he discovered, had a regular rhythm and pulsation in all its movements. One wave broke feeble and spiritless upon the strand, its successor showed a greater volume, which increased in regular ratio until the fifth wave broke with bellow and roar and sent floods of milky foam far up the beach. The next wave sunk again to the lowest note in the gamut. A modest tapping

on his feet and ankles caused him to look down, and, lo! an army of ten thousand grains of sand was fitting noiselessly toward the west, impelled by the east wind, and explaining how this marvelously straight coast-line has been preserved for ages. Sand-drifts were as common as snow-drifts on New-England uplands in winter, their precipitous sides always toward the sea. He found the view before him always novel and alluring, with the mists of the breakers forming vivid rainbows, or else, refracted by the cliffs, creating beautiful mirages, which appeared as placid lakes beside the ever-restless sea. At every stage of the journey he encountered ghastly wrecks, some still washed by the surges, others thrown far up the beach, under the dunes and half buried in the sand. One he fancied to have been a stately East-India-

man, built in the golden age of American commerce. Another leviathan that thrust its mouldering ribs above the sand was a craft of far different calibre, —a New-Bedford whaler, which, after poking her inquisitive nose into every sea and daring the perils of every clime, at length threw her bones to bleach on this desolate coast almost in sight of her native haven. Stout frigates, emigrant-ships, coasters from every domestic port, merchantmen from every clime, strewing every mile of this coast with *débris*, mark it as the most destructive to shipping of any on the Atlantic seaboard. In his frequent rests on some broken spar or barnacled keelson, the Child recalled many vivid tales of shipwreck on these sands told him by an old coast-wrecker whom he had encountered in the little village inn at Amagansett. Sad-



LIFE-SAVING STATION.

dest of these was that of the New-Bedford ship "John Milton," homeward bound from the Chincha Islands, which went ashore here in a snow-storm, with all sails set, in February, 1858. Of the twenty-six souls on board not one was saved. Twenty-one bodies were rolled up by the surf, and were buried "with dirges due and sad array" in the little cemetery at East Hampton: there a monument of marble was erected to their memory, which the reader may see if

ever he visits the quaint little village. Another notable shipwreck was that of the "Sylph," British man-of-war, in 1812. She had been prowling about the eastern coast of the island for some time, picking up coasters and now and then exchanging a shot with the batteries at Sag Harbor, and it was with a grim sort of exultation that the old whalers and man-of-war's-men saw her thumping and pounding on the bar. Of the one hundred and six gallant fellows aboard of

her, only six came through the breakers alive.

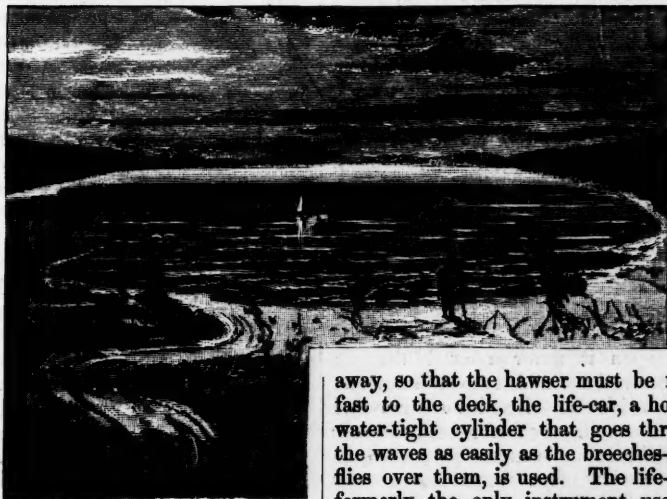
Five miles from Amagansett the tourist discovered the tall flag-staff denoting the presence of one of the thirty-two government life-saving stations scattered along the coast. The stations which the government is now building are in the Swiss-cottage style, and present a neat and picturesque appearance; but this belonged to the old order, and was a simple frame structure, painted brown, with a stove-pipe for a chimney, and having but two rooms besides the attic, a small apartment used by the men for kitchen and dining-room, and the large boat-room where are stored all the appliances for life-saving. The men at the station proved most genial and companionable. They were well pleased to receive a visit, and proffered every attention to the unexpected guest. In the boat-room he inspected the often-described life-saving appliances provided by this wise and beneficent service. In the loft above he was shown the sleeping accommodations of the men,—neat little cots plentifully supplied with soft woollen blankets. Ten or twelve superfluous cots are stored here in readiness for the shipwrecked people whom any winter storm may bring to the door. Nearly all the men were residents of Amagansett, fishermen and sailors or former members of the whaling companies that once existed here and pursued the whale in boats from off shore,—the most expert surf-men in the world, and the best material for this peculiar service that could be found. Most of them were married and had families at home. Every year, as the 1st of September approaches, they bid wives and babies farewell and come in a body to the station-house, which has been untenanted all summer except by a great yellow cat and the few mice which she allows on sufferance in her dominions. Besides the pittance of forty dollars per month, government allows them seven tons of coal, and oil for lamps and lanterns. From September to May they are never absent a night from the station-house, and rarely see a visitor, but

are occasionally allowed a few hours' leave of absence to visit their families. During the day they are at liberty to sleep, or to fish and fowl along the bays and marshes, provided they remain within sight of the recall signal, which is displayed, when occasion demands, from the flag-staff. At sunset their duties begin with the patrol. The stations on this coast are at an average distance of five miles apart, and every four hours between sunset and sunrise a patrolman goes half-way to the first station west and another half-way to the first station east, so that the entire coast is regularly patrolled every four hours. To require this walk of five miles on the yielding sand in clear, calm nights seems an unnecessary bit of red tape; but such are the regulations, and they are cheerfully complied with. But when a furious northeaster is raging, and the surf roars on the beach with the report of a park of artillery, when great columns of sleet and sand rush down the coast and spray and mist combine to render the darkness impenetrable, the patrolman performs his difficult walk with far better grace, because its necessity is then apparent. Often in these terrible nights he is lost for hours among the sand-hills, the ocean, leaping the beach at a bound, compelling him to make wide détours, and the clouds of sleet and snow confusing him as to the direction. But this is nothing compared to that which besets him and his comrades if, as not unfrequently happens in these wintry storms, he discovers a vessel thumping and groaning on the outer bar. Only stopping to burn a Coston light to show the shipwrecked mariners that they are discovered, he hastens back to the station-house and rouses the sleepers with the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!" The men leap into their rubber suits, the great doors of the boat-room fly open, and the two-wheeled truck, carrying mortar, haul-line, hawser, sand-anchor, and breeches-buoy,—the whole weighing seventeen hundred and fifty pounds,—is run out into the howling gale. The sea is breaking so fearfully over the beach that the horses



cannot be used: so the men harness themselves to the vehicle and pull and drag it with desperate energy through the sands, in and out amid the dunes, splashing through the ponds made by the sea's overflow, and pursued by all

the forces of the storm,—hail, sleet, snow, sand, and spray,—until the scene of the wreck is reached. Once there, it is the work of a moment to plant the mortar and load and fire it. The long, conical twenty-pound projectile passes



GREAT POND, STRATTON'S.

over the vessel, carrying with it its six hundred and forty yards of braided Italian hemp, which in its descent falls upon the deck. The crew haul in on this line and bring on board a block and pulley through which runs an endless hauling-line. This block is fastened to the mast as high above the deck as convenient. Then the men on shore haul on the endless line, and thus draw the hawser on board, where it is made fast to the mast, the shore end having first been passed over a stout crotch and then secured to an anchor firmly embedded in the sand. Over this hawser slips smoothly back and forth the "breeches-buoy," carrying but one person at a time, but performing the journey so quickly that a ship's crew has been landed by it in fifteen minutes after the firing of the gun; the men also tell with pride of once landing with it five hundred emigrants from a stranded ship within two hours after the alarm was given. If the masts have been cut

away, so that the hawser must be made fast to the deck, the life-car, a hollow, water-tight cylinder that goes through the waves as easily as the breeches-buoy flies over them, is used. The life-boat, formerly the only instrument used in succoring shipwrecked crews, is available only in a moderate sea.

Turning a little angle in the coast a few yards from the hospitable station, the tourist caught his first near view of the frowning cliffs that form the ramparts of the Montauk uplands,—great masses of red earth rising abruptly from the beach, enclosing pebbles and great round boulders that fall to the beach in the process of disintegration, and showing many a dint and scar of conflict with the elements in their seamed and fissured sides. Conkling's farm-house nestles snugly at their base, and here also runs the post-and-rail fence that prevents the flocks from straying on the sands, although the limits of the Benson purchase are nearly a mile farther west. A winding footpath led to the top of the cliffs, and, scrambling up this, and thence to the summit of the highest hill within reach, the traveller took his first view of this strange island in a sea of sand and waters. His view embraced a tract of country ten miles long and from three to five

miles wide, having on the south the ocean, and on the north a shimmering net-work of bays, channels, and islands; between, a tumbled mass of hills and hill-slopes, grass-covered, brown at the top, green at the base, showing red patches where the water-shed has eroded them, short, stunted golden-rod in places blossoming yellow, treeless, except for a few acres of scrub oak and pine near where he stood; snowy flocks at his feet, and, farther on, great herds of cattle calmly feeding; no houses in sight, no traces of man's presence, except on the highest and farthest ridge a great white tower, the light-house at Montauk Point, marking the end of this finger of the continent. No doubt the flavor of antiquity about it, the questionable manner of its acquirement, the strange tenure by which it was held, and the grip upon it never relaxed through ten generations, added to the interest with which he viewed it. He had learned its history before commencing his walk, from the musty papers in the town clerk's office under the ancient elms of East Hampton. The entire territory, he found, had originally belonged to the Montauks, the dominant tribe of Long-Island Indians, who, being delivered from an attack of the Narragansetts, their powerful neighbors across the Sound, by their good friends the forty proprietors of East Hampton, conveyed to them, in token of gratitude, this domain of thirteen thousand acres, reserving for themselves the use of as much land as they should need, and also the right to fish and fowl on the bays and shores. The ancient instrument is still in existence, and describes the tract as extending "from sea to sea, and from the easternmost parts thereof to the bounds of East Hampton." This gift Governor Nicolls confirmed by a patent in 1666. The forty proprietors did not divide the land, owing, no doubt, to the presence and occupancy of the Indians, but farmed it in common and divided the revenues. This method was continued until the number of owners became so great that the original shares were divided into eighths, and these, many years later,

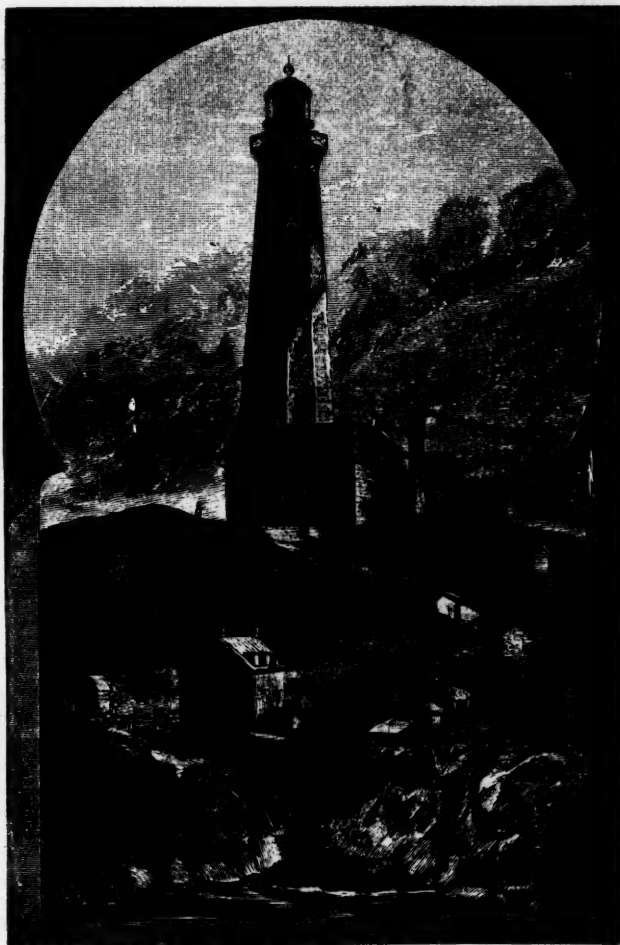
were again subdivided, until the present number of rights amounts to seventeen hundred. Each right entitled the holder to keep in pasture one horned animal or seven sheep; a horse required two cattle rights for his keeping.

It was not to be expected that this communistic system of land-tenure would forever withstand the brunt of modern ideas. In process of time, by inheritance and sale, the titles to these rights became vested in a number of indifferent and widely-scattered proprietors, and a strong effort to secure a partition was made,—without success, however, until 1879, when Robert M. Grinnell, in a suit for partition, obtained a decree from the court ordering the sale of Montauk in a body. The sale took place at East Hampton, October 26, 1879, before referee E. A. Carpenter, of Sag Harbor. Many gentlemen with plethoric purses attended the sale, but, after a brief struggle, the whole magnificent domain became the property of one individual,—Mr. A. W. Benson, a Brooklyn millionaire. The sum paid was one hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars. Mr. Benson has made no change as yet in the status of his purchase, and the rights are still leased as under the old *régime*. Thirteen hundred head of cattle, one hundred and fifty horses, and twenty-five hundred sheep have ranged over his farm the past summer. The cattle are driven on early in the spring, as soon as the grass is fairly started, and remain until the pastures grow "lean" in the fall, when they are driven in one vast body to Amagansett, to be separated and delivered to their owners.

The semi-annual cattle-drive is one of the events of the year to all who take part in it. For a day or two previous a score of well-mounted horsemen are employed collecting the herds, and when this is done the whole troop, from twelve to fourteen hundred strong, is urged along over the hills and by devious sandy ways to the village. The herdsmen's shouts resound cheerily, the dust rises, the earth shakes with the tread of the host; now and then a rest-

less steer breaks ranks and dashes away over the hills, pursued by the horsemen with shout and halloo, or a mad bull creates a diversion by charging on a herdsman who has ventured too near; but, as a general thing, the herd paces steadily on, and by sunset is safely corralled in the broad village street. Early next morning the work of division begins. A crowd has gathered to witness the spectacle. There is a chorus of bovine notes, a flashing of horns, with free fights in many places, as Stratton, the tall, wiry chief herdsman of Montauk, enters the herd and points out their property to the different owners who follow him. The stock that went on in the spring was all branded, and is easily identified. The title to the increase, however, depends entirely on the dictum of the herdsman; and no case has ever occurred where his verdict was not accepted as final. As the tale of each man's stock is completed, it is driven to his yards, and long before nightfall the herd has melted away, leaving the village to a quiet not to be broken again until the herd is corralled here for branding previous to

the spring hegira. Three herdsman have sole charge of this territory,—Conkling, whose farm-house we have already mentioned; Osborne, who lives three and a half miles farther east, on the line dividing the sheep- and cattle-pastures; and



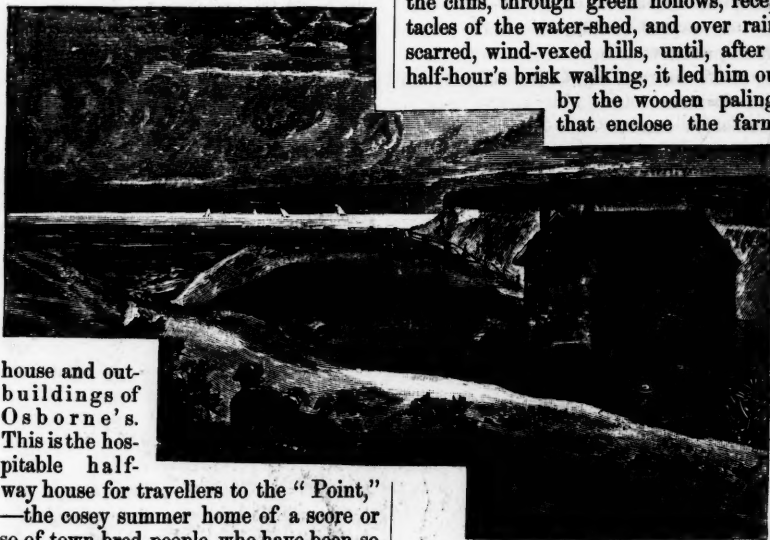
LIGHT-HOUSE, MONTAUK POINT.

Stratton, whose domicile is three and a half miles farther on, and who has the general oversight of the herds.

It was while trudging along over these breezy pastures, on his way to Osborne's, that the traveller met with his first veri-

table sheep-walk,—not a path, but a *walk*,—a narrow trail, not more than two inches wide, made by the hoof-beats of generations of the woolly, mild-eyed creatures

about him, each walking unvaryingly in the old steps and placing its tiny hoofs exactly in the footprints of its predecessor. He followed it around fissures in the cliffs, through green hollows, receptacles of the water-shed, and over rain-scarred, wind-vexed hills, until, after a half-hour's brisk walking, it led him out by the wooden palings that enclose the farm-



house and out-buildings of Osborne's. This is the hospitable half-

way house for travellers to the "Point,"—the cosy summer home of a score or so of town-bred people, who have been so happy as to discover this little nook, and who journey hither when the dog-star rages, to enjoy the abundance of the farms and waters, the surf-bathing, the sails on the lake, or the canter over the breezy downs, which never lack a cooling breeze from the ocean and are never out of reach of its soothing monotone.

At this farm-house reside, the year round, the herdsman,—who is also keeper of the station near by,—his wife, son, and two daughters. They are ten miles from church, school, store, and post-office. In winter it would seem their isolation must be complete; yet their home, in attractiveness and refinement, would vie with many more pretentious dwellings, and the cheery, bright-eyed matron declared she would not exchange her breezy home for any that city or village could offer.

From Osborne's to Stratton's, three and one-half miles, the pedestrian followed the main wagon-road from Amagansett to Montauk Point. It is not a macadamized turnpike; in fact, it is only a faintly-defined track indenting the green turf.

"WATCHING."

It passes through bars and gates, climbs hills, skirts the edge of the cliffs, with the ocean bellowing below and sending its salt spume into the traveller's face, then winds away among the hills a mile inland, amidst herds of cattle that scurry away in wild stampede at man's approach, and at length completes its idiosyncrasies by fording an arm of the bay and obliging the foot-passenger to doff shoes and stockings before making the passage.

Stratton's is in sight of the ford,—a brown, old-fashioned farm-house, with a large L and piazzas recently added for the accommodation of city visitors. It is indeed beautiful for situation, being built near the apex of a wide hill-slope that descends gently to an arm of the Sound on one side and to the ocean on the other. Although late in September, the house was full of guests, among them the family of Mr. Benson, the proprietor of Montauk. Stratton's being remote from civilization, the visitor had expected to find primitive customs obtaining there,—had even speculated as to whether



he might not be called out on the back porch to perform his lustrations by aid of the old tin wash-hand basin, and later claim the kindly offices of the coarse but scrupulously neat home-spun towel. But in these days of running to and fro where shall primitive customs be found? and so, to his disgust, the Child found here the furniture and adornments of the regulation summer hotel, and aired his dusty, travel-worn garments in striking contrast to the silken raiment and generally faultless attire of his fellow-guests: albeit once between the sheets, with the ocean throwing its thousand lulling voices about him, he forgot his disappointment in a deep, dreamless sleep.

The next morning he found that a dense ocean fog had rolled in and blotted out space so far as the senses were concerned:

however, an hour's walk amid its stalking spectres brought him out unharmed upon the Point. Montauk Point is the land-end, a thing of boulder-strewn beaches and beetling cliffs, with the great tall column of the light-house dominating all. The light-house and the keeper's snug little cottage are the only buildings hereabouts: they stand in a little enclosure of about an acre, which has been walled off from the outside wastes, one is inclined to think, as an offering to Neptune, for the waves that roll in here foaming and booming devour the cliffs with such appetite that the coastline is carried inland several feet each year, and, unless government wakes up to the importance of building a sea-wall here, he of the trident will ere long have tumbled the light-house itself into



PASSING THE "QUEEN."

his maw, thus revenging himself for the many gallant ships its flaming eye has saved from his embraces.

The Child spent nearly all of his appointed days on Montauk at the Point. While lounging upon the cliffs, watching the effortless sailing of the circling hawk, the arrow-like flight of the mackerel gulls abruptly broken by sudden and

seemingly unsuccessful plunges into the sea, and trying in vain to fix the position of the holes into which the swallows plunged after their erratic but more successful efforts after prey, he saw coming toward him a vehicle the like of which is rarely seen in the North. Each of the four wheels made a separate track. The driver spasmodically

jerked upon the reins at short intervals, just in time to prevent the horse's head from disappearing between his front legs, and with a vigorous stroke of the whip elicited an attempt at a jump which ended in a few leaps of a canter, then a trot, and then a walk, the head finally returning to its original low position, when the cycle of motions was again resumed. This vehicle pulled up at the edge of the cliffs in Amsterdam Bend, and Wyandauch, a descendant of the great warrior of that name, but more familiarly known as "Dauk," allowed his poor horse, whose bones were so prominent that you could easily have hung your hat upon them, and whose ribs looked like a wash-board, to come to rest by virtue of his own inertia, and then, suddenly recollecting his duty as driver, gave a vigorous pull and uttered a "whoa!" that set the horse and wagon back several feet.

The first to leap from the wagon was the Doctor, whose helmet and coat of grass-cloth with many pockets, knickerbockers continued by Irish knit woollen hose, and russia-leather gaiters gave evidence of long experience in the unique fishing required for the striped bass,—called rock in more southerly points along the Atlantic coast. These fish grow here to enormous size, and, being very strong, make a splendid fight, not excelled by the salmon.

With alert and vigorous movement the Doctor swung over his shoulder a split-bamboo rod about eight feet in length, whipped from butt to reel with whip-cord. The reel, which was of the largest size, held nine hundred feet of No. 12 bass-line, and was of the most exquisite workmanship, being so adjusted as to run with all the smoothness of a watch. Thus equipped, he picked his way down the face of the cliffs and over the rocks at their base to the edge of the cliff. Dauk followed more slowly, carrying a basket filled with lobsters covered with rock-weed and a bottle of water. Depositing these in the rear of the Doctor, he made a leisurely search among the wrecks strewn along the beach for a piece of board, and, finding

it, returned to the basket, from which he pulled out a lobster and laid it on the plank, and, after cutting it in two and deftly stripping off the shell, handed the red and tempting morsel with an unbroken skin to the Doctor.

The latter had in the mean time attached to the end of his line a lead sinker, of about the weight of a minié ball and a No. "nine ought" hook, with a leader of piano-wire about a foot in length. Having carefully run the bait, putting the extreme tip of the tail first, upon the hook, he added to its security by tying it on with a bait-string at the top of the hook. Slipping on two thumb-stalls of hard crocheted woollen yarn, he quietly watched the waves for a moment, and then, making a step in advance, swung his rod clear behind him, and with a sudden flint and a spinning reel sent the bait over the roaring surf one hundred and twenty-five feet at the least, the time of his cast having been so chosen as to cause the bait to fall into the sea back of an advancing wave and prevent it from being carried in even a few feet. Then, reeling in a few feet of his line, so as to have it taut, he waited quietly for a bite. Suddenly he gives a sharp jerk to his rod, and, bracing himself backward, holds it vertically upward, with the end bending sharply to and fro and both thumbs pressed hard down on the reel, to resist the frenzied pull of the giant fish who is madly struggling for the open sea. How far will he go? Six hundred feet of this agonizing effort is all he can do, and the motion of the reel ceasing under the Doctor's hands, he begins to reel in, keeping the thumb of his left hand on the reel. The fish sullenly submits for two hundred feet, and then again makes a mad rush along shore, straight for some barnacle-covered rocks that would cut the line like a razor if drawn across them. The Doctor sees the peril, and in desperate haste follows along the beach, and just before the rocks are reached slacks his line and throws a bight over them, rapidly reels up, and, feeling his fish, shouts, "He is safe!" Again and again the fish madly rushes, and the Doctor coolly and stead-

ily holds him, until at the end of half an hour the striped sides and white belly of a bass four and a half feet long are seen alternately coming in on the crest of a wave and disappearing in the outward wash of the undertow. Dauk waits with the gaff, and at the word from the Doctor thrusts it into him and draws the fish out upon the rocks. Whoop! a sixty-pounder.

At other times the visitor roamed over the cliffs to watch the slow process of disintegration go on, or scanned the distant sea-line, noting the white-winged coasters flitting by into the Sound, or the dimmer outlines of great steamers trailing long lines of smoke as they made their offing of twenty or thirty miles after sighting the Point. In the long evenings he listened to weird tales from the keepers, of pirate-treasures hidden in the sands and sought at uncanny hours by bands of ghostly delvers; of bale-fires dancing fitfully over buried wrecks; of mysterious craft seen floating down the Sound in the ocean mists or on the scud of departing storms; and of a thousand strange apparitions and visitations that could nowhere find so fitting a habitation and a name as on

this weird and anomalous coast. The last day of his sojourn was devoted to visiting the reservation of the Montauk Indians, about a mile north of the lighthouse, on a slope of the high hill that forms the ocean front of Montauk. Of this once powerful tribe only ten persons remain, and they are not of unmixed blood. Their present ruler is the queen, the king her consort having been some time dead. By the ancient deed of conveyance they have a usufructuary interest in a portion of the land, and this reservation they cultivate, raising good crops of corn and other cereals. They live in two comfortable frame houses, and eke out a subsistence by fishing, fowling, making baskets, and fashioning trinkets for sale to visitors. The queen was not at home at the time of the tourist's visit, having gone to town on a shopping expedition; but on his return to civilization next day he met her returning over the wastes, driving a raw-boned, antiquated pony attached to a rude lumber box-wagon well filled with house-keeping stores. Her bow and affable smile formed the last episode of his walk amid the wastes of Montauk.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

#### A VARIED ENTERTAINMENT.

NO programme was distributed among the spectators, and probably none ever existed. Yet that the performance deserved its name, in being both varied and entertaining, no one present at it will ever deny.

It was pre-eminently a masculine affair, masculine in inception and in execution: nevertheless, in seeking the cause of its existence one had to remember the Talleyrandic injunction,—*"Cherchez la femme!"*

*La femme* in this case was not to be sought far away, for all Paris was ringing with her name. She was the most

adorable of *prime donne*, a flower-souled, angel-voiced little maiden, who had smitten the hearts of the whole English-speaking portion of the Latin Quarter and turned the heads of the Americans with pride that they could point to her and say, "Of such are the daughters of Columbia."

Several scores of hearts thus swelling with adoration naturally craved some form of visible expression that might set them in their idol's eyes apart from the vast multitude of her other worshippers. But it was manifestly impossible for the whole *Quartier* to wait upon her

singly and say to her, "You are exquisite, and I adore you individually;" for after the thirtieth or fortieth repetition the small maiden might begin to find the adoration of the Quartier Latin a trifle monotonous. Equally was it impossible for them to wait upon her in a body and, marshalled by a leader, to obey a concerted signal by opening fifty mouths as with one gasp, and chorussing, "You are exquisite, and we adore you collectively;" for the lady might then

tights, spangles, and the sawdust ring, than of the chivalric admiration they felt for their pure countrywoman.

Nevertheless, something must be done other than to continue impoverishing themselves by haunting night after night the cockloft of the opera-house, from whence, even to their fascinated eyes, the prima donna looked grotesquely foreshortened into a curly blond wig flattened upon a satin train or inch-long silken hose, and where they themselves, lean-

ing over the balustrade, looked like Raphael's cherubs grown ancient and furnished to modern cherub-dealers by the dozen. Something must be done, and before long, too, for already it was whispered that the little lady's heart was besieged with artillery of such tremendous calibre that soon the whole Latin Quarter might let loose its heaviest guns with no more effect than fire-crackers against thunderbolts. In such a condition of things it may be readily imagined that he who first proposed a feasible action was hailed as a public benefactor. Said he, "Let us fill a sumptuous album, each contributing the very best drawing he can do, and present it to her as a testimony that the American Art-Students of Paris admire her as a woman and a singer, and glory in her as a child of our American public schools."

The drawings were easily enough forthcoming to be submitted to a jury elected to decide upon their fitness for the honor of a place in the album. But the Album itself,—how achieve anything splendid enough, when the whole American portion of the Quartier tottered upon the brink of bankruptcy because of its persistent pose as sweet little cherubs up aloft whenever SHE sang?

Then a divinely inspired mouth opened, and dropped pearls. "Let us give a Varied Entertainment," it said.

It was given in Blossom's studio one



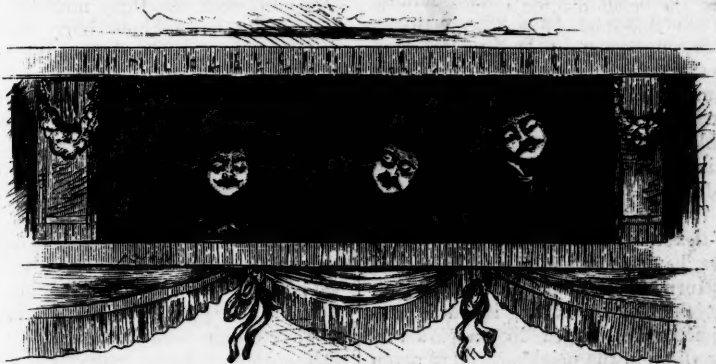
THE IDOL OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

consider the admiration of the Quartier Latin somewhat *bizarre* in manifestation. Also were there reasons why they could not crowd the shafts of her carriage and drag her tumultuously homeward, as if the chief end of woman-worshipping man was to pull and bellow forever. For not only was the idol a lady, who would relish such boisterous devotion about as much as a nightingale would relish a Turkish bath, but the students themselves were gentlemen, to whom such a performance would savor far more of the influence emanating from



sloppy, starless evening. Our party had some difficulty in finding the place, and was groping and wabbling about in the

feebly-illuminated darkness of a by-street, over a hillocky and slippery pavement along a high blank wall, when suddenly



RAPHAEL'S CHERUBS.

it seemed that we were shod in seven-league boots, which strode madly away with us into Night and Space. Truth was, somebody had opened a door in the wall from the inside, and we, happening just at that instant to be fumbling about it, had entered upon the alley which led to Blossom's door at a pace characterized by all the gentle dignity of a buffalo-stampede.

We were in utter darkness, save as a pale glimmer stole from a dusky height and swooned over the mouldy, distorted stairs just before us. Nevertheless, we were conscious that in that one instant's wild rush we had left brilliant Paris, old Europe, behind us, outside that magic door, and had come again unto our own fair young country beyond the sea. For from out the darkness, high over our heads, came a voice, crying, "Come, now, none o' that, Holl Anthony! Don't try to suck in the ticket-seller with a bad cent!"

A cent, in this world of paltry sous

and centimes! And a BAD CENT, too!

Broom was the ticket-seller, with Jupiter-like brow looming around-sketched but yet unborn "Miggleses," and with wan and spectral air consequent upon a



FORESHORTENED.

recent attempt to dine not coarsely as other men dine in cheap *brasseries* and heavy-odored restaurants, but æstheti-

cally, in a decorative rapture of rare china and embroidered linen, in his own studio, sacrificing to the culinary deities over a spirit-lamp. But, alas! sniffing the savory incense from afar, so many of his countrymen in the Street of Hell (Rue d'Enfer) fell also into æsthetic raptures and swarmed so decoratively upon his china and chops that the hospitable Broom grew at last into a pathetic likeness to Donatello's fasting St. John.

"I suppose the Child travels on a half-ticket," the ticket-seller was saying, as we, having mounted the stairs, waited our turn to enter the entertainment. That the Child, following its adult companions, was bearded like a pard and somewhere in the neighborhood of seven feet high, gave its subtle flavor to the ticket-seller's remark.

The studio as we entered looked vast and dingy. The walls were rough and smoky, the floor uneven, and tremulous beneath our tread. Petroleum-lamps of all sizes and shapes, and ingeniously supported candles in cups, bottles, and tin cans, smoked and flickered on shelves and impromptu brackets and upon tottering tables ornamented with many a strange device in ink, charcoal, paint, and grease. Blossom's last *Salon* picture held a conspicuous position among sketches and studies without number upon walls and easels. An asthmatic piano stood in one corner of the great room, a rusty iron stove in another sent its immense neck of pipe writhing and doubling in the dusk over our heads, like a boa-constrictor yawning after a nap. Benches and chairs were arranged across one end of the room, the gaps between them filled in with now and then a great color-box set on end, an American trunk, or a mysterious object covered with a bit of old carpet, at which Suspicion pointed a ghastly finger, hissing, "Thou Slop-pail, upside down!" Upon these seats sat a goodly throng of the rival artistic sections of Paris,—a scattering of "them Montmartys," of both sexes, gloved and supercilious, and hosts of "Latin-Quarterites," largely paper as to collars and *non est* as to gloves,

but sparkling with fun and swelling with the importance of the occasion.

The audience was, of course, largely American, although not exclusively so. A color-slinging wild Irishman or two gathered his ulster about him and squatted in obscure places. A few canny Scotch were punctuated here and there, possibly calculating the prospect of getting their franc's worth out of this Yankee show. Half a score of thick-tongued Britons roosted on tables and window-ledges, volubly tolerant "for this occasion only" of anything that lacked the sacred chrism of Lion and Unicorn.

Through a curtained door behind the vacant space left for the "Entertainers" could be caught occasional glimpses of a retiring-room, whence came breezy and mysterious whisperings, the rattle and rumble of movable "props," the rustle of theatrical draperies, and the sound of as much giggling as were the audience awaiting select tableaux by a young ladies' boarding-school.

The Entertainment opened with a few feeling remarks from Brother Broom. Expatiating with equal eloquence upon the well-known enthusiasm of the transatlantic temperament and the moribund condition of much Latin-Quarter architecture, he begged the Entertained to moderate their raptures over the Marvellous, Unparalleled, Side-Splitting, Soul-Stirring, Heart-Rending Entertainment that was to follow, and to refrain from applauding it, lest the floor give way, and Entertainers, Entertained, and Entertainment descend upon the statues of the sculptor's *atelier* below. These exhilarating remarks were received with so warm appreciation that a spontaneous burst of applause followed them,—applause pierced all through and through with little feminine squeaks and squeals, and echoed by long-drawn, horrible wails from regions below!

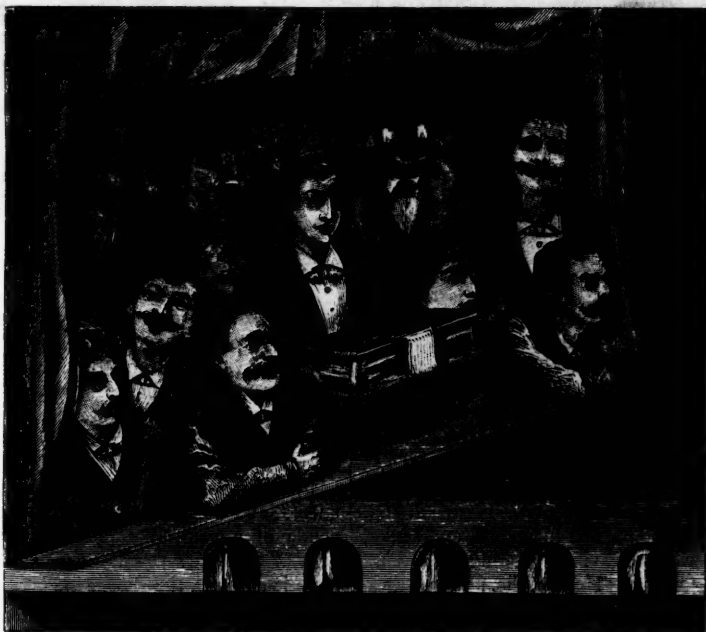
Then followed a pause big with mystery and expectation. Entertainers bustled in and out of the retiring-room. The air was full of excited whispers and ejaculations muffled only in intention. Suspicion again made herself conspicuous among the Entertained by insinu-

ating that a rapid transfer of white vests was going on among the Entertainers, and that half a dozen dress-coats did the full-dress show for a dozen brown-clothed Latin-Quarterites. (Suspicion, by the way, was a Montmartyr.) A Californian art-studentess in the audience was heard glibly descanting upon the red "stockuns" she had bought that day for almost "nothun" at the *Bong-Marshay*. A Boston art-studentess spoke in clear-cut speech of the visible potentiality of the unincarnated essence of humanity that infused Blossom's "Old Bridge at Gretz." An Illinois belle with voice nurtured on breezy prairies asked in a wild-wind whisper of her neighbor, "Who's that handsome fellow over yonder?" at which every masculine Entertained strove to look sweetly unconscious of his own handsomeness.

Then there came a hush, as four black-coated, white-vested Latin-Quarterites took their places at the piano for a vocal quartette with instrumental accompaniment. The strains of this sublime overture rolled, swelling, soaring, and triumphant, through that vast, dim, foreign room where so many exiles listened, rapt and speechless, to the language and the music of their distant home:

The animals now go round,  
The band begins to play,  
The boys around the monkeys' cage  
Had better keep away.

Sad to say, however, the touching effect was somewhat marred by an explosion between each verse: "I say! you fellows in the audience, please keep your clappers still!" or, "The audience is respectfully solicited to *dry up* during



PRESENTATION-NIGHT.

the performance!" or yet again, "Amateur singists will please remember that this isn't a Free Show!"

After a proper pause following this overture, Broom, now promoted from

ticket-seller to master of ceremonies, came forward to introduce the distinguished Mandarin Tea Leaf, just from the Flowery Kingdom.

It was evident that Tea Leaf's—other-

wise Blossom's—lofty genius was under the terrible eclipse of a stage fright. His smile wavered helplessly grinward. His attitude reminded one of the Colos-

sus of Rhodes, and he struggled with some mighty and ferocious reptile in the folds of his pocket-handkerchief.

Likewise did he seem to wrestle with



"SNIFFING THE INCENSE FROM AFAR."

doubt as to whether these Western barbarians expected a Mandarin, sexlessly costumed according to their savage ideas, to bow masculinely or to greet them with a feminine courtesy. Finally, he settled the matter with such an extraordinary amalgamation of the two obeisances as could only be approached by a kowtowing Mandarin suddenly *harikaried*.

Then he opened his mouth and spake, hysterically, saying, "Ching woo, jang ching woo? (He, he, he.) Sang-ling-lo billy-bolegs ho hilly. (He, he, he!) Ping wing wang, bo hang. Waddle, diddle, wo widdy. (He, he, he, he!) Dingy ding dang whang, widders-gohang. (He, he, he, he!) Wo-ho jingo by-lo-babby ho, jang-yang-pang, diddy widdy woo, he, he, haw, *haw*, HAW!" To persons unfamiliar with the Man-

darin's mother-tongue it may be necessary to explain that this was Hamlet's soliloquy in heathen Chinese. It brought down the house with so much enthusiasm that a whole menagerie of roars and howls burst from the sculpturesque regions beneath, while Blossom, appalled by such unlooked-for success and wound all about with an anaconda of a grin, disappeared behind a copy of Couture's *Decadence of Rome* to have it out with the reptile in his pocket-handkerchief.

A floral tribute—a tiny bunch of violets—flew after him, but hit a drunken Roman instead, and fell to the floor, from whence it was gathered and returned to the fair hands that threw it.

Next came the "Bells of Shandon," delivered by Bolter in a voice that



seemed to come from the hugest-throated of the gladiatorial marbles down-stairs, a voice truly never developed on dinners at *prix fixe*, wine included, and—don't-forget-the-*garçon-s'il-vous-plait*, as is the manner of the Latin Quarter.

A floral tribute—a tiny bunch of violets—bore testimony of appreciation given to Bolter's subterranean voice. Bowing and smiling over it, he withdrew.

After our national air, the "Star-Spangled Banner," spiritedly performed on a jews-harp, with bass-drum accompaniment, Broom came again to the front, this time with grave mien and a white choker. He looked with ministerial dignity over the audience, and blew his nose with a blare of trumpet and bassoon. Then he proceeded to deliver an eloquent discourse upon the text, "And God repented that he had made the world." It was a thrilling sermon, sonorous and piercing with war-whoops and tomahawk-yells in the ears of modern Phariseism and Sadduceeism as exemplified in the studios of Montmartre. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, brethren and sistereen," it concluded, with a thump on the big dictionary from which the text was taken that started up the down-stairs menagerie more eloquently than ever,—“verily, I say unto you, that if the Lord ever looked into the Bonnat studio to-day, he would repent more than ever that he had made the world.”

This last rap at “them Montmartyr” so delighted a Latin-Quarter lady from Philadelphia that she airily threw a floral tribute—a two-sou bunch of violets—toward the speaker. It missed aim, and, instead of falling at his feet, struck him, as he turned, plump upon his bump of alimentiveness. Tableau: Horror of Thrower; Wrath of Throwee. Then the situation explained itself, and the re-

cipient, pressing the Tribute to the void created by æsthetic dining and decorative friendships, bowed profoundly and passed smiling out of sight.

A pause ensued. Entertained chatted with each other, passing free criticisms on Entertainers and Entertainment. A pale Beaux-Arter from Brooklyn, in irreproachable black and with “pop-hat” under his arm, changed his seat from a distant and convulsive hat-box to a place on a bench between two pretty art-students in seal-skin jackets. Miscalculating space, the pressure made by the Beaux-Arter upon the original benchers was so strong that a shy little maiden at the end, who painted fans and trembled at any mention of undraped models, fell off into the embrace of an adjacent coal-hod.



A LATIN-QUARTERITE.

Hardly had the little sensation of this incident subsided when another occurred. A small bracket-clock began wildly to sound its tocsin of alarm, and then plunged headlong into the audience. It seemed the Brooklynite had stuck his “pop-hat” upon the shelf behind the time-piece. Suddenly the springs had loosened, and the “pop-hat” had exploded into a stove-pipe and popped the innocent counter and marker of the hours into space.

Next in order of Entertainment ap-

peared a saturnine individual with dark, heavy brows, whose moustache went up and came down with all the ferocious nimbleness of the Marseilles prisoner in "Little Dorrit," and who sang, with voice such as that in which the Black Avenger of the Bloody Seas might call for fresh blood to quaff,—

I want to be an angel  
And with the angels stand.

A tiny bunch of violets curved gracefully through the air and fell at the Basso's feet. He looked enchanted, bowed with both hands over his heart, and stooped to pick it up.

A *see change* into something new and strange came over him. He stared suspiciously at the Tribute. He sniffed at it more than suspiciously, throwing angry glances between winks to where Broom and Bolter grinned unanimously and colossally, with not a Tribute about them. Then he who wanted to be an angel drew up his moustache very unangelically, and, grasping the Tribute as it were the scalp-lock of an enemy, strode darkly away.

But hist, babblers! Hold your peace, ye profane laughers! Scent ye not something grander, nobler, than ye have seen or heard to-night, in this petroleum-laden air?

Whispers grow more sibilant, more mystery-charged than ever behind the massive curtain (a bed-quilt, be it whispered) of the retiring-room. Entertainers one after another melt away into that inscrutable region. Heads are popped out and muffled voices draw yet more Entertainers within the mystic circle, till scarcely more is left outside than a wondering crowd of Entertained, poised on window-ledges and shuddering tables, color-boxes, trunks, and slop—ahem!—other seats. Three Latin-Quarterites establish themselves at the piano, two with violins. An expectant hush fills the great dusky room. Piano and violins weave wailing tones together in the unutterably mournful grandeur of the Dead March in Saul. The room has suddenly grown darker, and, sympathetically with prophetic tremblings of the curtain, a weird shudder passes

over the audience, like that of a sudden night-breeze over weed-grown, desolate graves. It is a strangely impressive moment in that vast, vague space, with pallid faces, seemingly bodiless, looming spectrally out of the dimness, and the pulsing woe of Handel's music throbbing upon invisible billows of sound.

The heavy curtain is drawn with slow, majestic movement aside. Then is seen the frantic scuttling of a pair of slim black tights and a swash and splash of sombre drapery across the doorway, while an exasperated shrieking whisper is heard, "You darned old fool, I'm not half ready!" Entertained writhe and twist in many an inartistic curve and broken line of beauty beneath the whirlwind of laughter that passes over them. To cover their own demoralization, the trio of musicians strike into vigorously enlivening strains. Just as they begin, a tall figure, in black cloak, doublet, and hose, strides solemnly into the room, grave and pallid, but darting diabolical looks pianoward on finding that the melancholy Dane must thus make his *entrée*, not to the appropriate measures of the Dead March, but to the riotous ones of

Champagne Charlie is his name!

With dusky forelock hanging over well-floured brow of alabaster, the spirit-sick Hamlet glooms between Couture's tipsy Romans and an almost equally tipsy-looking Saint Cecilia. His princely mantle is most unroyally buttonless and seedy, being the cloak of a Roumanian artist and the only garment that could be twisted into tragic form obtainable in the whole Quarter. In one of his stockings is a very perceptible hole, upon which the lady artists cast furtively timid glances lest it expand under their very eyes. But who, when a heart- and soul-thrilling voice, pure and vibrant as celestial harp-strings, asks the momentous question,—

To be, or not to be?—

dare give a thought to such common and mundane matters as a rent too many or half a score of buttons too few!

It is not for the present pen to write of that most intellectually conceived,

emotionally inspired, artistically finished rendition of the famous soliloquy. Were it Booth's cold classicism, Irving's eccentric realism, Fechter's artful passion, or Rossi's passionate art, this pen might dare; but perish the thought of laying vulgar touch upon the broad and profound humanity and the colossal genius of Dunsenore's Hamlet! And why need its praises be written? Are they not echoed from the loftiest heights of Montmartre to the lowest down-cellar restaurants of the Quartier Latin?

One little incident may, however, have mention. The brain-tortured prince extended his arm with finely dramatic gesture, as he whispered, "Soft you now! The fair Ophelia." The dramatically extended hand attached to the dramatically extended arm touched a chair-back. A chair-back is innocent enough, surely. But when a chair-back has been hours in immediate proximity to a red-hot stove, having been placed in that position by a malicious hand, it *may* be the cause of wickedness in others. Therefore was it that Hamlet's soliloquy wound up with a whispered exclamation that might have been an imprecation but for Woman's gentle presence: "Confound you, Will Slow! Go to—*grass!*"

As the Great Tragedian finished, a floral tribute swept gracefully through the air and fell at his feet. He bowed and smiled, the smile lighting up his grave dark face as moonlight illumines a stern landscape. As he smiled, he placed the Tribute in the button-hole nearest his heart. Then all the world roared, and all down-stairs howled. For the Tribute was but a dozen headless stalks of what had once been violets.

About this time the Saxon Broom once more appeared. It was to announce to the audience that, although several hundred francs had been the pecuniary result of the Entertainment, there was yet an awful aching void of a hundred or so between the funds in hand and the price of the Album. Therefore a hat was passed around, everybody dropping in that which the spirit moved him to drop, were it silver coin

of the *République*, brass buttons, or twisted color-tube of more ignoble metal.



"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

The confidence game at the ticket-office was now repeated, with more success. For, as the result of the contribution was examined, even though nobody returned thanks, as an African parson in our own country once did, "Tank de Lord for a-gittin' of my hat back from *dat* air crowd!" yet arose from the half-dozen manly young heads bent over the result a chorus, "If here isn't Holl Anthony's bad cent!"

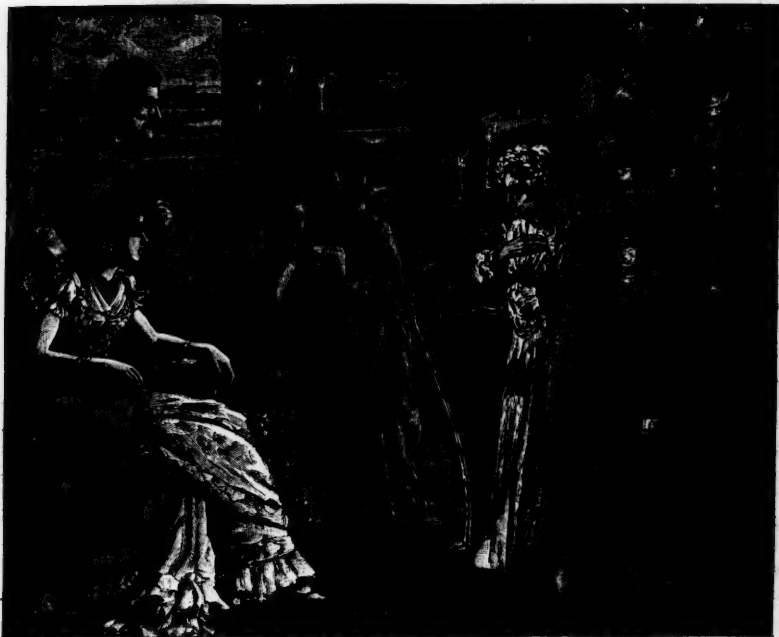
But it began to be noticed among the Entertained that something ailed the Entertainers. They whispered and giggled much together, and bent strange, unlovely gaze upon the audience. The outside door was set wide open, and a chill air scattered the petroleum fumes and extinguished the most feebly glimmering of the lamps. The howls had long ceased down below. At the piano a chorus of tired-looking musicians sang feebly, "Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?" "Home, Sweet Home," and the solemn Doxology. But it was not until they began drearily,—

They won't go home till morning,—that it dawned upon the Entertained that the Entertainment was over.

Then they folded ulsters and water-proofs about them, and drifted again into gay, foreign Paris.

ELLISON THORPE.

## THE VALCOURS.



"SHE HAD RISEN, AND LEANED LIGHTLY AGAINST THE GOLDEN HARP."—Page 455.

## CHAPTER IX.

A RED spark glowed far along the road. Two big eyes caught sight of it, and a frightened voice murmured, "Dat's Mars' Garry's segyar, sho', an' him behind it, bless gracious!"

Numa Pompilius was the speaker, and Numa's bare feet scudded swiftly along the road.

It was early in the evening, and the moon shone fair, but Garry's head was well up as he cantered swiftly along, and so he very nearly ran over Numa.

"Mars' Garry! oh, Mars' Garry!"

Garry was off his horse in a twinkling: "You little imp! What do you mean by running under my horse's hoofs?"

"Oh, Mars' Garry! oh, Lord, Mars' Garry!"

"Why, Numa, what is it? What's the matter, my boy?"

"Dar's a ghos' at home, in de liberary. Don't yer laugh, Mars' Garry. De ole bad man'll ketch you. I seed it, *sho'*—"

"What? The bad man?"

"One he's imps, maybe,—all white as a cotton-tree, an' big eyes a-starin'. My stars! I wus too skeered ter live!"

"Numa, I wish I could know what you are driving at!"

"Well, Mars' Garry, Mammy Ann sont me in de liberary ter light de lamps. I wus jist about ter strike a match, when I heerd a' long breath, an' I jumped aroun' quick, an' right under de gineral's picter, dar she wus."

"There *who* was?"

"De ghos'," said Numa doggedly.

"What did you do?"

"Broke an' run; an' I been squattin' in de fence-corner watchin' fur you ever sence."



"Why didn't you go to Mammy Ann?"

"Humph! she ain't nothin' but a woman. Reekon she's skeered o' ghostes herself. I ain't skeered now."

"All right, then. Come and present me to your ghost." Garry tied his horse—they had reached the entrance-gate—and walked rapidly toward the house.

Ah! ah! A figure, bathed in moon-light, stood in the hall-door,—a figure so beautiful, so unearthly fair, as to seem no mortal presence. Tresses fell, a black cascade, to meet the shadows on the floor. Wide-open eyes gazed unseeing into the night. Her lips parted, and like a wail she breathed the names, "*Clémence, Clothilde, Agathe.*"

Garry grasped Numa by the shoulder and spoke in a whisper: "Numa, that is no ghost, but a young lady. Now, you run—run fast—and fetch Mammy Ann. Don't come through the house, but round it. Make no noise."

Mammy Ann soon appeared, and grasped her young master by the arm. "Honey," she said, "dat mus' be de young lady from de cottage; an', don't you see? she's fast asleep."

"I knew it as soon as I saw her," whispered Garry. "I am going at once for her grandmother. You must watch her, mammy. Don't let her run into any danger, but do not wake her unless absolutely necessary. She would be frightened half to death."

"Trus' me, Mars' Garry; I'll gyard her safe as a pearl in a velvet case."

Garry hurried to the cottage. Fortunately, Mrs. Charenton had not missed her grand-daughter, and her nerves were in a condition to receive Garry's news without undue vibration.

"I see how it is," she said, in her smooth tones: "my grand-daughter saw your home a few days ago, and has talked of it ever since, finding it not unlike the convent in which she was educated, and to which she was greatly attached. Her health is not good, and she occasionally walks in her sleep; but she has never before left the house. This is all Maum Lucy's fault. She

deserves to be sent off for her carelessness. Ah bah! you can't trust the blood of Africa!"

"A very decided little witch of a grandam," thought Garry, as he offered the old lady his arm, and they set out.

The short walk was soon accomplished. Mammy Ann met them at the hall-door, courtesying low to the lady in her enveloping veils and laces. "I watched her faithful," she said; "an' she on'y jis' wandered a little, techin' de pictures an' singin'. She's in de library."

They looked in through the open door. In the centre of the room a huge polar-bear skin was stretched, and on this fair Eva Charenton had sunk in the unconsciousness of sleep. Mammy Ann had thrown a scarlet shawl over her recumbent form. Her head rested on the fierce head of the beast, and the black rolling waves of her hair flowed over its coat of snow.

Mrs. Charenton went in alone. Garry softly closed the door.

A moment later a faint cry was heard, then a murmur of voices. The door reopened, and Mr. Valcour was called in. Miss Charenton sat in a large arm-chair, no longer a celestial vision to be gazed on with bated breath, but a beautiful sad girl, with a cheek "paler, thinner, than should be for one so young."

The young lady left to her grandmother the polite things to be said to Mr. Valcour; but she held out her hand to Mammy Ann. "You took such good care of me," she said, with a lovely smile. "I'm so glad you wear turbans! I will make you such a pretty one to remember me by. And you must come over to see my Mammy Lucy, who is as good as gold.—Yes, she is, grandmother. You need not shake your head. I shall not let you scold her, not for one minute."

"I don't need nothin' to r'member you by, honey," said Mammy Ann; "but dat ain't sayin' I won't be mighty proud ter wear de turban.—Now, ladies, I've jis' got a little refreshment ready for you. I'm sho', ole Mis',"—with another deep courtesy to Mrs. Charenton,

—“de young lady needs somethin’ ter keep up her strength.”

“Indeed, Mammy Ann is right,” cried Garry, springing up to offer Mrs. Charenton his arm: “pray do us the honor.”

Mrs. Charenton rose, smiling: “It will be very pleasant.”

In the dining-room a light repast was spread, — rich milk, a flask of pale sherry, toasted biscuits, and cold tongue. Something warm and fragrant smoked on the hearth, which Mammy Ann took up after they were seated.

“Dar warn’t time fur much preparation,” she said apologetically, “but I thought maybe little missy would relish a ole-fashioned hoe-cake.”

Brown, crisp, and sweet, with golden butter between its crusts, it was food for a Peri, and this one seemed to find it so.

“It is so good, grandmother! Why do we never have hoe-cake?”

“My dear child, you shall have one for your luncheon to-morrow.”

“It won’t be as good as Mammy Ann’s, I know.”

This informal feast was ended all too soon; and then across moonlit paths Garry escorted his guests to their home, feeling with a delightful thrill that he had entertained an angel under his roof, —but *not* “unawares.” Naturally, he resolved that this pretty adventure should be a sacred secret, and planned how to bribe Mammy Ann’s discretion. But one person was to hear it from Mrs. Charenton’s lips. The lady called on Miss Church a few days later, not accompanied by her grand-daughter. “Eva was so sorry not to come with me,” she said; “but she was really too unwell.”

“Not worse, I hope?”

“Only temporarily. A very annoying adventure—yes, I really suppose there’s no name except adventure for it—has shaken her nerves. Since her illness she has walked in her sleep. The other evening she eluded us all, and wandered over to the Valcours’—”

“Impossible!” cried Buena, leaning forward with crimsoned cheeks.

“It is the impossible which happens,” said the old lady dryly. “Mr. Valcour found her, on coming home, roaming about like a spirit. He acted very sensibly,—came for me at once. Fortunately, she had not awakened when I reached her, and any serious shock was avoided. But she has scarcely been herself since.”

“What a romantic adventure!” cried Buena, her heart torn at the very thought of it.

“I detest romance,” said Mrs. Charenton placidly. “It is so very second-rate. In Eva’s weak state of health she is apt enough to be the victim of her own susceptibilities. But I really hope it won’t occur to her to make a hero of Mr. Garoché Valcour.”

Buena caught her breath at this plain speaking. “Mr. Valcour took the first honors at college,” said she: “he can make what he pleases of himself.”

The lady smiled slightly and looked keenly at Buena: “He has a champion in you.”

“Not at all. I only echo the general opinion—”

“Of Arnville! Yes, I dare say he is well enough. I know the type: brilliant, versatile fellows, too indolent or too philosophic for ambition. Mr. Garoché Valcour will be just what his father is,—a Southern planter, but without the fortune that once made that position princely. As matters stand, he is a ‘detrimental;’ very decidedly a ‘detrimental.’”

“It seems to me, Mrs. Charenton,” said B. V. bluntly, “that you are rather premature in supposing—”

Mrs. Charenton’s face seemed to twinkle with wrinkles as she laughed suddenly a little sharp peal. “Ah, my dear, age brings wisdom. Youth is embarrassed by delicacies and cobweb scruples. Age goes to the heart of things. Even the proudest girl sometimes forgets her dignity if an attractive young man is allowed too much opportunity to pay his court.”

“It is not usually considered so undignified for a young lady to receive attentions.”

“Not in the milkmaid class. To my

thinking, marriage is quite too serious a matter to be complicated with so volatile a passion as love. Love is perhaps a necessity for the poor; to the rich, a very flower of luxury, on which nothing depends. For my part, I should prefer that my grand-daughter should not marry. She need not. She will have an immense fortune."

"And do women marry, then, as servants change a place,—to better themselves?"

"Plainly speaking, yes. For position, money, settlement in life,—something of that kind. Else they would not marry such creatures as they have to put up with. Men, my dear, men—they're a wild lot, with their wine and their cards and their betting-books,—and worse!—and women are their victims."

"No wonder you do not wish your grand-daughter to marry," murmured Buena.

"Unless I arrange her marriage. I should know how to choose for her happiness."

Buena wondered if the young lady would prove amenable to reason, and wondered still more at Mrs. Charenton's odd confidences. They were interrupted by David's entrance; and Mrs. Charenton turned her sharp eyes and the flow of her conversation in the direction of the smiling editor. Buena felt convinced that, as the phrase goes, Mrs. Charenton was taking her brother's measure, but was powerless to give a hint of warning. And, indeed, all hints would have been lost on David, honest soul! who was never on guard, and saw no need for reticence in any presence.

"I have been speaking to Miss Church of our neighbor Mr. Valcour," said Mrs. Charenton, as she at last rose to go. "I believe he is a friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed; to our great pride," said David, with a sunny smile, while Buena bit her lip.

"I shall be so happy to have Miss Church and yourself dine with us on Friday to meet Mr. Valcour."

"We shall be delighted to accept your invitation.—Eh, Buena?"

"Certainly," said B. V., with a stiff little nod.

David handed the lady to her carriage, unmindful of the fact that he did not show to advantage in the glaring sunshine, though B. V. noted with despair that his linen coat was spotted with ink, his red hair stood out like a halo of quills, and his hands—but here she closed her eyes.

Mrs. Charenton's little dinner-party was a success. Eva was at first scarcely more animated than a breathing statue, but David devoted himself to winning her languid smiles until they rippled prettily over her face in quick following. Garry watched her entranced, but talked to B. V. and Mrs. Charenton.

This was the beginning of a very cordial companionship. During the next month, riding-parties, picnics, walks, and drives brought the four young people constantly together. Mrs. Charenton looked on, glad to see the cloud lifting from Eva's brow, and only hinting occasionally that of course Miss Church must not be left to her brother's escort when Mr. Valcour was of the party, and that Eva must treat Mr. Church with particular consideration, as he was a sensitive little man. "I like so much to have Eva with you and that dear brother of yours," she would say sweetly to Buena.

And Buena's plump little bosom would heave with wrath at the intimation that David was considered as harmless as the young lady's groom. "Oh! the thrice-blinded old Madame Haughtiness!" she would whisper to herself, "not to see that Garoché Valcour is worth a whole haremful of such girls as Eva Charenton!"

Nevertheless, B. V. acted as if there were a tacit understanding between herself and Mrs. Charenton. She had always been a good sister, but the words now faintly expressed her devotion. She refused to join in any plan of amusement unless David could do the same, and in a stress of journalistic business worked by his side in the office with feverish energy. David was touched, flattered, and perfectly happy. Yet

Buena winced under his honest affection, and more than once amazed him by bursting into a passion of tears as he praised her for "the best sister in the world."

"Those horseback rides," said Mrs. Charenton one day to Buena,—*"I can never thank you enough, my dear, for suggesting them. They are re-creating my Eva. She is growing to look more like her mother."*

"Have you her mother's picture?"

"Yes; I should like to show it to you."

It was a beautiful face on which Buena looked,—very like Eva's, but possessed of a fire-spirit that she could not even imagine in the Peri's listless countenance.

Mrs. Charenton's eyes were fixed bitterly on the picture. "I gave my life to that child," she said; "and yet, when she was sixteen years old, she ran away from me to marry a man not worthy to touch her shoe-tips."

Startled by the sudden passion of her tone, Buena knew not what to say.

"He was an Englishman, a gay, fast man, with a trick of fascination about him. So it was said: *I* never discovered it. Five years after her marriage she came home, ill and wretched. Her husband had gone off on some wild-geese chase to Egypt. The man had roving instincts in his blood. The world was too small for him."

"And she came back to you without being asked?"

"Without being asked, you may be very sure!" And Mrs. Charenton threw back her head haughtily. "But I could not refuse her admittance when she came without him, holding her little girl by the hand, and another child expected. She would not have come home if her husband would have taken her with him. But she owed to me that he had said on such a trip a wife and child would be 'useless baggage.' I soon found there was another reason for her coming. That man—just as I had foreseen—had gone through with his money, and wanted mine. My daughter was ordered to bring about a reconcilia-

tion; and Eva, poor darling! was to play her part in the genteel comedy."

"How old was she?"

"Only four; the sweetest, dearest little thing that ever made green a withered heart. The father must have shown some agreeable qualities in his home, for the child prattled of him continually, and on her death-bed my poor girl only begged that I would be kind to him."

"She died, then, with you?"

"Yes; when the second baby came, —mother and child both. I made no promise," —and Mrs. Charenton smiled grimly,—*"except to take care of Eva. I was determined she should never see her worthless father again. I had a hypocritical letter from him, quite in the heart-break vein, saying he was coming back to claim his child. I cabled him at once, 'Stay where you are until hearing from me. Money involved.' I knew that would touch a tender chord. I offered him a liberal annuity for the absolute possession of Eva. He had no right to anything, as his wife was penniless except for me. The income was to be forfeited if during my life he so much as attempted to see the child. The power was mine, and he acceded to my terms."*

"And he is still living?" cried Buena, feeling that this was a very gaunt skeleton to be found in a friend's closet.

"Oh, yes. Such men burn to the socket. One would have thought that his dissipations would have killed him. The worst of it is that I made no stipulation as to correspondence, and Eva began to write to him just as soon as she knew that she had a father. He has evidently told her a pitiful tale, and she looks on him as hero and martyr in one. He has not been too proud to beg from her; and Eva would sell the very rings from her fingers to send him money. At the convent she had a liberal allowance, and I soon began to wonder how she spent it. The girls were fond of making each other presents of more or less value, but Eva would neither receive nor make them. By dint of questioning I found that the greater part of her pocket-money went



to her disreputable father. When I remonstrated with her, she turned on me in one of her fits of temper, with hot reproaches for having separated father and child. That was my reward."

"It is very hard," said B. V.

"Bitterly hard. Still, except that one outburst, and another about wearing black, Eva has been all that is good and dutiful to me. And I am sure she will please me in the matter of her marriage."

Buena privately thought that with this wretched father in the background Miss Charenton was a very unworthy match for that paragon, Mr. Garoché Valcour, but naturally she had ceased to sing that young man's praises to Mrs. Charenton. "I play her game," she said bitterly to herself; "but what will it profit me?"

At least, the game was not played for the sake of pelf; for when Mrs. Charenton essayed to present the girl with such pretty gifts as girls like, they were invariably refused, and the fine lady found it impossible to patronize in any way her sturdy little confidante.

B. V. wondered if Mr. Valcour knew that Eva's father was living, or whether it would make any difference in his feelings. That he loved this beautiful Peri she felt but too well assured, and indeed Garry's wooing was conducted in a very open, out-of-door fashion. He did not suffer the modest presence of the brother and sister to embarrass his emotions. He bore himself rather as an affable young prince paying homage to a princess among her attendants. His love was in that dreamy first stage when only looks and tones are needed to keep head and heart in a delirious whirl.

The days slipped by, each with its own little story, too slight to tell. Day by day the Peri grew more beautiful, as returning health sent the blood spinning through her veins and youth asserted its splendid power; and Buena, looking on, tried to still the wild throbbings of her heart as the romance, not her own, unfolded itself before her half-averted yet wholly fascinated eyes.

#### CHAPTER X.

"AHA! Well met, Mr. Valcour!" The speaker was Mr. Church. The two young men had reached the gate of the cottage from opposite directions at the same moment, one mild afternoon. Entering together, they found Miss Church and Miss Charenton seated under a live-oak tree, each employed in some dainty needle-work.

After a few moments' talk, David assumed a look of importance and tapped a roll of papers under his arm. "Sister, I must claim you a few moments," said he.—"A consultation, Miss Charenton, on a matter of business. You will excuse her? Though it seems barbarous to intrude on this sylvan scene with the hateful practicalities of life."

"Why can't we be bees and butterflies?" said Eva lightly. "But I will only resign Buena for a little while.—Won't you take your brother to the house, dear?"

"Or to another tree," said David, smiling.

"To another tree, by all means." And the brother and sister moved away.

The Peri leaned her dark head against the rough bark of the live-oak and sighed a little sigh of contentment. She was wonderfully pretty to-day. She still wore the heavy black dresses that Mrs. Charenton disliked, but there was a glow, an awakening vitality, about her beauty that made Garry's heart beat fast with a rapture of anticipation.

"After all, life is pleasant," she said softly.

"It ought to be a heaven for you!" cried Garry.

"Do you know, Mr. Valcour," and the Peri looked at him with grave simplicity, "I am surprised at myself for finding so much to amuse me in life? I laugh all the time. I wonder what Sister Theresa *would* say to so much laughter?"

"Was Sister Theresa your teacher in Deportment?"

"Yes; and she *never* allowed us to laugh. She said it wrinkled the face."

Garry dared do no more than smile at the Peri's pensive reminiscence.



"No matter how funny anything might be," she went on, "it was impressed on us that we must only smile a very little, if we cared to preserve our complexions. For the same reason we must not get angry,—except inside. She would hold a looking-glass before any girl who laughed or cried, and make her so ashamed, and point out where the wrinkles would come first."

Garry could stand no more, but burst into a peal of laughter, in which the Peri joined after a moment's stare of surprise. "Believe me," he cried, "it is very becoming to you to laugh. You should see my mother. Every emotion shows itself on her face, and she is the most beautiful little woman in the world."

Eva was grave again. "I do not know how I *can* laugh," she said severely, "when there is so much sorrow in my life."

"I know," said Garry gently; "the dear friends torn so cruelly away—"

"If that were all, Mr. Valcour," she cried with unusual warmth, "I might submit to the will of heaven; but I cannot submit to being separated from my father."

"Is not that, too, the will of heaven?"

"It is the will of my grandmother. Why, Mr. Valcour, my father is alive!"

Too finely bred to betray surprise, Garry waited with intense interest for her next words.

"My mother's marriage was against her will," said Eva, "and grandmother never, never yields. So when my mamma died she made some kind of arrangement with my father that was to sever us completely. It was not right. She said he was wild,—as if *that* made any difference!"

"Certainly not," cried Garry, with prompt shamelessness. "But perhaps—in a father—it was a disqualification."

"Oh, Mr. Valcour, I have thought so often—and cried myself to sleep with the thought—that if I had been with him he might have reformed. I believe I could reform any one if I bent my whole soul to the work."

For the space of half a minute Garry wished himself a repentant rascal.

"I have done all I could," said the Peri mournfully; "I write often."

"And he writes to you?"

"Ye-e-s, though not so often. How can he? He works so hard, poor papa! He is so poor—and I rich. It is cruel."

"Is he a professional man?" asked Garry, with such respect in his tone as he hoped would convey to Miss Charenton his appreciation of her confidence.

"He is a writer. He has written beautiful books,—novels. But he has given over such writing. He says it was the amusement of a boy; that a *man* must grapple with the stern problems of life."

Garry felt consumed with curiosity to know just how this mysterious father "grappled," but delicacy restrained him from asking.

"He is a journalist," said the Peri; "a 'Free Lance' he calls himself. He writes for all the leading papers,—the *Tribune*, the *Herald*, the *Nation*. Whenever the editors want vigorous, luminous articles on special subjects, it is *my father* to whom they apply to write them. He often sends me his articles,—such *splendid* leaders, absolutely burning with thought like flame; and I am so proud of him! I read them to grandmamma, and she—she—" The Peri's voice faltered, her look of rapt exaltation died away.

"What does she say?"

"She—*sniffs*," said Eva bitterly.

In the presence of woe such as this, Garry felt consolation vain. But Eva did not seem to mind his silence.

"He cannot be so reckless and wild as she says," mused Eva; "for when I write of my longing to see him he always says, 'Respect the wishes of your grandmother absolutely.' It is very good of him; quite too good. I wish he would say, 'Run away and come to me.' How quickly I would do it!"

"Good heavens!" cried Garry, in real alarm; "you do not mean what you say? For the love of heaven, do not let your mind dwell on such a thought."

She laughed gayly: "Ah, he will

never say the word,—my poor, poor papa! Grandmother will not even let me be called by his name,—as if Eva Charenton could be so pretty a name as Eva Leacock."

"Leacock! I beg your pardon."

But Mr. Valcour's start and sudden exclamation had aroused the Peri's attention. She looked at him with such haughty questioning in her blue eyes that Garry was constrained to murmur awkwardly that the name had startled him for a moment, as he had once had an acquaintance named Leacock.

"Suppose it should have been my father!" she cried, clasping her hands. "Where did you meet him, Mr. Valcour?"

"At the Hot Springs."

"Yes, yes! And his name was spelled like mine, L-e-a-c-o-c-k?"

"I believe so," said Garry miserably.

She drew from a work-basket at her side a package of elaborately embroidered handkerchiefs, in one of which the needle was still sticking. "There," said she, shaking one of them open, "this is the last one. They are for my papa; and here in this corner are the initials of his name,—Philip Hamilton Leacock. Now, Mr. Valcour, tell me quickly the initials of your Mr. Leacock."

Glaring miserably at the fatal handkerchief,—how well he remembered its fellows!—like one in a dream Garry gasped forth, "*P. H.*"

#### CHAPTER XI.

At this instant Buena came tripping over the grass, followed by David. Never was interruption more welcome. Garry sprang up to give the young girl his seat beside Miss Charenton. Glancing from one face to the other, Buena's observant eyes saw that something unusual had occurred.

"Now I must bid you all good-by," said David: "this is my busy day.—Buena, I will send for you later."

"I will go with you, Church," said Garry.

"No, no, Mr. Valcour," cried Eva,

with flushed eagerness: "you must not go yet. I wish to talk with you."

"The Queen commands," said Garry gayly.

But Buena detected an uncomfortable expression in his face, and was very sure that his gayety was forced. *What* could it all mean?

She was not to wonder long. The gate had not closed on David before Eva turned to her with sparkling eyes: "What do you think, Buena? Mr. Valcour knows my father!"

"Knows your father?" echoed Buena, in a very stupor of surprise.

"And to think that I have just found it out!" cried the Peri; "that if I had not happened to mention that my name was Leacock I might never have known that he was a friend of Mr. Valcour's!"

Buena's blue eyes met Garry's with a flash of comprehension. His olive face was troubled enough. His eyes, from under levelled brows, looked toward the sunset; his lips were compressed. Buena's heart almost stood still, then fell to beating furiously. Who knew to what this development might lead? The Peri, whose beautiful azure eyes were a little short-sighted, settled herself comfortably to her embroidery: "He was your friend, was he not, Mr. Valcour? Did you know him well?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said Garry, repressing a groan.

"Now, I want to hear all about him. You are the first person I have ever known who could tell me of my dear papa,—my hero. To begin with, how does he look?"

"He is very tall," replied Garry, the figure of the colossal Duke rising like Frankenstein's monster before his mental vision.

"Yes," said Eva musingly, "my earliest recollections are of a tall, elegant man, with a flower in his button-hole, tossing bon-bons into my lap. Go on, Mr. Valcour."

"Come now, Miss Charenton," cried Garry, with a ghastly attempt at ease, "I am the worst fellow in the world at describing people. Besides, how can

one man tell how another looks? If your father, now, were to ask me to describe you—" He checked himself suddenly. It was profanity even to think of this flower of humanity—this angel—and that reprobate in the same moment of time. And yet he was her father! Why, it was maddening!

Reading his every thought, B. V. came to his assistance,—“like a darling,” thought Garry gratefully. “No man is good at a personal description,” said she; “but when it comes to a question of dress, men are at their worst. A woman, now, without looking, can give you every point in a sister woman’s dress; but a man doesn’t know whether it is silk or cotton, red or green. Only, I notice *one* thing: instinct *always* leads him to the side of the best-dressed woman. How is it, Mr. Valcour, when you all pretend to admire simplicity and indifference to fashion, that you call a girl a dowdy who tries to conform to your standard?”

“A man judges of effects,” said Garry, with rather an adoring glance toward Miss B. V.: “he does not know it is the fashionable girl he is admiring. He only sees something pretty and perfect that he ignorantly worships, like the savage that he is.”

“Mr. Valcour,” said the Peri, fixing her dark-fringed blue eyes on Garry’s face, “what was my papa doing at the Hot Springs?”

Garry felt that he was goaded to madness. Should he be a brute, a fiend, and tell this gentle girl, in ever so fine a modification of Mr. Leacock’s own classic language, that he was there to “bile the whiskey out”? “All the world is there for the baths, you know, Miss Charenton,” said the badgered young man.

“Had he been ill, then?”

“Somewhat out of sorts, I believe.”

“And is it true, Mr. Valcour,” said Buena eagerly, “that one must not go to the springs if one has trouble with the lungs or heart?”

“Oh, Buena dear, never mind lungs and hearts just now, *please*,—now when I am so anxious to hear of my father. Ah, you don’t know what it is, all one’s life to have missed a father’s love!

When the girls at the convent talked of home, I would listen with envy; for not one of them but had a dear, kind father. I never read a story of a father’s love for his child without a pang at the heart. Many and many a time have I cried myself to sleep holding a letter that my dear papa had written,—my best beloved, whom I was never to see. I read a novel once,—‘A Tale of Two Cities,’—and I thought how blessed Lucie was, after all, to find her father, in his madness and loneliness, making shoes on his little bench,—do you remember?—and by her faithful love to win him back to reason and happiness. Ah, I could have done that! And yet I scarcely dared lisp my parent’s name. In every other thing grandmamma petted, indulged me; but here she was cold, inflexible, cruel. I have never spoken of this before; but it has been the sorrow of my life. And I have fed my heart with dreams of the dear father that my mother loved. Now, think what it is to find some one who has actually known him! I could kiss your hands, Mr. Valcour, because they have clasped his; I could sit at your feet and beg you to talk of him; to search your memory for every little trivial incident connected with him, for every word he has said to you, or that you can remember from his lips.”

She had spoken with gathering passion, and her two hearers listened, amazed. A transformation had taken place before their eyes. The chilled bud had expanded into a tropical flower. Wide she flung the portals of her innocent heart, revealing depths of passion and devotion neither had dreamed the delicate nature held. But, ah, the cruel waste of all this sweetness, this power of loving! This monstrous delusion, at once pathetic and grotesque! It ought not to continue another instant. Yet who could strike that fragile creature a blow that might shiver her very life? Not himself, thought Garry. Not now, at least. Some day, perhaps, with her head on his breast. “Do not let us talk further on the subject now,” he said gently. “See how agitated you are: your grandmamma would scold.”

She smiled up at him; the smile of a happy child. "I will not agitate myself any more," she said gently; "only tell me,—did you like my father?"

"Very much," said Garry steadily.

"And was he very busy? How did he work? I have always wanted to know so much. Literary men have such different habits. Sir Walter Scott, wasn't it, who always wrote in the morning, before breakfast? How was it with my papa?"

The situation had relaxed into the farcical, and Garry felt he could bear but little more.

Again dear, sweet, gallant little Buena came to his relief: "Eva dear, I must interrupt you: I hear Persimmon at the gate, and I have a long drive before me."

"And do you think," said Garry, rising as she did, "that I shall trust you to Persimmon's mercies? Let me drive you into Arnville, please."

"Certainly," said Buena, a flush rising to her cheek.

"You will both come again very soon?" said Eva; "and remember, Mr. Valcour, I have all the questions in the world to ask you."

Persimmon was left to walk, and Garry drove swiftly, as though to relieve his pent-up feeling. Mute as a mouse, Buena sat beside him, watching his dark troubled face. It seemed at last to occur to him that he was rather selfish in making the young girl share his *mauvais quart-d'heure*, and he turned to her with a smile. "There is the new moon," he said, pointing with his whip to the thin crescent: "see that you do not look at it through the branches."

"Come, Mr. Valcour," cried Buena, "consider yourself alone. Do not make conversation for me."

The sympathetic, friendly voice fell gratefully on the young man's ear. Here was a friend and a faithful ally. "You remember," he said abruptly, "what I told you of Leacock?"

"Every word."

"And to think that he is *her* father! It is monstrous!"

"Is it not possible that there is some mistake?"

"I fear not. Everything goes to prove it. Those handkerchiefs—why, I've seen just the same thing in his hand a dozen times."

"Do you believe in heredity, Mr. Valcour?" said Buena innocently.

"Surely this father has transmitted nothing to his child. But I believe hereditary traits sometimes skip a generation, do they not?" Buena's face was placid and artless in the evening light.

Garry declined, however, entering into a discussion. "I don't know," replied he gloomily. But her words plunged him anew into reflection. "Was ever a man in so awkward a mess?" he broke out at last. "I feel myself a coward, a traitor, a fool, when she plies me with her innocent questions. But I can't tell her."

"No," assented his companion. "Perhaps when your father comes home he would open her eyes to the truth;—that is, if she should meet him."

Garry looked frankly at the young lady. "Miss Church," he said, "she would assuredly meet my parents, as she is the lady I hope to win for my wife."

A little hand pressed itself convulsively against a tortured heart, but B. V.'s voice did not falter as she said, "Even now?"

"Even now," he said firmly. "Miss Charenton—"

"Miss Leacock—"

"Miss Leacock, then, never seemed to me so incomparably lovely as when she poured forth her innocent soul in that burst of love and sorrow. And, further, I realize her need of a protector now that I know only a frail old life stands between her and that miscreant who might some day have her in his power."

"And your father?"

"Ay, there's the rub! the cruel rub! But never mind," and Garry's elastic youth asserted itself; "only let him see Eva! He will fall in love with her himself. How can any man with eyes to see and ears to hear and a heart in his bosom help loving her?"

As they parted, Buena gave her hand to Mr. Valcour: "You will remember, will you not, that I am your friend, and let me help you if I can?"

"You have helped me already," said Garry, pressing her hand and thinking what a steady, loyal little face it was that looked at him through the gathering dusk.

The swift days passed, and Miss Charenton had little opportunity to ask "all the questions in the world" of Mr. Valcour. She lost no chance, indeed, and the poor young fellow suffered more acutely than he would have thought possible in his idol's presence.

Suddenly out of a clear sky came a thunderbolt of calamity. It was Eva's birthday. Mrs. Charenton had invited the three friends to dine, and Eva had consented to lay aside her black robes.

"That is your gift to me, my darling," said the grandmother, kissing her on either cheek. "Now come to my room and see mine to you."

Wondering what new trinket her grandmother had chosen for her, Eva entered the room. There, on a lounge of dark velvet, lay the marvellous dress, the work of so many weary months.

"Oh, grandmother! you have done this for me, and I knew nothing of it!"

"It has been my dearest pleasure, darling, and love has guided every stitch. Never forget that, dear, when I am taken from your life."

Eva threw herself into the arms outstretched to her with remorseful tenderness, while her tears fell fast. The two had never been nearer together than at that moment.

"Now, my darling, let me be your maid and help to robe you in my flowers."

Eva had hardly ever known her grandmother to be in such spirits, so gay, so arch, so prodigal of loving caresses. "There!" she cried, as she fastened a rose in the Peri's dark hair, "that completes your toilet. Now you may look at yourself in the long mirror."

Nothing is so beautiful as a beautiful girl; and to see Eva as she stood there was to see Beauty's self. "I do not know myself!" she cried.

"Let never maiden think, however fair,  
She is not fairer in new clothes than old,"

quoted Mrs. Charenton, laughing.

"Yes, who could help being pretty in this dress? Grandmother, it is more than beautiful to me,—your precious work! What can I do for my darling to show how much I love her and thank her for all she has been to me?"

"Only trust me, my child," said the lady, with strange solemnity, "and forgive me if I ever seem harsh or unkind. Read my heart, Eva, and you will find there nothing but love for the dear one that my daughter left me to guard as my treasure and hers."

Her guests were not prepared for the vision of loveliness that welcomed them to Eva's birthday *fête*. They had each known she was beautiful, but this Eva in her floating raiment of white all sprayed and starred and gemmed with wondrous flowers, with her lovely neck and milk-white arms, her rosy color and shining eyes, was a revelation, a goddess, a Peri no longer disconsolate, but rejoicing over a fulfilled task and a regained heaven.

Some such wild thought floated through David's brain. As for Buena, she said to herself, "It's of no use: he would marry her if her father were a convict."

The evening passed gayly. Eva sang, and Buena whistled like an inspired mocking-bird. Mrs. Charenton displayed a matchless wit and charm, and finally as the young girls left the harp she seated herself there.

"Ah, grandmamma, you will play for us?" cried Eva.

"It is long since I have touched the harp. But listen: here is something my father loved." She played a few bars of wild, sweet music, then paused a moment, the color mounting to her withered cheeks. "Ah! it all comes back to me!" The chords rang true and clear; a wonderful force animated the jewelled fingers, and through to the end she played the clanging Tarantelle, stopping suddenly with a high, unfinished note like a cry. "That is in honor of your birthday, Eva," she said, with a



sigh. "I shall never play again." She had risen, and leaned lightly against the golden harp. All the light of the candles seemed to concentrate on the slight figure, the white-crowned head with its starry opal pins. "Fifty years ago," she said dreamily, "my father would have me brought in after dinner to play on the harp and sing to the gentlemen as they sat over their wine. My hair was not such midnight hair as Eva's. It was long and yellow, and curled like a vine. There was a song of Moore's they would always have me sing, 'The Origin of the Harp:'

And her hair, shedding dew-drops o'er all its  
bright rings,  
Fell o'er her white arms to make the gold  
strings.'

"Fifty years— Ah-h!"

A sound like a sob, and she threw her hands convulsively above her head, then fell.

A shriek burst from Eva's lips. Garry caught the falling figure. Buena rang violently, and the servants rushed in. But, ah! never more were Mrs. Charenton's eyes to look on child or friend, for in one swift pang her spirit had slipped into freedom.

None of them could believe she was dead. A physician was soon by her side, who said that heart-disease was the cause of her death, and explained that the excitement of the harp-playing had only hastened a catastrophe which could not have been long averted.

Eva could neither faint nor weep. Garry was frightened at her wild, tearless agony. Reckless of others' presence, he lavished upon the poor girl every word and endearment of love that his passionate sympathy could suggest, until at last tears came to her relief, and she allowed him to lead her from the chamber of death.

#### CHAPTER XII.

NEVER did mortal feel herself more utterly alone in a maze of grief than did poor Eva Charenton. She had always been the one to guard, to watch over,

whose health had been precarious, about whom there had hung a shadow of doom. That her grandmother, with her strong nature, her determined will, her well-laid plans, should leave her without warning, and with such frightful suddenness, seemed like some ghastly dream that, in her stunned, incredulous grief, Eva tried in vain to realize. For the few days immediately following the shock, while the dear lifeless body was still hers to hold back but a little time from the yawning grave, she bore herself with a calmness that looked like resignation; but when all was over, when the last clod had fallen over the cofined face and Eva returned to her desolate home, then indeed sorrow broke upon her like a gathered flood beating over an unprotected head. She had asked Buena not to leave her; and, since the two girls could not stay alone, David had turned the key of his home and the brother and sister took up their abode at the cottage. With that desire to be alone with grief that characterizes all proud souls that suffer keenly, Eva had asked Buena to take the management of affairs out of her hands, and to forgive her for shutting herself in her room. Here she remained, admitting only Maum Lucy, who talked in her soft caressing tones of the dear dead lady and soothed her nurse-child as none other could. Eva clung to her with that simple affection a Southern girl never loses for her "black mammy:" afterward it seemed to her she could never have lived through those first dreary days but for the comfort of that faithful presence.

Garry haunted the house, but with never a glimpse of his darling. Half distracted at the thought of her lonely suffering, he felt that he should do something desperate but for Buena's restraining influence. It was such a comfort to seek her society, to pour out his soul to her, to listen to all she could tell him of his pretty stricken sweetheart. If not the rose, she was so near it as to share its perfume; and how good she was, thought Garry, to a selfish young fellow who sought her for another's sake! She was never too busy, or too tired,

or too preoccupied, to see Mr. Valcour. She was always the nice sensible girl who said the right thing at the right time, who never lost patience with a lover's impatience, who won him continually to freer confidence by kind looks and friendly sympathy.

"May I speak to you very frankly, Mr. Valcour?" she said to him one day.

"You know there is nothing you may not say."

"To begin with, then: Eva is so weak, nervous, and broken down that it will be some weeks before she can rally sufficiently to see any one,—even you. Aside from that, under all the circumstances, ought you to visit her now? She is practically alone. I am but a girl myself, and can't play the chaperon with entire propriety. You know how apt village people are to make a talk about nothing. You must guard her very jealously from the least breath of scandal."

Garry sprang to his feet, a dark red mounting to his face. "Do not forget, Miss Church," he cried, "that you are speaking of the lady to whom I hope to give my name."

"Ah, do not be angry with me, Mr. Valcour. I only wanted to give you the least hint in the world. You could not be expected all at once to realize the change in her position. Now, if your mother were here it would relieve the situation of all embarrassment."

"But, my dear Miss Church—"

"I hate 'Miss Church.' Call me Buena, and I shall know you are not offended at my plain speaking."

"I could not be offended with you, Buena. You are right as to my mother. But she is at Hot Springs."

"And, Sir Stupidity,"—Buena's eyes laughed archly,—*"can you not go to Hot Springs after her?"*

"You dear, wise girl!" cried Garry, with a thrill of admiration; "it is exactly the thing to do. I had thought of writing; but there are some stories not to be told on paper. Yet I was so anxious for my mother to know all before coming home, that she might be prepared to welcome Eva as a daughter. Of course my people will hurry back

when they learn of the necessity of their being here."

"Let me give you a word of advice as to that."

"A thousand."

"Ah, don't be hasty. Maybe you will think me perfectly odious when you hear what it is."

"Out with it, then, mademoiselle: I have great confidence in your wisdom."

"Then, do not try to hurry your people back. Don't be too impetuous in breaking the matter to General Valcour. Watch his moods, and only at the sunniest let him know that you want to marry Mr. Leacock's daughter."

"Would to heaven *that* could be sunk from all knowledge forever!"

"Since it can't be, don't you see the necessity for wary walking? Don't lose, or risk losing, anything by impatience."

"Of course I shall be impatient until I am back again," said Garry frankly; "and it will go very hard with me to make any delay."

"Be guided by circumstances. It is really *best* that you should be away now. And do not hurry the general back before he feels that his cure is completed. Am I not here to guard your interests?"

"And how faithfully you will do that I know," said Garry, with warm feeling. "I mean to take your advice. It is a comfort to have settled on something to do. It is hard to leave without seeing Eva, without coming to some definite understanding."

"I will take any message you choose to send."

"Say to her— But no; I can't send a message: I will write."

"I think," said Buena musingly, "that it would be well for you to enclose your letter to me. Then I can judge of the proper time to give it to Eva. She is so unwell that we can't be too careful."

"What a wise head on young shoulders!" said Garry, with a smile. Then followed some low, earnest words of farewell and a kiss of the hand. To this act of gallantry Garry attached the slightest possible importance. But no

one had ever kissed Buena's hand before. Her veins fired, and the strange thrill nerved her like wine to go on,—on to an end that it frightened even her strong heart to anticipate.

So, while Eva wept in her chamber, Garry hurried away to fetch a mother's protection to her loneliness. But this she did not know. When at last her tired heart turned from its grief as a plant seeks light, she said to Buena, "What has become of Mr. Valcour?"

"Did I not tell you?" said B. V., with a little air of surprise. "He has gone to Hot Springs. He left a good-by for you."

Eva was a very proud as well as a very gentle girl, so she betrayed no emotion, but said indifferently, "Then we shall not see him for some time."

"Not until he comes back with his people."

Miss Charenton had by this time recovered sufficiently to look after business matters with a curious steadiness for one so young. Letters came which she answered without asking advice from any one and with growing thoughtfulness in her pretty face. "My mother's people are all dead," she said one day to Buena, "and my grandmother had no nearer friend than our family attorney, Mr. Convers. Both he and Mrs. Convers have written asking me to make a home with them; but I do not care to leave the cottage yet, if you are willing to stay with me."

An hour for which Buena had waited had come. "I like staying with you," she said slowly; "but do you know, Eva, that we two girls are frightfully alone here?"

Tears sprang to Eva's eyes. "Alone! yes, desperately alone."

"Forgive me, dear. I did not mean to open your wounds afresh. But I want to talk to you seriously."

"About what, Buena?"

"Do not mind if I am very abrupt. I do not know how to be smooth and suave,—to get at a subject in a round-about way. I want to say just this: why do you not send for your father?"

Eva started violently: "I had not even thought of such a thing."

"It seems very strange that you have not. After all, there could have been nothing very real in the sentiment you had for him, or you would have turned to him first of all in your grief."

"Buena, you know that the reality or unreality of my sentiment has nothing to do with the matter. It is very natural that I should not have thought of bringing him here when grandmother was so opposed to our meeting. It seems as if she would stretch out her hand from the grave to prevent it."

"That is sheer morbidness, Eva. I think if your grandmother could see you as you are now she would be the first to say that you needed your father with you. You are very unprotected,—so much so that I believe that is one reason why Mr. Valcour rushed off so suddenly to Hot Springs. Any attentions from him now would have been so compromising—"

"Compromising! Miss Church, you must choose your words better."

"It is the word your grandmother would have used. There is no need for you to be angry. It is for your own sake. I am sure that I want Mr. Valcour on his return to find you under your father's protection. This is a very nice matter for me to meddle with, perhaps; but, dear me! how can girls of our age be too scrupulous?"

"I wonder if father would like to come," said Eva, much impressed by B. V.'s virtuous energy.

"You must make him like it, if you really want to have him here. He may hesitate for a while, so you must word your letter very carefully. Suppose you tell him you are left alone with a large inheritance,—that you have no near friends, and need his assistance."

"That would not be quite true. Grandmamma has settled her fortune in a way that admits of no question."

"Ah?" And Buena waited to hear more. But Miss Charenton seemed not disposed to confidence. "Well, well, you can easily write such a letter as will convince Mr. Leacock it is for your interest—and his—that he should come. I declare to you, Eva, I should not put

the matter off for a day if I were you. Only think of seeing him again after all these years!"

Miss Charenton, however, took not one day but several to think over the idea Buena had suggested, though it possessed so great a fascination for her. How sweet in this hour of grief to lean on a father's heart!

"Honey," said Maum Lucy, when told of the plan, "don't you think o' doin' it. Don't you fetch dat man here."

"Why not, maumie? He is my own father."

"Yes, honey; but when he forsook you your grandma took you up, jes' like de Lord. And on'y think of what ole mis' would say at de thought of dat man a-comin' under her own vine an' fig-tree, an' a-drinkin' outen her cup, an' a-sleepin' in her linen sheets."

"Maum Lucy, I won't have you calling my father '*that man*.' It is a shame. And don't you suppose that where my grandmother is now—up in heaven, and with my mother, too—she will know she has done an injustice to poor dear papa, and will be *glad* to have me make amends for it?"

"No, missy, I don't s'pose nothin' of de kind," muttered Maum Lucy; "ole mis' she's mighty obstinate when she gits her mind sot, an' it's gwine ter take more dan de Lord an' all his hosts ter persuade ole mis' she's done anything wrong. An' she ain't, nuther. Don't you fetch him here, honey."

"Maumie, I think you are profane, and unkind too. You needn't talk to me any more about it, for I *will* have him here, and in a week you'll be sorry for the way you've talked."

The old woman tossed her turbaned head, but said no more, except to grumble to herself, "Humph! Miss Eva's got a streak of ole mis' in her, spite of all her soft looks."

And Eva wrote the letter bidding Mr. Leacock come. She held it up with a smile for Buena's inspection before sending it to the post.

"I am so glad, Eva!" cried B. V., with artless warmth. But she dropped

the lids over her blue eyes, lest their flash of triumph should startle Eva into sober second thoughts.

More quickly than had been expected Mr. Leacock's reply reached the cottage. At the same time a thick letter was handed to Buena, post-marked "Hot Springs." Each girl fled with her treasure to her own room.

Eva opened her letter with a beating heart, and ran over its pages struggling with a vague sense of disappointment. Yet why should she feel so? Her father's sympathy was generous, his phrases well chosen, and, best of all, he declared himself ready to come to her at once. It was only in the postscript that he "remembered" having just made some large payments,—so that, owing to the state of his finances, he should not be able, as he would like, to fly on the wings of the wind to his suffering darling.

Eva sighed, and, taking her little porte-monnaie from a drawer, slowly counted the gold pieces it contained. "This, at least, is not forbidden," she said: "it is my very own, and I may give it to whom I please. Oh, my poor papa! how cruel that I should not be able to do all I wish for you! But grandmamma is implacable,—even from the grave."

A tap at the door interrupted her, and Buena entered, looking very pale. "I have had a note from Mr. Valcour," she said abruptly, "enclosing a letter to you."

"A letter—from Mr. Valcour?"

"Yes; here it is."

A lovely blush stained the Peri's pearly cheek as she took the letter and slipped it into her pocket.

"Ah!" thought Buena, "it is too sacred even to be opened in my presence. I am not even the confidante in white muslin to whom the heroine in white satin reveals her soul."

"I have good news, Buena dear," said Eva: "I have a letter from my father, and he says that he will come gladly."

A smile curled Buena's lip. "That is good news indeed," she cried with entire sincerity; for she was anxious to

see Mr. Leacock. Much depended on the part he was to play in this comedy of life. If he were all that Mr. Valcour and her fancy had painted him, there was small doubt indeed that he would turn this doves'-nest upside down. What deeper results might follow his introduction on the scene she could only guess; but she felt that she guessed with tolerable accuracy. "When will he come?" she asked.

"Almost immediately. He has some business affairs to attend to, of course, before he can leave for an indefinite period."

"Eva, you won't answer Mr. Valcour's letter until after your father comes, will you?" said Buena, striving to put the question lightly, yet scarcely concealing the anxiety with which she asked it.

"Maybe I shan't answer it at all," said Eva, with another pretty blush. "Shall you answer yours?"

"Why, of course. Why not? It is just a little letter of friendship."

Eva opened her great blue eyes wide and shook her head archly at B. V. "Girls," said she, "unprotected girls, can't be too scrupulous. It is very imprudent to write letters to young men."

"You are turning the tables on me," said Buena, laughing; "but I shall watch to see if you write to Mr. Valcour before you have your father's approbation for entering into such a dangerous correspondence."

"Perhaps I may let him answer my letter," said Eva demurely, "if it is anything very serious."

Buena looked at her in some surprise. It was the first ray of brightness her face had held since her grandmother's death. And the child was surprised at her own light-heartedness. She actually found herself singing the next day as she moved about the cottage putting things in dainty order as if for the coming of a king. Maum Lucy was constrained to be busy with the rest. Miss Eva wanted everybody to know that an honored guest was looked for, for whom everything must wear its freshest and brightest look. Garry's love-letter, strong, passionate,

and tender, beat its own music in her soul, and her heart throbbed fast at the thought of at last embracing the father of her dreams: what wonder that life looked fair again to the young girl?

The day of Mr. Leacock's arrival dawned at last, and they waited the hour of his coming. In a restless, joyous anxiety, Eva wandered from room to room, while Buena, devoured by an inward fire, watched from her window the Arnville road to catch the first sight of the expected figure.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"SISTER ANNE, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" called Eva when for the twentieth time she had looked at her watch.

"Afar off on the horizon I see a cloud of dust," began Buena; then her tone changed, and she cried eagerly, "I do see them, Eva. They are driving fast. They will be here in two minutes."

Then the reaction came. Eva's joyousness fled, and she was seized with a strange emotion. She stood alone in the drawing-room, incapable, as it seemed to her, of taking a step. Her beautiful face was drenched with tears, her hands outstretched toward the door. David had driven Mr. Leacock out from Arnville. She heard his voice outside. "Go in there," he said: "she is waiting for you. She will want to see you alone."

To do the Duke justice, he had made every effort to appear well in the character of the Prodigal Parent. Well dressed, carefully groomed, his large presence was not unpleasing; but from the moment that Eva threw herself, pale and agitated, into his arms, a revulsion of feeling came over her, sickening in its intensity. This was not her ideal, her hero, this giant of a man with unsteady hands and husky voice, who seemed embarrassed in her presence and scarcely responded to her embrace! Then her grandmother's determined enmity recurred to her, and a cold fear struck at



her heart. Had she made a fatal mistake in defying the wishes of that dear dead one? But in a moment came the thought, "My mother loved him," and she chided herself for her coldness and distrust. Renew the tenderness with which she had met him she could not: no instinct drew her to this stranger. But she lavished hospitable attentions on him: the cottage, the servants, the horses, herself, all were at his command.

The Duke was little disposed for talk: indeed, he seemed ill at ease in Eva's presence, and avoided long interviews.

"Tell me of my mother, father," Eva said timidly one day.

"My dear child, spare me!" cried he, with a nervous start.

And poor Eva wondered if there would ever be confidence and love between them.

The disposition of Mrs. Charenton's fortune was indeed a subject of eager interest to Mr. Leacock, and he plied Eva with questions. But here he was met with a gentle reserve.

"It does seem as if the old lady should have shown her appreciation of my keeping away all these years," he said more than once, "by something in the shape of a legacy. The idea of such a fortune as she had being left to a girl like you!"

"I know," Eva would say submissively, "it is all wrong. But you will always live with me, father, will you not, so that I may care for you in my own home?"

"You shall never lack a father's protection, my dear," said the Duke majestically.

For three days Miss Charenton enjoyed what comfort she could in this promise: then its full horror burst on her. For at the end of that time Mr. Leacock had wearied of a bucolic life. Desperately yearning, he rode Eva's horse to Arnville, to investigate such poor flesh-pots as it had to offer. At nightfall he came back to that innocent girl, to that delicate, secluded home, reeling like a Bacchanal,—in plain words, drunk, very drunk. Worse still, a case of liquors was sent out the next day, for which

Miss Charenton had to pay; and thereafter the Duke kept himself "keyed up," as he would have expressed his state of mild inebriation. Eva ceased to wonder what manner of man her father might be, for truth indeed burst like a torrent from Mr. Leacock's lips when he was in this state. Strange revelations of life came to the unworldly little group who listened horror-stricken to his reminiscences. He was always the central figure of his adventures: his duns and debts, his mishaps and make-shifts, his "sprees" of high and low degree, were touched on in turn with a frankness that left nothing to the imagination. Poor Eva! Afterward, in recalling that time of horrible purgatorial pain, she could only murmur, "How did I live?"

Every day her tenderest feelings were outraged. As one by one each illusion of the past was dispelled, she suffered as only the proud and sensitive can suffer. She understood now all Mr. Valcour's embarrassment in speaking of her father, and, even while shedding tears of bitter, burning shame, a warmer feeling than she had ever known arose in her heart for the young man who had borne so tenderly with her sentimental folly. A maid of "sterner stuff" might have been angry that he had not undeceived her; but in Eva's soul was only tender gratitude that but awaited his coming to blossom into love.

It seemed to the poor girl that the very climax of her woes had come when Mr. Leacock one expansive evening gave his Hot Springs experiences. The Valcours, father and son, were of course prominent in the recital, and he told of the tragic result of his effort to do the general a good turn with a dash of humor which unfortunately his audience were in no mood to appreciate. Eva heard him through, and without a word rose to leave the room.

David sprang to open the door for her: she passed him like a white wraith. Tears sprang to David's eyes, and his fists clinched in a way that would have boded ill for Leacock if the little editor had not been a man of peace. "Go to

her, Buena," he said, in a choked voice. And Buena, after a moment's hesitation, obeyed.

Eva had thrown herself on her bed in an agony of tearless despair. The door opened softly. "Eva!" said Buena's voice.

Eva turned to her, for once unnerved and prostrate; pride had fled, reserve melted; she welcomed the friendly voice. "Is it not terrible? terrible!" she whispered, her eyes blue fire under their dark brows.

"Poor Mrs. Charenton!" said Buena. "Maum Lucy said to-day it was enough to make her turn in her grave."

"Oh, how cruel I was to her!" moaned Eva; "how unjust! Now that it is too late, I understand her."

"After all, Eva, he was your mother's choice, her husband: never forget that. And he might have been a better man to-day if she had lived. He may be yet, with some good influence in his life."

"I don't know what my duty is," cried Eva. "Oh, how I wish Mr. Valcour would come back! He would help me."

Buena was silent a moment, gathering her forces with clinched teeth. Then, clear and low, "And do you mean, Eva, that you are going to thrust a burden like this on Garoché Valcour's shoulders?"

Eva reared her head haughtily. "Your question is in the worst possible taste," she responded.

"Pardon me; I cannot affect ignorance of Mr. Valcour's attitude toward you. I know that he has made you an offer of marriage. In fact, I knew of his intention to do so before you did, for he made me his confidante. He seemed to feel that it was expected."

"Did he tell you that?"

"I gathered it from his general tone. You know, at the time of your grandmother's death his sympathy quite ran away with him. And I should be a false friend to you, Eva, if I did not show you just where you stand. Let me tell you that the Valcours are the very proudest people in all this country.

General Valcour thinks his son fit to mate with a princess."

"So he is; so he is."

"It is not money he cares for,—not vulgar wealth,"—and in spite of herself Buena threw a glance of scorn around the luxurious room,—“but it is pure blood and an unstained name. And Garoché Valcour himself, in his sane moments, will shrink from the thought that in his children's veins must flow the poor vitiated blood that an alcohol-drinker transmits."

Eva had raised herself on one elbow, and stared at her friend with wide, wondering eyes. "Buena Church," said she, "I believe you are a little demon."

"I am your guest," returned B. V., with a lofty air; "so you are at liberty to insult me. I shall go home to-morrow."

"What! and leave me with him?" cried Eva, with a quick shudder. "No, no! you must not. Forgive me. I knew not what I said. I was mad with pain."

"I am only showing you things as they are, Eva. Of course you need pay no attention to what I say. Garry Valcour will not draw back from his offer though forty thousand fathers stood in the way. He is the soul of honor."

"Buena," said Eva, with a sudden flash of perception, "you are in love with him yourself."

"And suppose I am," returned the other, with marble coolness. "Does not that give me a right to speak?"

"*You shall never have him,*" said Eva, setting her little teeth together and looking hard at the girl just recognized as a rival.

"Do I look for that?" cried Buena, color flashing to her face like electric light. "It is *you* whom he loves,—not I. But, Eva,—Eva Leacock,—it is *I* who love him,—not you. You know nothing of what love means. It is to forget self,—to think only of the good and honor of the beloved. Poor little ugly nobody as I am, my soul would be too proud to bring disgrace on the man I love. I leave that for the beauty that hopes to hold love by its weak charms,—

charms that fade year by year, giving at last their own glow to the regrets that are born too late." Her passionate voice vibrated on the air. Her eyes dilated, and her figure seemed to grow tall in the dim light. There was something uncanny and wild about her.

Eva thrust out her hands, as though to ward off evil. "You terrify me," she murmured brokenly. "I do not know you. My world is slipping from under my feet." She sank back on her pillows and flung her arms above her head. A pitiful Peri, indeed; crushed to the very dust for the sins of others.

Buena did not speak again. A moment later she entered the dining-room, a strange, excited smile on her lips.

Mr. Leacock had disappeared. David was pacing up and down, half beside himself. "Principles or promises," he cried, "I wanted to fight. But I couldn't kick the fellow out of his own daughter's house, could I? And you

might as well reason with a bull of Bashan."

"Where is he now?"

"Out in the garden. He said my company was too tame,—that the stars were more sociable, for they would *wink* at a fellow."

And, in truth, the Duke's manly form was visible through the window, reeling among the rose-bushes, while his voice cheerfully trolled out,—

"Talk of Adam in Eden reclining!

We are better, far better off thus, boys, thus. While on him but two bright eyes were shining,

See what numbers are sparkling on us."

"I wish young Valcour were back!" cried honest David.

Buena laughed, and waved her hand in the direction of Mr. Leacock. "Charming father," she said, "for a Peri and a prince!"

SHERWOOD BONNER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE PRINCE DE BROGLIE IN AMERICA.

AMONG the officers who took part with the French contingent in the American Revolution was the Prince Claude Victor de Broglie, grandfather of the present Duc de Broglie. The prince did not arrive in America until after active hostilities had ceased, and his stay was limited to a few months; he, however, left a brief account of his journey and of the impressions made upon him by what he saw, that is well worth rescuing from the oblivion of the large collection of manuscripts in the midst of which it has hitherto reposed.\* His account, besides, contains some interesting sketches of early American society and a few graphic pen-portraits of the prominent public characters of those days, which are not without their value.

\* In the National Library at Paris.

Claude Victor de Broglie came of a distinguished military family. Originally of Italian origin, a branch of the family established itself in France early in the seventeenth century, where it rapidly attained to wealth and distinction. A lieutenant-general and three *maréchaux de France* appear in lineal succession in its annals, and to the title of duke, which Louis XV. conferred upon Marshal François Marie de Broglie in 1742, his son, Marshal François Victor de Broglie, added that of Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, which was conferred upon him in 1759 by the Emperor Francis I. of Germany. His eldest son, Claude Victor de Broglie, the subject of this sketch, was born in Paris in 1757. He entered the army at the age of fourteen, and was so rapidly promoted that at the age of twenty-five he

became a colonel. It was shortly after this promotion that he was ordered to America to take command of the Sain-tonge regiment, which had greatly distinguished itself in the siege of Yorktown.

His account of his journey begins with his departure in company with the Chevalier de Lameth from Paris on the 12th of April, 1782. With their "hearts duly saddened by the separation from friends, wives, and sweethearts," they arrived at Brest. Here, in company with a number of other officers, who, under the command of General Vioménil, had been commissioned to reinforce the army in America, they embarked on the "Gloire," a thirty-two-gun frigate, which also had on board a large sum of money for the use of the American army. At Brest the ship was detained until May 19, "sometimes by contrary winds and sometimes by a powerful English fleet which was cruising before the port." Having successfully escaped the English cruisers, a violent gale of wind and an accident which happened to their vessel on the 20th compelled them to put back and seek safety in the harbor of La Rochelle. Here they were again detained by contrary winds, English blockaders, and contradictory orders until July 15, when they were joined by the "Aigle," a forty-gun frigate, under the command of M. de la Touche, and the two vessels finally set sail for America. After some three weeks of alternate calms and headwinds, the two ships put in at Angra, on the island of Terceira. Here they were received by the Portuguese governor "with a very imposing pomp, the strictest etiquette, and a most remarkable frugality, for not so much as even a glass of water was offered to anybody." They, however, met with a more hospitable reception from the English consul, who, being also the representative of Spain at Angra, proposed to ignore the existence of a war between the nations whom he represented and to treat all the belligerents with impartial civility.

"He took us to supper at his house,

where excellent porter, good liquors, and tea were the evidences of our mutual confidence and friendship. The consul proposed to us an excursion for the following day, which, notwithstanding its extraordinary character, we did not fail to accept. This was a visit to a convent inhabited by some nuns distinguished for their virtue and charged with the education of some twenty young ladies of the highest rank, to whom they sought to impart a dislike for the world, the flesh, and the devil without at the same time inculcating a too austere morality."

On the following day they were the recipients of a farewell banquet from the neutral Anglo-Spanish consul, at which they were treated to the "*fandango* danced by a young ecclesiastic, who had already been named as the future bishop of the island." On the next day (August 5) they sailed from the Azores. As it was not many days before they fell in with the "Hector," an English ship of the line, carrying seventy-four guns, one may be pardoned for suspecting the neutrality of their attentive host at Angra. However, the Frenchmen stood manfully to their guns in defence of their ships and their precious cargo, and, after a severe engagement of several hours, succeeded in beating off their assailant. Shortly afterward they reached the mouth of the Delaware. Here, however, they were met by an English fleet under the command of Commodore Elphinston, and, though they succeeded in getting into the river, not having been able to secure a pilot, they soon got aground, and the English fleet, which had followed, came to anchor almost within gunshot in order to avoid the same fate.

"In view of the great danger of the situation, it was decided that all the army officers on board of the two vessels should disembark at once, and that the money should be also landed as rapidly as possible. The first part of this order was duly executed, and we landed in America in the evening of the 13th, with the lightest baggage imaginable, not having had time to supply ourselves with even so much as a change of shirts. We took up our quarters with a gentleman

named Mandelot\* (*sic*), who gave us something to eat, and where our general determined to pass the night. He also decided that he would send us youngsters out into the surrounding country, some for the purpose of trying to assemble the militia, and some to collect a few carts for the transportation to a place of safety of the money, which he proposed landing after dark. The Comte de Ségur, Lameth, and I accordingly started, and, having during the night made some twelve miles on foot, we came to a shabby sort of inn, called 'Onths' (*sic*) Tavern.' Here I succeeded in securing three carts and four horses, with which I started at four o'clock the next morning to return to our general, leaving my companions to hunt up the militia. I was still about three miles distant from the scene of our disaster, when I met M. de Lauzun, who informed me that when about half of the money had been safely landed the enemy had made an attack upon the ships in boats, whereupon the remainder—some one million two hundred thousand livres—had been thrown overboard, and our general, hastily loading the portion which had been saved, first on some horses, and afterward on a cart, had retreated toward Dover, where I and my companions were to join him."

After some curious and amusing adventures which would seem to indicate that the French became rather badly demoralized after they had abandoned their ships, they all succeeded in reaching Dover in safety.

"Dover is quite a pretty little town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. Here I made my first entrance into Anglo-American society. I as yet knew but a very few words of English, but I knew very well how to drink their excellent tea enriched with good cream. I also knew how to say to a young lady that she was 'pretty,' and to a gentleman that he was 'sensible,' so that I

\* It should be noted here that the orthography of American proper names is far from being in all cases correct in the manuscript from which the extracts in this article were translated. As far as was possible I have corrected in the translation all errors of this sort.

possessed all the elements with which to achieve a social success."

While the others remained at Dover for the purpose of recovering the money which had been thrown into the river, the prince was despatched to Philadelphia with letters to the French ambassador.

"It took me three days to ride the seventy miles which separated me from Philadelphia. The weather was very warm, and I had a very bad horse, but the beauty of the roads and of the country through which I passed, the imposing majesty of the forests, the air of comfort and plenty which I noticed in every direction, the hospitality of the people, and the almost universal fair complexions and beauty of the women, all contributed to compensate me for the fatigues I was undergoing."

Passing through Salisbury, New Castle, Wilmington, Chester, and Darby, he arrived at Philadelphia, "that famous capital of an entirely new country." The following is his description of the Quaker City in 1782:

"Philadelphia, or the City of Brothers, is the capital of Pennsylvania, a province which contains about three hundred thousand inhabitants, one-fourth of whom are Germans. Philadelphia has a population of about thirty thousand souls, without counting the negroes, who are not numerous, and who are nearly all free.

"Penn, the son of the admiral, founded Philadelphia about the end of the last century. He claimed to have borrowed his plan from that of the famous Babylon of antiquity. According to this plan, the city was to extend one mile parallel with the river and two miles at right angles to the course of the stream, which would give it the form of a regular parallelogram divided into equal squares. Five large public gardens, of which the largest was to occupy the centre of the city, and a wide quay along the river-front, were to render it beautiful and convenient of access. This fine plan has not been strictly adhered to. Each merchant, consulting only his own convenience, has constructed in front of



his warehouse a sort of dock where his ships can load and unload and be protected from the ice in winter; this collection of irregular docks form along the river-front of the city a sort of damp and dirty street, called Water Street. The city covers a great deal of ground: its streets are straight, sixty feet in width, and all have sidewalks reserved for pedestrians. There are no promenades or public gardens anywhere in the city. The only buildings of any pretensions are the Hospital, the State-House, the prison, and one or two of the churches. Of these latter, Christ Church is the finest; it, however, contains no pictures, and its only decorations are a few columns, an organ, and a velvet curtain which covers the altar. One finds in Philadelphia Presbyterians, Methodists, Anabaptists, Quakers, and Catholics, all enjoying the fullest religious liberty and living in the best possible accord with each other.

"The State-House, where Congress and the Councils of Pennsylvania hold their meetings, is a plain building crowned with a massive insecure-looking square tower. The hall of Congress is on the ground-floor; it is of good size, but without any ornaments except a very bad engraving representing General Montgomery, another of Washington, and the Declaration of Independence. It also contains thirteen tables, each covered with a green cloth, which are occupied by the representatives of the thirteen States; the president occupies a sort of throne in the centre of the hall, and the secretary has a seat below him. In one wing adjoining the hall of Congress is a lodging which has been arranged for the entertainment of the ambassadors of the Indian tribes; and there is also a large hall in which are displayed the flags and other trophies which have been captured from the enemy. Behind the State-House stands the prison, which is the only building of any architectural merit in the city."

On the evening of his arrival, the prince was introduced, under the auspices of the French ambassador, to the social world of the American capital at

a tea-party at the house of Robert Morris, who was then treasurer to the Continental Congress.

"The house of Mr. Morris is plain, but regularly built and well furnished; the doors and tables are all of magnificent and highly-polished mahogany, and all the locks and hinges are of brass and are kept scrupulously clean. Mrs. Morris presented a very dignified appearance. In short, I was charmed with everything and everybody I saw. I partook of some delicious tea, and I verily believe that I should still be drinking the tea had not our ambassador had the charity to whisper to me, after my twelfth cup, that when I desired to put an end to this sort of hot-water ordeal all that I had to do was to place my spoon across the top of my cup: according to the ambassador, while it would be considered impolite to refuse to accept a cup of tea when offered on such occasions, it would be still more impolite on the part of the hostess to offer you one after you had indicated your wishes by the position of your spoon.

"Mr. Morris is a large fat personage, who has the reputation of being very honest and intelligent. He certainly enjoys great credit, and has had the skill to advance himself rapidly in public life, and also, even while making large advances out of his private purse for the public service, to have found the means of amassing a fortune of several millions. So far as I could judge, he is a good speaker, and his massive head seems very well adapted for the government of an empire. Mr. Lincoln, the Minister of War, is also a man of great size. He has displayed no little courage and activity during the war, and especially during the siege of Yorktown. The *personnel* of his office is not very extensive, and he is obliged to submit all matters of importance to the decision of Congress. He is accused of being somewhat slow in matters of detail, and it seemed to me that he is not very secure in his position. Mr. Livingston, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is as thin as his two colleagues are portly. He is thirty-five years of age, has a shrewd

face, and is generally considered a man of great ability; his office will become much more extensive and interesting after peace is declared and the United States begin to occupy a definite position among the other nations of the world; but, as all matters of moment will always be settled by Congress, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, like his colleagues, will necessarily continue to be a mere secondary agent or a sort of head clerk to that all-important body.

"It is the unanimous opinion of all whose intelligence and means of knowledge are such as to give value to their opinions that the present Congress is composed of very ordinary personages. The reasons for this may be summed up as follows. At the commencement of the Revolution, as was natural, each State sent its most intelligent, most active, and most eloquent citizens to represent it in Congress. The most able of these soon secured the ascendancy and made their own views prevail, which seems to have been regarded as being a sort of check upon the liberty of Congress. It would seem, therefore, that the Assemblies of the several States now seek to avoid this by sending to Congress men who are only noted for good common sense, rather than those who are of distinguished talents or ability. Besides, the most distinguished among the members of the First Congress are now in public office, and so are necessarily withdrawn from that body. The person who seemed to me to be the most brilliant among the members of Congress whose acquaintance I made in Philadelphia was a Mr. Gouverneur Morris; he has great learning, speaks very good French, is decided in his opinions, and is generally popular. I, however, think that his marked superiority over his fellow-members, a superiority which he takes no trouble to conceal, will prevent him from ever obtaining any post of great importance in the government.

"The ladies of Philadelphia dress with much magnificence, but without manifesting much taste. Both in the manner in which they dress their heads and in the contents of their heads they

display less accomplishments and also less frivolousness than our French ladies. They have very good figures, but are lacking in grace, courtesy very badly, and do not excel in dancing; but they know how to make good tea, bring up their children very carefully, and pride themselves on the most scrupulous fidelity to their husbands; many of them have also a great deal of natural wit. Such, at least, is the picture of the ladies of Philadelphia as they were described to me by others; and my own observations seemed to me to confirm the description. The spirit which rules in Philadelphia is strongly republican. Nevertheless, though one would expect that this spirit would maintain an entire equality among the inhabitants, vanity and self-love, passions so natural to humanity, are already beginning to manifest themselves, and, though nobility and titles have been banished, those families who can trace their origin in Philadelphia back to the foundation of the city arrogate to themselves a certain superiority, and this pretension is the most strongly marked in those who to this superiority of antiquity add the superiority of great wealth."

The journal does not inform us how long the prince remained in Philadelphia. The allied armies were at that time encamped beyond the Hudson, at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Philadelphia, and he seems to have proceeded to join his regiment without any unnecessary delay. He made the journey on horseback, accompanied by two servants, in four days, passing through Bristol, Trenton, Somerset, and Morristown, and makes the discovery that "in America every collection of houses is called a city." He crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry, and found the American army encamped at Verplanck's Point. All that he saw during this journey seems to have greatly pleased him.

"I had to traverse a splendid country, over excellent roads. I passed through magnificent forests, whose vigorous growth testified to the fertility of the soil; sometimes I was stopped by im-

posing views, and every two or three leagues I came to well-built villages, in which one could detect no trace of poverty. The inhabitants were all well dressed, large, and vigorous-looking, and already manifested the pride of newly-acquired liberty. All these things completed my conversion in favor of the country and of a people who certainly are not wanting in a good opinion of themselves. Besides, the sight of a great many pretty faces among the women was not at all calculated to spoil the general effect. Everywhere that I halted I was received with the most perfect hospitality. I found no little pleasure in chatting with my hosts, who were always polite enough to overlook the manner in which I spoke their language; we always dined together, without any ceremony, and the husbands were even kind enough not to be angry if I kissed my hostess, which I never failed doing when they were pretty. These little attentions to the women, and the willingness I displayed to talk on political matters with the men, always secured for me the best room in the house, and, what are still greater favors, fresh sheets for my bed, and the privilege of not having to share them with any other traveller who might make his appearance before morning. All these little things, which are matters of course with us in France, are only granted as great favors in America, where habits of cleanliness are not as yet as firmly or as generally established as liberty and independence."

The following is his account of his first view of the American army:

"The army was then composed of about six thousand men, who, for the first time during the war, were comfortably clad and encamped under tents of a regular pattern. As I rode along the front of the camp, I was both pleased and astonished at all that I saw. The men were all fine-looking and robust, the sentries were well placed and very attentive to their duties, and everything presented such a striking contrast to what I had expected that I could hardly convince myself that this was the army which until recently had had no other

uniform than the word 'liberty' on the front of their caps."

The French contingent was encamped at a distance of some fourteen miles from the American camp. The prince was kindly received by General de Rochambeau and by his brother officers, and immediately put in command of his regiment. Two days after his arrival he was presented to General Washington by Rochambeau, at a dinner to which they had been invited by the American general. He takes occasion of this incident to make a sketch of Washington, which he says is the result of his personal observations as well as of the conversations which he had had with others concerning the American commander. This description is the most valuable and interesting passage of the journal.

"Washington is now about forty-nine years of age; he is tall, has a noble figure, and is admirably proportioned. His face is very much more agreeable than it is represented in his portraits, and he was still very handsome some three years ago. Those who have been with him continuously since the beginning of the war say that he seems to them to have aged very much; but to me he seems to be still as fresh and as active as a young man. His countenance is mild and open, his manner is polished but cold, and his eye is pensive and seems watchful rather than sparkling; in his bearing he is quiet, noble, and self-assured; he maintains in his private life and conduct a rigid decency which pleases everybody, and a reserved dignity which never gives offence. He is an enemy to ostentation, and, while receiving with good grace such honors as are paid to him, he avoids rather than seeks them, is modest almost to humility, and does not appear to value himself sufficiently. His manner is always even, and he has been never known to manifest either anger or ill-temper. In company he is pleasant and gentle, is always serious, never permits his attention to wander, and is simple, free, and affable without ever being familiar. The respect which he inspires never becomes burdensome: he speaks very little

and in a rather low voice, but seems so attentive to all that is addressed to him that one is persuaded that he fully understands and readily dispenses with an answer. This manner has been of great service to him, for no one has ever had more need to be circumspect and to well weigh his words. He joins to an unalterable calmness of mind a clear and correct judgment, and the only defect with which he is reproached is a certain slowness in coming to a decision, and sometimes in acting after the decision has been made. His courage is calm and brilliant; but in order to truly form an opinion as to the extent of his talents and to award to him the title of a truly great soldier, it will, I believe, be necessary to see him at the head of a larger army, with more means at his command and on more equal terms with the enemy. However, one must concede that he is an excellent patriot and a wise and virtuous man, and one is truly tempted to find in him all other qualities, even those which circumstances have hitherto prevented him from displaying. . . .

"At the beginning of the troubles with the mother country, Washington was unanimously called to the command of the army. The result has fully justified the choice: never was there a man who was better qualified to command Americans, and never has a man put into his conduct more singleness of purpose, wisdom, constancy, and rectitude. Washington receives no salary as general: he possesses a large private fortune and refused to accept any compensation. The expenses of his table are, however, defrayed by the State. He has every day some thirty guests to dine with him, to whom he is very attentive, and his table is kept in very good military style. The dinner-hour is the period of the day when, as a rule, he is most cheerful; during the dessert he makes an enormous consumption of nuts, and when the conversation interests him he will continue eating them for two hours at a stretch, at the same time proposing healths, in conformity with the English and American custom.

This is what they call 'toasting.' The 'toasts' usually begin with the 'United States of America;' then follows 'The King of France,' 'The Queen,' and 'The success of the allied armies.' After these are often proposed what are called 'sentiments,' as, for example, 'Our success over the enemy and with the ladies,' or, 'Our good fortune in war and in love.' . . . Washington seems to me to have a simply perfect manner of treating the officers of his army. He treats them very politely, but is far from being on familiar terms with them, and they manifest for their general unbounded respect, confidence, and admiration. . . . I met General Gates at Washington's headquarters, and it happened that I was present at their first interview after their quarrel. This interview had excited the curiosity of both armies. It passed with the most perfect propriety on both sides. Washington received Gates with a frank and easy courtesy, and Gates responded with all the respect that was due to his superior in rank, and at the same time with a self-respect and a noble and moderate manner that convinced me that he was deserving of the success which he had obtained at Saratoga, and that his misfortune at Camden only rendered him more worthy of esteem on account of the fortitude with which he had borne it.

"Washington would have done well if when, after the defeat at Camden, Congress having left it to him to select a successor to Gates, he had insisted that Gates should be left in command and be permitted himself to repair the damage that had been the result of his misfortune rather than of any fault on his part. Instead of doing this, he selected General Greene for the command. Even a great man is not free from the weakness of human nature. Washington had always been jealous of the success which Gates had achieved at Saratoga. Gates, on his side, had shown himself rather too proud of that victory, and there were not wanting on both sides flatterers to foment the distrust which sprang up between the two generals. Washington, having become his

rival's judge, allowed himself to take a petty revenge: he was, it is true, justified by the circumstances, and he made an excellent choice in General Greene. If he did not take the noblest course, he, however, did nothing for which he can be blamed."

Active operations had entirely ceased, and it soon became evident that the war, as far at least as America was concerned, was at an end. The French government decided to withdraw its army, and accordingly orders soon arrived for it to embark. The French regiments began to move by easy stages toward Boston, where a fleet under the Comte de Vaudreuil had arrived for the purpose of transporting it. On the 29th of October it reached Hartford, where Rochambeau, finding that the fleet would not be ready for sea as soon as he had expected, remained a week and then determined to go into winter quarters near Providence. At Hartford the prince obtained a short leave of absence, which he took advantage of to visit New London and Newport in company with three of his brother officers.

"We made a day's journey of fifty miles in order to reach New London; but our way was through such a beautiful country and we had such agreeable weather that we had no time to notice the fatigue. There are on this route three villages, about a league's distance from each other, which are remarkable for their charming situation on the banks of a river called the Thames, for their cleanliness, for the regularity of their houses, and for their numerous populations. These three villages have all the same name: they are called the three Norwiches. New London, on the Thames, about a mile above its mouth, was very rich and prosperous before its destruction by Arnold. That general burned a large portion of the town and sacked the storehouses of its wealthiest citizens, many of whom are now reduced to the most abject poverty. The harbor, which is advantageously situated for a commercial port, was filled at the time with richly-loaded ships and privateers, all of which were destroyed by the traitor Arnold.

"It was another long day's journey from New London to Newport over fifty-five miles of very bad roads. There were also two ferries to be crossed. The first one presented no great difficulties; but the second, called 'Canonicut Ferry,' which separates the island of Newport from the mainland, was at least a league in width, and is not always safe; besides, it was after dark when we reached it. The getting of our horses on board of the ferry-boat, and the anxiety of some among us at the frequent rolling of the boat, were not at all amusing, especially in the midst of the darkness which surrounded us. We passed about an hour in this uncomfortable situation, and the boatman finished by running us aground about two hundred yards from the landing-place. As the water was only two feet deep, we all walked ashore, and it was in this way that we made our entrance into the charming town of Newport, whose praises are the constant theme of the soldiers of the French army.

"Having heard so much in favor of this place, my fellow-travellers and myself were naturally impatient to form the acquaintance of its inhabitants. M. de Vauban did not delay in duly introducing us. On the evening of our arrival he conducted us to the residence of a Mr. Champlin, a man of note on account of his great wealth, and still better known, at least in the army, on account of the beauty of his daughter. Miss Champlin was not in the drawing-room when we made our entrance, but she appeared a moment afterward. It is unnecessary to say that we examined her with great interest. She has fine eyes, a pretty mouth, the freshness of youth, a small waist, a pretty foot, and a figure that leaves nothing to be desired. To all these advantages she added that of being dressed and coiffed with much taste,—that is to say, in the French style,—and of understanding and speaking our language. Having paid to all these charms the tribute of admiration and gallantry that was their just due, we hastened to do the same to those of her rivals in beauty and reputation,—the



Misses Hunter. The elder of the two Misses Hunter, without being regularly beautiful, has what we call *un ensemble noble et de bonne compagnie*, her face is animated and intelligent, she is graceful in all her movements, and she dresses quite as well as Miss Champlin, but she is not quite so fresh-looking. Her sister, Miss Nancy Hunter, is the very personification of a rose: she is gay, is always smiling, and has, what is very rare in America, beautiful teeth. We returned to our lodgings enchanted with these first samples of the belles of Newport; but M. de Vauban promised us something still better for the following day, and he kept his promise. Without telling us where he was taking us, he introduced us into a house where a very silent and curious-looking old man received us without removing his hat and without any of the customary compliments. To the compliments which we addressed to him he only responded with monosyllables. Though this reception seemed strange to us, we easily guessed that we were in the house of a Quaker. All of a sudden the door opened, and there entered a very goddess of grace and beauty,—Minerva herself, but with her warlike attributes exchanged for the simple garb of a shepherdess. It was the daughter of the Quaker, Polly Leyton. In conformity with the custom of her sect, she addressed us *en nous tutoyant*, but with a simplicity and grace that was only equalled by the simplicity and grace of her dress: this was cut in the English style, fitting close to the body, and as white as milk; she also wore an apron of white muslin, and a very ample and jealously-closed *fichu*; her head-dress was composed of a simple little lawn cap pleated closely around her head and only allowing about half an inch of hair to peep out. All this gave Miss Polly the air of a vestal virgin, and she seemed entirely unsuspecting of her own charms. She addressed us simply and politely, but with all the freedom of her sect. I need not add that we were all enchanted, and I frankly confess that to me this seductive Quakeress seemed to be Nature's master-

piece. Every time that her image presents itself to me I am tempted to write a big book against the follies of dress and against the artificial graces and the coquetry of those ladies whom the world of fashion so highly admires. Polly had a sister, dressed exactly like herself, and who is also very pretty; but we had no time to look at her when her elder sister was present.

"After leaving our pretty Quakeress, I made the acquaintance of Miss Brinley, of Miss Sylven, and of some others, and I was soon fully convinced that Newport fully merited the reputation for beautiful women that it enjoyed in our army. All these young ladies lamented to us that there had been no amusements of any kind since our army had left; and this little complaint induced my companions and myself to get up a ball for their consolation. We experienced no difficulties nor refusals. Some twenty charming ladies and young misses assembled at our invitation. They were all dressed in good taste, and seemed to amuse themselves immensely; at supper we drank 'toasts' with much gayety, and everything passed off very agreeably. The day after this little festival we left Newport to rejoin the army at Providence."

They found Rochambeau's army in winter quarters near Providence, on the road to Boston, and on the same camping-ground that it had occupied the previous year. Huts had been constructed for the protection of the men, and, thanks to the neighboring forests, fuel was plenty. Still, there was much suffering from the continual snows and rains and the rigors of the New-England winter. The French general, however, did all in his power to 'amuse his army and please the ladies,' giving frequent balls and dances and entertaining with much splendor. The cold, however, became more and more severe, and it was decided to march the troops to Boston and house them on shipboard until the vessels should be ready for sea. On the 28th of November, Rochambeau turned the command over to the Baron de Vio-ménil and returned to Philadelphia,

and on the 1st of December the march to Boston began. This took three days, and the troops were immediately embarked on board of the French ships. The fleet, however, was not ready to sail for some three weeks, so that the French officers had an opportunity of enjoying the hospitality which the citizens were so ready to extend to them.

"The city of Boston, being a great commercial centre in time of peace, necessarily contains a great many persons in easy circumstances and a certain number of very wealthy people. Luxury found its way there sooner than it did into any other American city, and it is still the city which is socially the furthest removed from the somewhat vulgar rusticity of American manners. One finds in Boston good wines and napkins at the dinner-table, everybody uses his own glass, and one can have one's plate changed as often as necessary: in short, its manners are truly magnificent.

"Mr. Hancock, the governor, is a man who, without having displayed much talent, has nevertheless played an important part in the recent events and will be well remembered in history on account of his zeal for liberty and the sacrifices which he has made for the popular cause. He enjoys great popularity. Mr. Adams, whose name has been so prominent since the beginning of the Revolution, and whose warmth and eloquence was so often the means of forcing the Congress to adopt the most important measures, is now a man past sixty years of age. His eye is brilliant and his face intelligent, and he seemed to me to fully merit the great consideration in which he is held: he is accused of being rather too fond of the popular praise, but what man of talent was ever wanting in vanity?

"Dr. Cooper, so famous for his bold discourses and sermons, is a man of great address and shrewdness of manner, with a quick wit, and possessed of vast learning. He seemed to me to be the most striking character among all the distinguished personages whom I met in Boston. His conversation is interesting, and, though he expresses himself with

some difficulty in French, he understands the language perfectly, is familiar with all our best writers, and sometimes even quotes from Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau in his pulpit. Dr. Cooper is the author of several highly esteemed works, has composed some pretty verses, and certainly hides no small share of wit under his ample clerical wig, which he wears larger and more thickly powdered than any of his brother clergymen. He is not without enemies, both among the clergy and the laity, who accuse him of resorting on occasion to a somewhat Machiavelian dexterity.

"But I must not forget to speak of the ladies,—an important social element, especially to a Frenchman. The ladies of Boston dress handsomely, but without much taste, and have very scant ideas on the subject of head-dresses. They also dance very badly, although they are very fond of that amusement; some of them know a great deal about music and play agreeably on various instruments, but they have a somewhat monotonous manner of singing: it is a sort of combination of the English and Italian styles, which is not unpleasant when the voice happens to be good. After this short sketch of their accomplishments, as I do not dare to speak of their moral I must say a word in regard to their physical qualities. This I can best do by describing a few of the ladies whose acquaintance I have made in Boston. The handsomest, by all odds, is a Mrs. Jervis. She is a blonde, and with a complexion like a rose. To these advantages may be added that of a very jealous husband; but, as her disposition is naturally very gentle and as she has been only recently married to him, I do not think that she has as yet begun to reflect on the inconvenience which this may cause her. Mrs. Smith, the wife of a very wealthy merchant, has the most agreeable *salon* in Boston; she gives frequent dinners, which are everything that one could desire, and is very fond of receiving the homage of the French officers, which is all the more willingly paid to her on account

of her resemblance—though she is much less handsome—to the Queen of France. Mrs. Smith is very affable, and it is said that she is very much further advanced in her matrimonial reflections than Mrs. Jervis. Mrs. Tudor, the wife of a lawyer, is also very amiable and speaks very good French, on which account she is very much courted: indeed, she has in her train the most distinguished among our officers, including the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who is all devotion and never allows a chance of paying his court to her to escape him. M. de Paroys, his nephew, makes also somewhat extensive pretensions to her favor, and he has the advantage over his uncle of being a very pretty performer on the harp, an instrument of which Mrs. Tudor is very fond. Mrs. Tudor is the authoress of a sort of address to the Queen of France from the ladies of Boston, of which M. de Chastellux is the bearer: it is beautifully written, happily expressed, and very flattering to the French officers. Mrs. Temple, the wife of a great adversary of Dr. Cooper, Mrs. Morton, Miss Deblois, and Miss Polly Seiss are all ladies of great beauty; but I saw too little of them to permit of my speaking of them at any length."

On the 24th of December the French fleet set sail from Boston. The journal continues to narrate the fortunes and adventures of that portion which went to the West Indies and to South America, but, as they present little if any interest to the American reader, I will make no extracts from them. A short sketch of the brief subsequent career of the Prince de Broglie will, however, not be out of place in conclusion.

On his return to France he found that the first clouds of the French Revolution had commenced to gather. His service in America, brief as it had been, seems to have inclined him to take side with the revolutionary party. In 1788 he was chief of the infantry staff of the army at Metz, where he was active in demanding the reforms which all conceded to be necessary. The following year at the assembly of the nobility of

Colmar and Schlettstadt he was selected as the deputy of that body to the States-General. In that assembly he at once distinguished himself by his activity in favor of the popular cause and his exertions to secure the adoption of all measures looking to the abolishment of the privileges enjoyed in the army by the nobility. In the memorable session of December 24 he voted with the extreme democrats. In 1790 he became secretary of the Assembly, and the same year was elected president of that body. This honor he, however, soon resigned and demanded active military employment. He was accordingly appointed *maréchal du camp* to the army of the Rhine. In this post he took an active part in the reorganization of the army and in its preparations for its future successes, and he was repeatedly mentioned in the most flattering terms in the despatches and reports of his superiors.

In the mean time, the rest of his family, with the exception of a younger brother,\* had not shared his liberal ideas. His father, the *Maréchal de Broglie*, and his brother, the Prince de Revel, had emigrated to Germany, and were occupying prominent commands in the army which was preparing for the invasion of France. Notwithstanding his liberal sentiments and devotion to the popular cause, he refused to recognize the decrees of the 10th of August, 1792, and tendered his resignation from the army. This was immediately followed by his arrest, and, though he was shortly afterward released and retired to Bourbonnelles-Bains, he did not long remain at liberty. Having gone to Paris and enrolled himself in the national guards, he was denounced to the Convention as having relatives among the *émigrés*, and again arrested. After a trial before the revolutionary tribunal, he was condemned, and on the 27th of June, 1794, his head fell on the guillotine.

JAMES L. FERRIÈRE.

\* Maurice Jean Madeleine de Broglie, Bishop of Ghent under Napoleon; died in Paris in 1821.

## ZOOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.

## VIII.—ANIMAL RENEGADES.

MORAL philosophers incline to the opinion that all the arts of Despotism have never yet succeeded in producing a perfect slave. Behind all the masks of non-resistance, under the thickest varnish of subordination, there is always a substratum of rebellious instincts; the love of independence is perhaps the most inalienable gift of Nature. It will re-assert itself after centuries of bondage,—even in brutes. No training and selecting has ever evolved a breed of absolutely domesticated animals; the tamest of them will now and then avail themselves of an opportunity to resume the life of their free-born ancestors. Household pets, that could not possibly profit by the change, have at least intermittent fits of independence. Only night-walkers know how much secret gadding our dogs are guilty of. On moonlight fields, on lonely mountain-meadows, one meets them, pair-wise and in troops, in quest of gallant adventures, but also singly, on strictly private business. Near the sheep-folds of the Southern Alleghanies sleek watchdogs have often been shot as much as twenty-five miles from the homes they used to protect by their deep-mouthed barks—till the inmates were asleep. Utter darkness, too, is apt to silence the voice of our faithful ally, and the next morning the people will wonder what makes the dear fellow so tired: the explanation might surprise them still more, if the Night could speak.

Domestic cats often absent themselves for weeks together, and return as lean as a rake, but unrepentant, till the dangers of vagrancy are brought home to them by boot-jack and gunpowder arguments. Many old village tomcats take regular summer vacations. Orchards and the extensive grain-fields of our Northern States supply them with young birds enough to keep soul and skeleton together, and the vicissitudes of roughing it seem to count

for nothing against the pleasures of independence. The woods of the Mississippi Valley are full of half-wild hogs. They are just tame enough to answer a repeated dinner-call, but rarely come home of their own accord, though their adventures in the wilderness are rather over-spiced with danger: "bush pork" is generally full of buckshot. Goats, too, are apt to lose their way whenever they get a chance; and the hunters of the Tyrolean Alps often hear their bells in the inaccessible heights of the Ortler range, where they have to pick their food from the clefts of icied rocks till the November storms drive them back to the valleys.

But where emancipation would be a change for the better, only constant vigilance can prevent a declaration of independence. In Eastern Europe, South-western Asia, and the Southern prairies of our own continent, millions of animals have permanently renounced their allegiance to the lord of creation. Wild dogs are not confined to the suburbs of Stamboul; legions of them infest the mountain-ranges of Armenia, Persia, and Turkestan, and prowl over the vast tablelands between Asia Minor and North-western India. They are found in the deserts of all intertropical countries; in America, especially on the arid plateaus of Peru, Paraguay, and Western Mexico. In Mexico and South America there are about sixty millions of wild horses and horned cattle whose freedom is bounded only by the limits of their speed. The *Cabras pardas* of the Sierra Madre are descendants of the Spanish goat, but as shy as bighorn sheep and nearly as hard to shoot. In all our Southwestern States there are utterly wild hogs, denizens of the river-jungle, and unapproachably shy. At the sight of a dog they stampede with snorts of horror and hide in swamps where few hunters dare, to follow them, though the chase

is perfectly legitimate. Their favorite haunts are the South-Georgian cypress-swamps; sporadically they are found as far north as Pamunkey Bay in old Virginia. The German hunters distinguish the *Wild-Katze* from the somewhat smaller *Feld-Katze*, the former the genuine wild-cat, the latter one-fifth smaller, and often with the fine fur of the ancestral tabby, but with all the fierceness of the genuine *Felis catus*. The alleged existence in the Ghobi Desert of a special kind of wild dromedaries (supposed to be the *Camelus primogenitus*) lacks confirmation; but there seems no doubt that the mountains of Balkh (the ancient Bactria) are the haunts of ownerless camels, that can be captured only by regular circle-hunts, for a month after birth their young ones are already too fleet for the dromedaries of the Bokhara nomads. The "wild asses" of the Old Testament, like the *Abu Ghibr* of Arabia Petraea, are probably survivors of a starved caravan, or deserters from the train of a defeated army, for in deserts where a horse would hopelessly perish his long-eared relative seems able to shift for himself; and Burckhardt asserts that the wars of Abd-el-Wahab have peopled the Arabian peninsula with herds of wild asses, resembling the shaggy Bulgarian variety. East of El Medina they roam in herds over the stony mountain-ranges, and generally give the city a wide berth, though in clear nights they pay an occasional visit to the pilgrim-camp of Babel-Musree to glean the waste provender of the caravans.

Near the precincts of the Eastern cities such four-legged independents are often merely domestic animals out of employment; but in sparsely-settled regions it is curious to observe the reappearance of their old race-habits. The *Khel el Khamr* ("dog of the wilderness") of Asia Minor hunts in packs, and rivals his wildest relatives in the art of making night hideous with the true lupine ululatus, the long-drawn howl of his obstreperous primogenitor. In very cold nights they are apt to become dangerous, and a few years ago

the inhabitants of the vilayet of Khushabad rose *en masse* to avenge the death of an old sheik whom the Khelies had killed and eaten in the neighborhood of a populous village.

The most interesting of my Mexican pets was a young *perro pelon*, or "tramp dog," whose mother had been imprudent enough to quarter her litter under the porch of a sacristia, or wayside chapel. But the child of the sanctuary had all the instincts of a young highway-robber. As soon as he could walk he waylaid the guinea-pigs and began to take a suspicious interest in the roosting-places of the landlord's chickens. The neighbors' boys brought him all the young rabbits they could catch, and he had a curious way of playing with them,—not like a sportive puppy, but like a young fox practising for business purposes. He would cripple them just enough to equalize the chances of the game, and then give them a fair race for their lives, taking care, however, to suppress any signs of excessive vitality. He never killed anything outright, but deferred his feast till incidental injuries had disqualified his victims for further sport. One half-grown coney, however, managed to get away from him, and would have escaped if the boys had not recaptured it; and when they restored it to him he massacred it on the spot, probably for having abused his confidence. Well-to-do house-dogs generally content themselves with eating their fill at the regular meal-times, but the *pelon* would never trust the chances of the next day, and invariably removed the remnants of his dinner, even potato-chips and tortillas. He had *caches* all over the farm, but especially in the rear of an old garden-wall, where he buried his bulky valuables; and the hogs that used to take their siesta near his treasury were always chased away and out of sight when he was going to make a deposit: he wanted no witnesses at such times. If I happened to surprise him at a grand interment, it was enough to make him nervous for the rest of the day: once in a while he would run back to the garden to see if I had



not realized on my discovery. Of car-  
 rion he was so fond that he seemed to  
 view the existence of his fellow-creatures  
 from an ultra-Buddhistic stand-point,  
 considering the speedy separation of  
 soul and body as the chief object of  
 their lives. Horses, especially, he re-  
 garded only as so many carcasses en-  
 dowed with an annoying power of loco-  
 motion. He would often  
 yelp at a big  
 mare of some-  
 what frolicsome  
 proclivities, ey-  
 ing her antics  
 with disgust and  
 with a mien of  
 severe disappro-  
 bation of her  
 frivolous delight  
 in the vanities  
 of life. The  
 landlord's tur-  
 keys made him  
 wag his tail; he  
 was pleased at  
 their fatness and  
 the reflection  
 that their vital  
 propensities  
 were far less incurable. The  
 presence of man he accepted  
 as a practical necessity, though  
 perhaps with a secret leaning  
 toward the view of the En-  
 cratian Gnostics,—that the re-  
 moval of the bimanous species  
 would at once restore the pris-  
 tine glory of the globe. He  
 seemed to "shun, not hate,  
 mankind;" his favorite retreat  
 was a gravel-hole beneath the  
 old garden-wall, and nothing  
 short of a fourteen-inch soup-  
 bone would induce him to leave that  
 place of refuge; appeals to his sense of  
 duty were answered only by a stolid  
 growl. I never heard him bark; his  
 voice was an indescribable sort of half-  
 howl, somewhat resembling the bay of a  
 hound, though he used it rather as an  
 expression of anger and pain. He was  
 an incorrigible thief, and when the cook

attempted to improve his morals with a  
 broom-stick he transferred his headquar-  
 ters to a neighboring mesquite grove, and  
 finally vanished altogether, but contin-  
 ued to utilize his topographical knowl-  
 edge, to judge from the frequent coin-  
 cidence of dark nights with the  
 disappearance of chickens and ducks.  
 One evening I met him on the road to



BACTRIAN CAMELS.

Fresnillo, and, recognizing my voice, he  
 followed me as if nothing had happened  
 till we reached the outskirts of the town,  
 where he began to hesitate, and finally  
 slunk off into a ravine, and that was the  
 last I saw of him.

It takes several generations to elimi-  
 nate the savagery of a "tramp dog."  
 The Peruvian pampa cur (*Canis Aza-*

ræ), though evidently the descendant of some domestic mongrel, is almost incurably shy. By dint of persistent kindness Rengger succeeded in gaining the confidence of a young pampa dog; but at the approach of a stranger he never failed to dart under his master's bed, howling as if he had a cramp in the stomach if the visitor so much as looked at him. The Mexican sierra-goats are less misanthropic and cannot be reproached with false modesty of any kind, but it is next to impossible to keep them near a farm. In winter-time they appreciate the advantages of a warm stable; but the advent of spring makes them restless, till one fine day they are off to the Sierra, sometimes in spite of wooden collars and drag-ropes. The kid-season, too, is apt to excite the migratory propensities of the dams; they do not like to bring forth in a land of bondage; some instinct seems to tell them that the Sierra is their proper home.

By a sort of spontaneous reversion, a similar instinct sometimes awakens in domestic pets; the mere neighborhood of a great wilderness seems to tempt them to desert. Among the wild cattle of the Brazos Valley the prairie-squatters often see a cow with a bell and an ornamental strap, perhaps the gift of a Missouri farmer's wife who advertised her pet as "strayed or stolen."

One of the most vivid recollections of my childhood is an encounter with the *bidet sauvage*, the wild pony that had roamed the Sambre highlands since the earliest memory of such little men as my companions. We were out after huckleberries, and had scattered among the high broom-corn and hazelnut-thickets of the plateau de Vence, when one of my comrades grabbed my arm and pointed toward a little knoll where a solitary horse was picking its way between the grass-fringed boulders. We crept nearer and nearer till we reached a ledge of cliffs on a level with the knoll, when my companion clutched me once more. "Go slow!" he whispered; "oui, c'est lui, le bidet, the very pony: I know him by that stump ear. Stop! get down!"

We crouched behind the cliffs, but the pony had already seen us or somebody behind us: he started, stood still for a moment with his head high erect, then, leaping back with a snort, he wheeled around and flew over the plateau like a deer, down into a wooded dell and up the opposite mountains, where we saw him galloping along the ridge toward the head-waters of the Rouge-Air.

That same pony outwitted the hunters and herders of the Belgian Ardennes for more than eight years before he was finally shot near the Col de Grappe in Northern Lorraine. He seemed to know every pass and trail in the wide highlands, and even the favorite haunts of individual hunters; the game-keepers of Châteaumont had seen him more than twenty times, though never within shot-gun range and rarely without attracting his attention. During the hunting-season he was all suspicion and fled at the first echo of a shot, but in midsummer, when every wood was a hiding-place, he became more confident, and sometimes ventured into the lower valleys, where a cow-boy once saw him browsing peacefully among the parish cattle. The lad slipped away to summon his father, but when they came back with a musket the bidet was gone,—warned perhaps by one of those strange forebodings by which human outlaws have sometimes been saved from impending danger. Upon another occasion a company of hunters had cornered him on a treeless ridge and opened fire as they contracted their circle, but when they had all but surrounded him he leaped down a cliff of twenty feet into the gorge of the Fontau-Loup Creek and disappeared among the broken crags. One deponent averred that he had watched him in the act of uprooting the bushes and weeds on a promontory he wanted to use as an observatory point; another had seen him drive a stray cow from his hill-pasture for fear that her absence would lead to a chase; and many other stories of that sort proved that we thought him capable of almost anything. That he was *bullet-proof* nobody ventured to ques-

tion: it would have been an insult to all the foresters of the Sambre Valley. The antecedents of the old bushwhacker were somewhat obscure, but it was known that he had once been in charge of a farmer who kept a pasture for the saddle-horses of the Alleville hotel, and I suppose that the contrast between the green wilderness and the dusty pony-track so impressed his manly soul that he decided to secede. His forage-excursions were too well planned to get him into trouble, but at certain seasons of the year he was in the habit of visiting the lowlands on more risky business, and that habit finally proved his ruin. He thrice stampeded the mares of a large stock-farm, whose owner at last offered a prize of sixty francs for his skin. That started a hue and cry, and two weeks after the bidet met his fate in the form of a Lorraine poacher, who had seen him in the woods and who availed himself of that first chance to use his rifle upon legitimate game.

In a sparsely settled but tolerably fertile country animal refugees soon accustom themselves to the vicissitudes of their wild life. The ten months' drought of 1877, which almost exterminated the domestic cattle of Southern Brazil, was braved by the pampa cows, whom experience had taught to derive their water-supply from bulbous roots, cactus-leaves, and excavations in the moist river-sand. Solid food is only a secondary requirement; with a good supply of drinking-water many animals would beat Dr. Tanner's time. But how the Syrian Khamr dogs manage to make out a living only the gods of the desert know. They rough it in regions where no human hunter would discover a trace of game and where water is as scarce as in the eternal abode of Dives; nay, they multiply, for the Khamr bitch, like other poor mothers, is generally overblest with progeny: six youngsters a year is said to be the minimum. A sausage-maker would probably decline to invest in Khamr dogs: the word *leanness* does not begin to describe their physical condition; *strappedness* would be more to the purpose, if an

Arkansas adjective admits of that suffix,—skin and sinews tightly strapped over a framework of bones. I saw their relatives in Dalmatia, and often wondered that they did not rattle when they ran; but Dalmatia is still a country of vineyards and sand-rabbits, while the Syrian desert has ceased to produce thorn-berries. Without moisture not even a curse can bear fruit.

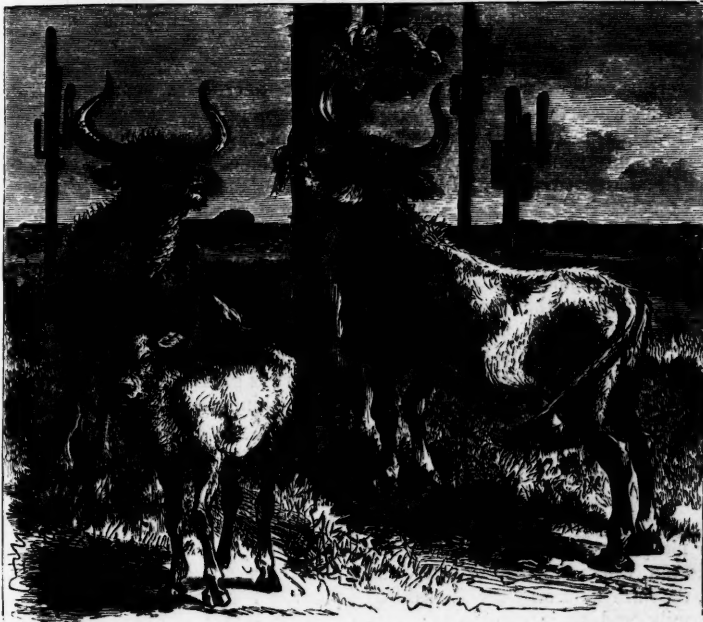
Where food is plenty, wind and weather seem to modify the *physique* of a tramp animal. Most wild dogs are bushy-tailed, gaunt, and fox-headed, and for some occult reason almost invariably *black-muzzled*. It is their clan-mark: judging from the snout alone, few naturalists would be able to distinguish a tramp dog from the pampa cur, the Khamr hound, the dog-wolf (*Canis Anthus*), or the Abu Hossein (*Canis Lupaster*). It does not improve their appearance; in connection with their wolfish eyes it reminds one too much of a hyena-head. Wild horses generally bear a strange resemblance to the ponies of the Russian steppe, and some of their characteristics may be recognized in the shape of the *mustang cows*, as the Texans call the half-starved cattle of the Mexican frontier. These horned mustangs, like their equine namesakes, are lean, knock-kneed, and thick-headed, besides having a rougher coat and a smaller udder than our domestic milch-cows. They are good fighters; their natural weapons resemble the terrible bayonet-horns of the Javanese wild cow and the more than half-wild *toros Galegos* that often turn the joke against the Madrid bull-fighters.

A singular character-trait of all animal renegades is their hostility toward their servile relatives. Travellers on the Rio Grande have to be very careful in picketing their saddle-horses, for if they stray into the prairie they are sure to be "mobbed" and cruelly kicked by the wild mustangs. A Bokhara courier, it appears, would rather meet a panther than a troop of wild camels; the mere sight of the gaunt monsters will frighten a dromedary out of its wits, and, unless the rider has much gunpowder to waste,

the renegades, in spite of their timidity, come nearer and nearer, the cows stretching their long necks inquisitively, while the old males prance around with snorts that leave no doubt of their evil intentions. This rancor seems to be aggravated by a sort of *esprit de corps*, for in private life wild and tame beasts of the same species agree well enough and even pair, voluntary alliances between a dog and a female dingo, wild and tame hogs, mares and mustangs, etc., are by no means rare, but *en masse* their caste antagonism promptly asserts itself; just as a man may be the bosom friend of a partisan whose greeting in a public assembly he would hesitate to acknowledge: during the fever-heat of our sectional feud more than one dweller in Dixie thought it his duty to ku-klux his own brother. The only animal I ever saw torn literally into shreds was a Mexican butcher-dog that had followed us across the Bolson de Mapimi, the rocky plateau between the plain of Durango and the valley of the Rio Grande. The dog's owner, a poor Chinaco, had tried hard to sell him, but finally decamped with my partner's saddle-blanket, leaving his mastiff in lieu of payment; and, in accordance with a queer but well-known law of human nature, the poor quadruped then became the target of retributive attacks both verbal and practical; but, apparently mistaking our tent-wagon for the lurking-place of his missing master, he followed us with the resignation of a martyr. The Bolson is a *ravinous* country, and on the day after the Chinaco's departure we passed a precipitous gully at a place where a broken wheel and a lot of scattered boards marked the scene of a recent accident. It looked like a slippery place, and, sure enough, down in the gully, some forty feet below the road, lay the carcass of a big mule, half buried in débris and surrounded by a swarm of tramp dogs. They had just begun their feast, and most of them were evidently in need of it: there were about twenty of them, two of the youngsters with a faint resemblance to half-grown shepherd-dogs, but all the rest of

a more than wolfish leanness. Famine never reduces the body of a wolf beyond a certain point; his chest-bones make him look stout in spite of his starved belly; but the skeleton of a dog seems to shrink together with his bowels: some of the tramps in the gully looked as if their ribs had been strapped back upon their backbones,—“all legs and spine,” like spider-monkeys. The shrinking of the lips had bared their teeth and gave them an unspeakably savage appearance whenever they leered at us with their deep-set eyes. Something or other seemed to excite them, and, looking around, I saw our friend the mastiff standing at the very edge of the ravine and looking down with a sort of pensive interest. “That’s what folks come to who lose their masters,” he might think to himself as he gazed upon the hungry tramps. But, while he gazed, one of the muleteers approached him from behind, lifted his foot, and in the next moment the mastiff’s reflections were cut short by a kick that sent him head over heels through the air into the abyss below. What we call presence of mind is often nothing but an instinctive impulse,—one of those instincts which a mortal danger awakens even in the human soul. Dogs are half human, guided partly by principles and prejudices, but in critical moments they act rightly from intuition. When the mastiff landed in the gully he picked himself up and stood still, rigidly still, facing the tramps, who had scattered in every direction but now gathered around him with ominous looks. They approached within ten or twelve yards and then came to a halt, watching the intruder with a steadfast gaze, silently, and with a gradual contraction of their haunches, like panthers crouching for a spring. Where the first movement is sure to be a signal of attack, even great strategists somehow prefer to let the enemy strike the first blow and thus betray his tactics,—“forewarned, forearmed,”—but circumstances are apt to disconcert such plans. A thing not larger than a hazelnut, a pebble thrown from the top of the rock, made the mastiff start just for

a moment, but in that moment the pack leaped upon him with a simultaneous rush, and two seconds after the sound of cracking bones announced the end of the unequal struggle. They had borne him down at the first onset, and when



MUSTANG COWS.

they finally dragged him into the open gully I do not believe that there was an unbroken joint in his body. Three of the big tramps had done most of the killing, but now the whole pack laid hold, and in less time than it takes me to write the words they had torn him into pieces, not in the conventional but in the literal sense of the word,—limb from limb and rib from rib,—with a fury and a rage of destructiveness which plainly showed that hunger had nothing to do with their motives. It was evidently an act of revenge, provoked proximately by his unceremonious intrusion, but chiefly, without doubt, by the *odium invidiæ*, the pariah's deep-seated and long-cherished hatred of the privileged caste whose representative had dared to beard them in their den. What right had he to wax fat while they starved,—to fatten in the service of the arch-usurper of all the good things of this

earth and then mock the leanness of virtuous liberals? "*La mort sans phrase!*"

Besides, dogs do not like to be interrupted in their meals, and a carcass-feast makes them especially touchy. I believe they are ashamed to be caught in an act of that sort; they seem to feel that there is something degrading about it. Carrion-eating is always more or less a last resort of famine: well-to-do quadrupeds leave such things to the maw-worms. The chief carrion-eaters are desert-dwellers, animals in reduced circumstances; for I am sure that even hyenas and jackals prefer fresh meat if they can get it. Vultures, on the other hand, have a natural preference for their ugly diet: I once caged a young *galinasso*, or Mexican king-vulture, and convinced myself that his cadaverous predilections were incurable. During my incidental absence he once remained a



week without food or drink, and when I came back, having nothing else on hand, I gave him a young chicken, two handfuls of bread-crumbs, and a bowlful of water. He emptied the bowl to the last drop before night, but went to sleep without having harmed the chicken. They were together for the next four days, during which time the *gallina* ate all the bread, while the *galinasso* starved heroically; and when I killed the chicken he waited another twenty-four hours before he touched it.

The history of communistic insurrections shows that the chief wrath of the rebels is apt to explode against the tools of tyranny, while the sovereign can generally save himself by sacrificing a favorite minister. Four-legged mutineers, too, are mostly illogical enough to spare the Padisha of the animal empire, while they mob his pashaws. In stress of circumstances they recognize his superiority by claiming his protection; in America, especially, their independence has been too short to efface the traces of so many centuries of servitude. In Hindostan, where our black cattle come from, they are kept only for the sake of their milk and their sacredness; centuries before Herodotus visited the temple of the Egyptian god-bull, the Hindoos treated the cow as a privileged being, and it takes rather rough evidence to convince her that man is her enemy. The greatest North-American slaughterer of horned cattle is perhaps Captain J. Kellerman, proprietor of the *Fronteras matanza*, or beef-packery, near Matamoros, Mexico. He kills them and skins them by thousands, both at his establishment and in the open prairie, where his steeple-chasers wage unremitting war against all unbranded cows; but the survivors once proved that they trusted him, after all. He had pitched his camp near Aguaderas, in the midst of a big chaparral, when, just before nightfall, the crashing gallop of a cow-herd put his butchers on the *qui vive*. They made a rush for their horses, but there was no need of them: the cows headed straight for the camp, and by no means accidentally, for they

only accelerated their career when they saw the camp-fires. When they had approached within a hundred yards, the captain saw that they were pursued by a troop of gray wolves, whose leader at last wheeled to the left about, while the cows kept right on, and, rushing into the camp, crowded, snorting and trembling, around the tethered horses. They were mostly cows and yearlings, some thirty altogether; and a Hindoo would probably faint to learn that the butchers "bagged" about twenty of them.

The *Fronteras* chaparral swarms with wild dogs, and during my stay in Matamoros the captain made a curious experiment with a "tramp bitch," whose puppies had been captured in the neighborhood of the *matanza*. The beef-packery is guarded at night by a dozen ugly-looking mastiffs, and the tramp dogs generally give the establishment an extensive berth; but in the hard winter of '76 they put in an appearance, at least in daytime, when the mastiffs were chained up. They used to sit in groups on the slope of a little hill near the *matanza*, appealing to the charity of the proprietor by yelping in chorus every now and then. There was so much waste stuff around the place that the captain concluded to grant their petition, and, by way of encouragement, sent them a car-load of beef-bones and "rippings," instructing the driver to scatter the scraps between the hill and the bone-pit. The tramps took the hint, and soon visited the pit every morning, in spite of the furious protest of the chain dogs. All went well for a couple of months: the tramps enjoyed their *bonanza* discreetly, and the chained mastiffs became hoarse and more tolerant. But in the horse-stable, behind the packery, a mastiff bitch had been quartered with her litter of puppies, and one evil day the door was left open, and the bitch at once made a rush for the pit. If she wanted a bellyful she missed her object, for the tramps killed and disembowelled her before the rescuing-party reached the scene of the conflict. Profanity is doubly heinous when it cannot mend matters: the bitch had been imported from Cuba,

and her five little ones were all blind yet; but there seemed no help for them; there was no milch-cow on the place, and hand-fed puppies are a terrible nuisance. They were just going to drown them, when a Mexican boy-of-all-work suggested a better plan. He had seen a wild *perra*, a tramp bitch, that could be utilized as a wet-nurse. Whenever the perros entered the pit, she snatched up a bone and hastened back to the chaparral, and always in the same direction; once or twice she had come back within five minutes, so her lair could not be very far off. A promise of two dollars created a general interest in the enterprise, and before night the exploring party returned with the *perra* and eight *perritos*: they had tracked her to a hollow in a ravine and captured her with a common flour-bag.

Nursing animals do not like to adopt orphans while their own children are alive, and killing the *perritos* might make the mother still more intractable: so the matter had to be managed by

stratagem. They chained her up in the stable and left her alone with her own puppies, but after an hour or so, one boy slipped a bag over her head while another substituted a young mastiff for one of the *perritos*, and so on, till she had five changelings and three legitimate puppies. The *perra* was as snappish as a trap-caught panther, yelled, howled, and made desperate attempts to break away; but the main point was reached,—she suckled the puppies, both her own and the mastiff's; nay, like the foster-mothers of young cuckoos, she seemed rather partial to the big substitutes. After a week or two her temper, too, improved; and when the puppies began to waddle around with open eyes she seemed reconciled to her captivity, as long as the youngsters did not crawl out of reach. But when they did, she often jumped after them with force enough almost to break the strap, and on one occasion not only almost, but quite, enough, for when the door was opened she darted out, and, clearing the



WILD DOGS.

fence with a single bound, whisked across the field and disappeared in the adjoining chaparral. She must have

been very anxious to get away, for in the floor of the stable, close behind the door, she had dug a hole by tearing out

a loose plank and excavating the stamped loam underneath, first outward and then upward,—so far up that another night's work would have liberated her anyhow. She had answered the purpose of her capturers, though; the puppies were a month old and had begun to eat alone: so the captain detailed a boy to feed them, and said no more about it.

The next morning one of the packery hands happened to pass the stable, and noticed a big hole, that seemed to have been dug from the outside in a way to communicate with a tunnel under the stable-boards. He informed the groom, his first impression being that the puppies were gone; the bitch must have fetched them during the night. But no; there they sat in their basket, all eight of them, munching away at some strange-looking object, which upon examination proved to be the body of a young *gazapo*, or mule-eared rabbit. There was only one possible explanation, though it seemed almost incomprehensible how the bitch could have dug a hole of that size in a single night,—a short summer night at that. And, moreover, how had she managed to elude the mastiffs? They had been unchained at sundown, and always patrolled the premises in every direction. The groom slept in the stable the next night, but nothing stirred; the night after, however, he was awakened by the yelping of the puppies, and, lighting his lantern, found that they were fighting over the remains of a big prairie-cock which some inaudible caterer must have brought

them before midnight. It was now decided to recapture the bitch, if it could be done without hurting her, and the best plan seemed to be to catch her in her own trap by fastening a slip-noose over the entrance of her tunnel. But she was up to such tricks: five different times, at intervals varying from two to four days, did she visit the stable on her errand of love and get off safely; only once the groom heard her scratch and fuss around, as if she had got into a tight place, but before he reached the trap all was still, and when he opened the door he thought he saw her skip over the moonlit yard. The lariat was drawn back into the hole, as if she had caught herself and slipped the noose off her neck. She always brought something or other, either game or a choice bone from the pit, and the puppies became so used to their nocturnal banquets that they whined all night whenever she omitted her visit.

The groom at last concluded to change his tactics. The stable had a loft with a separate door that could be reached by a rough-hewn stair of fifteen or sixteen steps. If the puppies were quartered in the loft, the bitch might try to reach them, and, finding the door locked, would probably dig and scratch, and thus awaken the groom. The plan was tried, and the puppies whined all night, but the perra returned no more. The love of liberty, after all, limited her maternal devotion, and within those limits she had done what she could.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

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#### POLICY 1396.

TWO people were seated on opposite sides of a little table on which lay scattered scraps of ciphered paper and leaflets of printed figures. The two were in strong and pathetic contrast. One was a man, tall, rather large every way,

with a well-kept appearance; his hair was "sandy" of color, as were his eyebrows and the long waving beard, brushed to either side, showing the sailor-knot of the blue necktie. Except the triangular spot of linen bosom, his whole attire was

blue, of a shade which caused the keen blue eyes to seem less blue than they were, as the black dress of the little woman across the table faded her dark eyes to chestnut-brown. She was very small: the average girl of thirteen would have outweighed her. The wrists, the hands, the bust, the waist-girth, all were of childish proportions. Only the long heavy hair and the care-marked face were unchildlike.

The contrast went beyond externals. The man's speech was fluent, persuasive,—that of an expert who had gone over the points till he had them by heart; hers was questioning, nervous, supremely anxious. He was quietly but persistently aggressive, with smooth force arguing away every objection. She was trembling, shrinking, yet fascinated.

He was appealing to the one passion of her heart,—the love of her child. "If you should die without it," he was saying, "your little girl would be dependent on the charity of strangers. With it you have a feeling of safety,—an assurance that should you die the next hour your child is provided for, that she is an heiress instead of a beggar."

With what a wistful face she listened! Oh, if it only could be! If Baby could be provided for! "Could I do it?" she asked herself. "Could I make the payments? Sixty-seven dollars a year? I could never spare it; I never could. What could I spare that I do not? Even now I go cold and hungry that Baby may be warm and have nourishing food to grow on." As she sat in silence, looking down, weighing the matter, the agent hoped she was persuaded. But with a sudden, swift, letting-go movement she turned her eyes to his. "I could never do it. I could not make the payments."

"You should remember that after the first payment your dividends would reduce the premiums one-third, so that they would not be much over forty-five dollars a year."

"But I could not pay the first premium." She spoke with fierceness, her

small hands shutting tightly as she remembered how she had cast about that very morning for a dollar to replace the stubbed-out little shoes. "I have no money." She seemed to be biting at fate as she said this.

The agent discerned her mood. He replied with soothing insistence: "Haven't you things that are convertible into money? Better to put them into insurance, even at a sacrifice on values, than to have money buried."

The little woman flushed; her breath came eagerly, her lips were unsteady. "Was it possible? Could she? Could she yet provide for Baby?" She mentioned her valuables: some jewelry, some pieces of silver, a few yards of old lace, a fur cloak.

The solicitor was inspired with fresh zeal. He asked to see the valuables. Of the jewels he selected the good stones; the fur and silver and lace were turned over and over, and examined by several of his five senses, in his desire to be easy on himself and not too hard on the woman for the sake of both mercy and business. At length he made her an offer in which all interests seemed averaged.

With a sigh, the more pathetic that it was stifled by a proud will, she accepted the offer. Of the forks and spoons she kept back two, that she might continue to take her food like a Christian woman, and the solicitor engaged to hold all the other articles subject to redemption.

So it happened that, after answering a great number of searching questions, and being weighed and measured, thumped and sounded by a doctor, this woman found herself in possession of an endowment policy for one thousand dollars, to be paid in twelve years.

How, year after year, the little woman carried that insurance, it would be difficult to tell. She did all the things she knew how to do, and tried to do more that she did not know how to do. She took in sewing, she took in knitting, she took in crocheting, she took in copying, she took in clear-starching, she took in fluting. She got up clubs for

papers and magazines; she canvassed for a cherry-stoner and a crimping-iron; she took in boarders; she had a kindergarten with four pupils, one of whom was a charity child; she went out to darn and patch by the day; she helped at house-cleaning; she dressed chickens for the shops, made the lemonade and coffee at festivals, and cooked the oysters; she dressed ladies' hair; she taught a dancing-class of elderly dames, who wished to learn the tripping art without being exposed to the criticism of younger and nimbler trippers; she boarded her baby out at two dollars a week, and went to nurse another woman's baby at three.

All these things she did in those years, and much else,—this woman who had been reared a lady and a prospective heiress, this woman so slight and thin and pale and sad-eyed that you would not have risked a dollar on her life for twelve years, whatever insurance companies might do.

But the small pathetic ventures gathered the money, gathered it by nickels and dimes and quarters and dollars. When the company's notification would come, two weeks, sometimes three, before the premium was due, the little policy-holder did not fear to read the message. The first mail after would carry the hard-earned money to—(I will call the place X and write the name of the company Y, for this story is a record of facts)—would carry the hard-earned money to X, and the very next day she would begin to gather for the next premium.

"Do not send the money till it is due," she was once advised. "There is no use in sending it three weeks beforehand; three days before date will do."

"I prefer to be beforehand," she replied. "I wish to give myself enough margin: there might be some accident, some delay. I mean to be on the safe side. I can't afford to run any risks, for mine is not a non-forfeiting policy. Besides, the company's prosperity is my prosperity, and that of many another poor soul, doubtless; and the use of this mite of money for this mite of time may

help to swell the company's prosperity by one drop."

(It should be explained that there was no local agent in her town; hence her dealings were directly with the home office.)

But, though so prompt in paying the premiums, she never mailed the money without a sickening dread that it was lost, or would be,—that she might fail to make the next payment, and so forfeit the policy, or that before its maturity the company might fail, or that there might be some other kind of slip. The dread, indeed, ran through all the twelve years, like an ache through a dream. It was one long nightmare.

And the dull pain became a sharp one when the first week of a certain November passed without bringing her any word from the company. The twelfth and last premium was due November 17. Never before had the first week of this month gone by without the company's notification reaching her. The usual premium-money, forty-seven dollars, was ready for the call, but she dared not send it. Perhaps the company had failed, or moved, or meant to defraud her.

In such dread another torturing day of that November dropped away, and another, and another, till but four remained before the 17th. Then, when her fear had become a bewildering agony, the letter came. With a great throb of relief she broke the seal, for there was yet time for the money to reach X. She read,—

"The twelfth annual premium on policy 1396 will be due November 17. The precarious condition of financial affairs in all departments of business renders it inexpedient, in the company's judgment, to declare dividends; therefore your premium this year is sixty-seven dollars."

God of mercy! Twenty dollars to be made up, or the policy must be forfeited! She read the letter again, then lifted up a white, dismayed face, and looked about her as if some one had struck her. Presently she turned and went with swift steps to the rooms that contained her



belongings, mentally sifting these poor things, as she had done many a time before, to see what could be spared for sale or for pawning. Her wedding-ring was left at one shop, "Scott's Poems" at another, the last piece of silver went, the little clock, a rocking-chair, the sitting-room carpet, a pair of pillows. "I will part with the last thing I own and go to the poor-house but I will save my policy," she said, as she went to and fro along the streets. She sold her blankets, sold her wood-pile to her next neighbor for half its value, pledged her labor for two months, sold the bonnet from her head and took to a last summer's straw. And after all this she lacked four dollars of the necessary amount; and it was now night. The precious time,—the golden chain was slipping through her fingers into the black waters.

"If I should lose it," she thought, "after all I have paid! If I should lose it! If I should! Oh, it would kill me! I could never have the heart to try again. Yet I should have to try again, for her sake."

Once more she looked over her effects, and sifted out the last that could be spared. She found out, if anybody ever did, that the things imperative to existence are but few. There were a half-dozen napkins. "We can take bread and water without napkins," she thought. And there was a large damask table-cloth, older than Rachel, a gift from "grandma" in the sweet long ago, before the dreadful war which had made them all penniless. This and the napkins she put with feverish haste into the basket, then went to look through the cupboard. There were two platters and a pitcher that could be spared, and the sugar-bowl. Yes, and there was a covered dish, and here were two prints of butter. Then she remembered with a thrill an unopened sack of flour, confidently bought when the premium-money had been thought provided. She and Rachel went into the street, bearing the basket between them. The money must go by the ten-o'clock mail, and it was now after six.

From door to door went the little

woman and the little girl, appealing to rich, appealing to poor, to women, to men. The two prints of butter were sold at a discount, and a neighbor agreed to take the flour at one-third off, for the trouble of handling it. But the linen and the crockery,—women and men, rich and poor, shook their heads at it. Odd pieces of crockery they did not want, and second-hand linen might drop apart from old age. The prices went down one-fourth, one-half, two-thirds. The lower her offers, the more suspicious people became.

Coming from a house where she had been received with rude words and giggling, she heard the North Church bell striking.

"Nine!" said the child.

"God help us!" said the woman.

The cry had been torn from her. She had meant to keep the despairing pain from the knowledge of the child, who, tired and hungry and hurt, was already urging their return home.

They had paused just outside the gate, on the walk, the woman leaning on the post in a brief moment of irresolution.

"You needn't ask God to help us: he'll not do it," the child said, with the tone of one who knows, who speaks from experience. "I have heard you ask him and ask him and ask him, and he's never helped any."

"What is it, madam?" A man was asking the question. He had stopped, arrested by the woman's cry of despair.

She stared where he stood dimly revealed in the gaslight. Somehow, his words seemed like a rope to the drowning. Why shouldn't she tell him of her sore need? tell him that she was crowded to the wall? that all her fortune was in peril for lack of two dollars and eighty-five cents? She *must* have help. She had her mind made up to beg the money from door to door, penny by penny, before the policy should be forfeited. She *must* have help. Why not take this which seemed about to be offered? She hesitated a moment. Then, with voice that vibrated, she said, "I do not know who you are, but I will tell you." Breathing fast, she ran swiftly

over the story in its simplicity, drawing, however, a vivid outline: "It is the last payment, and the money must go to-night, and I yet need two dollars and eighty-five cents. I have some things here that I have been trying to sell," she went on eagerly, "a fine long table-cloth, and a half-dozen napkins, and some dishes. You may have them all, and the basket too, for the money,—two dollars and eighty-five cents."

"And my mittens, too," the child added. She drew them off and dropped them into the basket.

"What is your name, and where do you live? Step into this store, and we will talk over matters," the man said, leading on.

"But," the practical child interposed quickly, "if you are going to help us you must do it right straight, before the mail closes."

"But how do I know that you are honest people, that this story of the insurance policy is true?"

"We are not cheats," said the woman with pathetic eagerness. "You can go along to the post-office with us and see that the money-order is mailed to the Y Insurance Company, in X; and here you can read their letter of notification to me; I have it with me. And you can take this basket of things as pay; or I will give you a lien on the policy for two dollars and eighty-five cents and interest."

"No doubt it is all as you say. We will go to the post-office, and you shall have the money."

Rachel, discerning that her mother could not speak for crying, said, "We thank you very much."

"Of course," said the man, moving with long strides toward the office.

The mother and Rachel followed with short, half-running paces.

She put her papers and her money in his hands; a postal order was bought, a line was written.

"I want this to go to-night, without fail," said the good Samaritan to a clerk.

"It can't go to-night," answered the official: "the Eastern mail is closed and has been sent to the train."

The little woman's face became like one death-struck; the child cried.

"There, there!" said the man. "Don't! I have a friend in X. I'll telegraph him to go to the insurance-office early in the morning and pay the premium, and I'll send your money to him instead of the company. I will see to it, madam. Don't worry any more about the matter: I'll attend to everything. You can go home and go to bed." He was speaking with lowered voice.

The woman felt a sudden uneasiness. "But—but," she stammered, "you are a stranger to me, you know."

"Why, yes; I forgot that," the man said, with a laugh; "and I might make off with your money. You are right: keep your eye on the money."

"You know," said the practical child, with apologetic manner, "we are not quite sure that you are as good as you look. We think you are; but we don't know."

The man nodded his head, smiling. "You are right to look sharp,—altogether right. Your postmaster here shall telegraph the money to the X postmaster. How will that do? Or to-morrow the national bank here can telegraph it to an X bank."

"Either way will do," said the little woman. Then, feeling ashamed of her fears, she added, "Just telegraph to your friend, as you meant at first to do. I am sure—"

"No," said the man; "keep your eye on your money; don't trust it with any stranger. We will ask the postmaster to write a message to the X postmaster." He made a movement toward the postmaster's private office.

At this all her distrust vanished, and she saw herself an ingrate toward the man who had come to her help in her supreme need. She was ashamed of herself. "Oh, please, sir, do not take all that trouble," she begged. "Just telegraph to your friend, as you first planned. That will be so much less trouble. If you do not, I shall think that you don't forgive me for my doubts."

"Very well. Will you go with me to the telegraph-office and see that I send the despatch?"

"Oh, no," she hastened to say, blushing and feeling more and more ashamed. "I am sure you will do everything right. —Now we will go home," she added to Rachel.

"We haven't had any supper yet," the child explained to the man by way of apology for parting company.

"I will leave the basket for you," the little woman said. "Perhaps the linen and the dishes will reimburse you."

"Oh, pray don't leave the basket," the man said in a quick, nervous way, as if she had offered to present him with a cub bear or a baby. "I beg that you'll not leave it."

"Oh, but we want to," said the child; "we want to leave the things."

"We wish to make some return," said the woman.

"I could not use the things," he protested. "I am not keeping house."

"Ain't you? You look old enough to be married and keeping house," said the practical child.

The man smiled.

"Perhaps," the little woman suggested, "you could turn the things on your board, or something of the kind. I should feel so much better to leave them with you."

"But I don't live in this place. I could not take them away with me, and I could not dispose of them. Please take the basket along, and don't worry about this little advance I make. I can call on you for it a year from now, when you get your insurance policy. I can find you. Good-night. That child should be abed."

"You are very kind, and I thank you truly."

"And so do I," added the child.

Then they passed to the street, the basket between them, and walked homeward in silence. Coming to a bakery, they entered and traded the napkins for bread.

"There'll not be any fire at home," said Rachel. A shiver ran up her back. "And we've sold our wood, and in the

morning there'll not be any fire, and I don't know how we can ever get any more wood; do you?"

"Yes."

"How?" asked the child in a challenging tone that told of doubt.

The mother did not tell how, and again they walked on in silence.

After some minutes, the practical child said, "We might as well stop to-night to see Mr. Milliken about the wood, and about the flour too."

Then the mother knew that the child knew that she meant to ask help of the town.

"You'll pay the town for the wood and flour when you get your thousand dollars, won't you?" asked the child.

"Yes; I will repay the town for all I get."

"So it will be borrowing, not begging," the child commented, with a deep sigh of relief.

There was another silence.

"Rachel," the mother said abruptly, "we don't know the name or address of that man. We must go back to the post-office and find out. Something might happen and the money be lost by our not knowing his name."

"What could happen?" demanded the child.

"Many things. He might drop down with heart-disease; and, though we might read of it in the morning paper, we should not know that it was our man at all."

They were returning to the post-office.

"I could borrow the paper," said the child, "and if it told of anybody dying a sudden death, I could go and ask to look at the corpse, and see if it was the one with our money. But what if it should be and he should have the money in his pocket? What could we do about it? We couldn't prove it was our money. We haven't a single, solitary witness."

The woman's heart rose up into her mouth at this reminder of her imprudence.

At the post-office the two looked eagerly from face to face.

"He is not here," said the child.

"I'll speak to the postmaster." And the little woman, faint and trembling, made her way over to that officer's room. "Did a gentleman leave some money here for you to telegraph to the postmaster at X?" she inquired in a tone of apology.

"No," was the brusque answer.

"Didn't he?" she said, reluctant of belief.

"I told you once," he answered surlily.

She returned to Rachel, who was sitting on the basket: "The postmaster doesn't know about the man. He may be at the telegraph-office. Let's hurry over there."

The listless operator to whom she applied reported with a half-yawn that such a man as she described had not been there, and that no telegram whatever had been sent to X that evening. Then, perceiving the anxiety in her face, he tried good-naturedly to reassure her, saying that he would doubtless be along soon.

"When he does come," said the little woman, every word unsteady, "will you please ask him to call at 263 C—Street?"

The clerk promised, and the two went away with the basket.

"Don't you think," said the practical child, "that it was foolish to give the money to a stranger without knowing his name or where he lives, and without having a witness or a certificate or anything?"

"Yes," said the little woman meekly. She had been thinking this, and hoping that the supreme imprudence of the transaction would not occur to Rachel's thought.

"You ought never to have insured," said the child, thinking that she could not remember a time when her mother was not wrestling with the matter of raising the premium-money: "it has been nothing but a worry to you."

"Don't reproach me, child. I did it for your sake, so that you might have some means if I should die."

"And do you suppose," said the child

stoutly, "that I would use money got by your dying? No, indeed! I'd never touch it. No use in your keeping your life insured for me. I wouldn't look at the money. I'd give it to the orphan-asylum."

"He didn't look like a fraud, did he?" said the mother, seeking to reassure herself concerning the money.

"No; but he might be worse than he looked; things often are that way. Suppose we go and leave a description of him at the police-station."

The little woman said she thought that would do no good. All that they could say of him was that he was of medium size,—most men were that,—and that he had dark hair. So they went on home.

When they had eaten such things as the house afforded, they got to bed under such covering as was left,—the child to pester with her talk, the mother to think on into the silent hours of the better ways in which the twenty dollars might have been raised. There were people who knew her for an honest woman who might have loaned the money with the policy as security. Why hadn't she thought of this, instead of getting into a panic?

The next morning, Rachel was sent to make inquiries at the telegraph-office. She came back with the report that no message had been sent to X.

"Perhaps he went to the place where he lives," said the practical child, "and waited to get there before telegraphing."

This was reasonable, but it did not keep out the gnawing fears. However, there was nothing but to bear the uneasiness until the certificate of renewal should arrive, or not arrive. She measured off one week for waiting. It was a long time to carry the deathly dread, but then she was used to carrying that kind of thing.

Whatever else halts, time moves on. The measured week passed. Again Rachel was coming up from the post-office. The mother, keeping watch at the window, saw her coming. A heart that was about to stop beating forever might

have been as hers was at perceiving the child's unbuoyant step. One bearing glad tidings never moved like that.

Without a word Rachel's wraps were laid off. No question was asked.

"The man went off with the money," the child said at length.

"Yes," said the mother, as if pleading guilty to poisoning.

The child sat down to read the morning paper she had borrowed; the mother wandered about the room, vacantly shifting chairs, handling every article, lifting many a one only to set it down, unconscious that she had touched it. At length she said, "The renewal-certificate may come yet. In a large business it takes a long time for the wheel to get around."

"The money is lost; but then we can get along without it this year as well as last," said the child. "Better, for I can work better. I'm going to be Mrs. Marvin's nurse-girl. I'll get my board and seventy-five cents a week."

"You never shall go out to service, you poor little dear!" said the mother, crying.

"I am a good deal larger than you are," said the child, "and I haven't been used to fine things, as you were. And besides," she went on, with scorn in her tone, "wouldn't it be pretty for me to let you go out to work, when you're not half as strong as I am?"

"But it may come yet," said the little woman.

"The money is lost," said the child, returning to her reading, as the mother did to random efforts at arranging the room.

Why this forlorn little woman did not at this crisis seek the intervention of some of the people who had known her for years she could never have explained. Perhaps it was because of her pride of independence and of the social isolation which she had endeavored to maintain,—for, when serving people, she kept the servant's place.

However it was, weeks passed before any line of action occurred to her despairing thought. Then she decided to write to the insurance company and in-

quire if the twelfth premium had been paid on policy 1396, and wondered that she had not thought of this sooner.

"The company will just write back that it hasn't been paid, and that will be the end. You can't help yourself," said the practical child, as she made ready to go to the office with the letter.

"At least the suspense will be over, and we can begin to learn to submit."

When Rachel was gone, the little woman went over and sat by the window. This was what she always did when the child went to the office: peradventure there might be a letter.

After a weary time,—all the time these days seemed weary,—she saw Rachel coming. This time the coming was with a run which grew more and more rapid. The pulse of the mother responded: it was galloping. Surely that eager pace meant good news.

A sharp, hasty click of the gate, a swift run up the steps, a bursting open of the door, and there was an excited face, an excited child. The little woman was on her feet, expectant. "I saw him! He's in town! I saw him!" said Rachel, panting for breath.

"Who is? Who is it? The man?"

"Yes. Come along quick, and we can catch him." She caught up a shawl and threw it around her mother, making ready for the street.

"We catch him!" said the mother, pinning the shawl with trembling fingers; "we can't catch him. I suppose we can't even find him."

"Oh, yes, we can. I know almost exactly where he is this minute."

"Did you set a watch on him, or get him locked up, or arrested, or anything?"

"No, but—"

"Then he'll probably not be at the place where you left him. Where was he?"

"At a funeral."

"At a funeral!"

"Yes. I saw him looking out of a carriage-window in the procession, and if you hurry we can get out to the cemetery before the funeral does. I'll tell you: you get a constable or some arresting person while I go out to the



cemetery to keep him from getting away. I'll get as close as I can to him and watch all the time of the funeral, so that he can't get away. And when the funeral's over you and the constable can have a talk with him," said the practical child, "and we can sue him for the money you paid him and for the thousand dollars both."

All through the outlined plan the mother had been throwing in yes-es and other assenting words, and now in the street they separated, the woman going down town, Rachel to the cemetery.

The services had begun when she reached the place. Her eyes widened with astonishment at what she saw. The minister who was conducting the ceremony was the man to whom had been intrusted the money for the twelfth premium.

"It does beat everything!" the practical child said, working up closer and closer to "the man," while looking round at times to the cemetery entrance for her mother and the constable. But when the services were ended they had not arrived. So the responsibility of the investigation devolved upon the practical child. She felt entirely competent to the duty.

The minister had almost reached his carriage when she came alongside, her eyes resolute, her chin assertively raised. She plucked him by the sleeve, expecting that when he should turn and see her his face would flush with recognition, perhaps with guilty confusion. There were in his eyes, as he turned them on her, surprise and question, but no sign of recognition or of guilt.

"I want to ask you about the money—the insurance money my mother gave you to pay the twelfth premium. She has never heard from it."

The man gave her a bewildered stare. "I do not understand you," he said.

"The insurance money; I want to know about the money my mother gave you to pay the premium. She gave it to you one night in the post-office here. I was with her. Don't you remember me? You said you would telegraph to your friend in X."

"There is some mistake, child," he said. "I never had any money from your mother. I have no friend in X. I have no recollection of ever seeing you before."

"I recollect seeing you before," said the practical child, "or your twin brother, for he was just like you."

"Ah!" said the minister, with a clearing of the face, "you might have seen some one like me. I have a twin brother who is often taken for me. Your mother may have had dealings with him, for he is a man of affairs."

"Come, sir," said a gentleman who had been waiting during the interview to lead the minister to the carriage.

"Perhaps your mother had better communicate with my brother if there is any misunderstanding. His address is Chicago. I think you will find that he has done nothing unfair."

With this the minister stepped into the carriage, leaving the child to watch it whirl away.

On the way home she met her mother, who had failed to find a constable. They decided to act on the minister's advice and write to the twin brother. Then it was remembered that the name of "the man," if indeed the man in Chicago was the man, had not been given.

"It seems to me," said the practical child, "that we ought to have a guardian appointed. But I can find his name by finding out the minister's name."

But before this was accomplished Rachel again came running home from the post-office. She had a letter. "It's from the insurance folks," she cried. "The money is all right: they received it, and weeks ago they sent a certificate of renewal. They say it has probably gone to the Dead-Letter Office. And they have sent another certificate." Before the child had fairly said all this, the woman's head had dropped on the small table beside which she had sat, with the insurance agent, and she was crying away the pent-up dread of a dozen years. "I wouldn't go to crying now," said the practical child. "We

are nearly through the pinching time, —only eleven months more."

"Yes," said the mother. And her heart went planning the good things the child should have when the thousand dollars should come in.

How should she invest so great a sum? She marvelled that it did seem great to her. She had often spent that amount in an hour's shopping. But since that long ago many little things had become great to her, and great things little.

The question of investment was often considered as the 17th of November again drew near. She began borrowing the *Sunday Tribune* to study the advertised business-chances. Peradventure she might find her chance among them.

One day she read this:

"For sale.—A foreclosed mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars on residence-property worth four thousand can be had for one thousand cash if taken in ten days. Time for redemption expires in twelve weeks.

"L. H. GALTMAN,  
"21 Jefferson St."

This seemed worth investigating. It was now November 19: her policy was two days past maturity; by every mail the money was expected.

Fifteen hundred dollars for a thousand, with a chance of getting property worth four thousand! Her heart was beating high as she answered the advertisement.

In reply there came a railroad ticket to the city, with request for an immediate interview at 21 Jefferson Street. The little woman, still in black for the lost love of her youth, brushed the faded bombazine, tied a bit of fresh blonde at her throat, wound a veil turban-like about the cheap black straw, and set out for the city,—a quaint, picturesque body, with the look of a lady, despite the old-fashioned, shabby clothes. She went at once to 21 Jefferson Street. At a desk, in a warm dress of some soft fabric, she found a man seated. He seemed just from the barber's: there

was not a hair on his face, or on his head either, so close had been the clipping, though the day was a cool one in autumn. There was a curious questioning look in his face which was almost a stare as she said, "I am Mary Campbell, who answered your advertisement."

"Ah, yes. You are thinking of buying the mortgage."

"Yes; but, in the first place, you must tell me truly if everything is as stated in the advertisement. In a day or two I am to have a thousand dollars that I have worked for these twelve years. If I should tell you how I have worked, it would sound like a romance. I wish a good investment for it. I don't know anything about investing money. I never had any to invest before," she added with a pathetic smile. "So I appeal to your honor and generosity in this matter. I am so afraid of losing my money; and if it should be lost, I could never get over it, it seems to me."

The man was regarding her with steadfast look. Then, with the flicker of a smile, he said, "I will be honest with you, madam, in this business; but I must warn you that to depend upon the generosity of a man who is anxious for a trade may not always be safe. Now ask your questions; I will answer fairly."

"Is the property worth four thousand dollars?"

"For a home or for renting it is. It might be difficult to sell it for that."

"What kind of a house is it?"

"A wooden building,—six rooms, closets, water, gas. But before making any trade we will take a street-car and you shall see it for yourself."

"The title and all the law matters are correct?"

"All straight."

"Do you think it would be a good investment for the money?"

"Excellent, if you can spare the money." He glanced at her shabby-genteel clothes as if he had doubts.

"I must spare it," she said with involuntary earnestness. "It will be for only a few weeks, and then everything will be more comfortable for us."

"The question for you is, do you want your money in the property? for, in all probability, it will not be redeemed: so you would have to take it. Let me see. The house would rent for twenty-eight dollars a month, at least."

The little woman's heart thrilled at the thought of such an income.

"Or you might occupy it and rent a part of it; unless you have a large family."

"One child and myself."

"Yourself and daughter." (How did he know that, she wondered.) "That is lucky: because people would be more likely to rent your rooms than if there were a boy in the house. The only son of a widow is generally a nuisance. Let me see," he continued, seeming much interested to plan for her. "You'd need kitchen, sitting-room, bedroom. That would leave three rooms to let; and the house is well arranged for two small families. If you should let the half-house, you ought to have eighteen dollars a month; don't take less than sixteen, for it's a good street, in a good neighborhood. It might be better, however, for you to take boarders," he went on, while her wonder grew at his interest. "You could take four boarders, two in a room. If you should take boarders, let it be men, young men,—medical students, commercial students, salesmen; they are less trouble than ladies. Yes, I call it an excellent investment. If you should have to take the house, you get property worth four times what you pay. If you do not get the house,—let me see,—you make five hundred dollars on a thousand in three months. You have a good thing either way. Are there any liens on your insurance policy?"

What did it mean? She had not told him of any insurance policy. Her eyes questioned his, and memory went groping in the past while she answered, "There is no lien, except one of three dollars, which I consider myself in honor bound to pay, if ever I can find the person—" She paused suddenly; keener grew the scrutiny of her eyes. Then there was a flash in her face. "I know

now. You are the man who loaned me the balance on the twelfth premium. It is strange I did not recognize you sooner."

"No, it is not. I had a heavy beard then, and wore my hair long, poet-fashion. Now I am sandpapered. I recognized you immediately as the woman to whom I had the privilege of rendering a slight service. Your face is not easily forgettable. I have often wondered what had become of you and if you were getting on."

The little woman thanked him for that service and for this, and said she was glad their paths had crossed again, as she wanted to re-thank the kind stranger and to confess the wrong her suspicious thought had done him: "I thought you had made off with my money, and I now beg your pardon. The company's certificate of renewal went to the Dead-Letter Office."

Mr. Galtman laughed, and said that since she did not set a detective on his track he would forgive the suspicions. "And now we will have a look at the property," he added.

As they stood at the street corner waiting for a car, she said, "If this is so good a chance, I do not see why you wish to dispose of it."

"Perhaps I have a better chance."

"Why don't you let me have that chance if it is better?" she naively asked.

He laughed, and said that he was selfish, that his own interest concerned him more than that of anybody else: "You have a rare chance, a chance to make two hundred per cent., but I have a chance to make one hundred thousand per cent."

"Oh, let me have that chance!" A great wave of passionate yearning had borne out the words from her, but hardly were they out before all her face was burning.

He took her arm, and they went along the crossing to the car. "I could not give you my chance," he said: "it calls for many thousands. I want the thousand from you to piece out the cash payment."

"Please forget those words," she said. "In another second I could never have spoken them, but the sudden radiance of a fortune in a minute dazed me."

"The fortune will not be made in a minute," he replied.

She said she felt grateful for her chance; and so she did when she had been shown over the house. She decided to make the investment, and Mr. Galtman was instructed to have the necessary papers drawn. "In two or three days I will be back with the money," she promised. "Of course," she thought, "the insurance company would send it by the first mail after the policy matured. Doubtless it is now on the way."

But, to be on the side of safety, she wrote to the company, reminding them of the maturity and requesting an immediate remittance, as the money, already negotiated, was to be paid in a few days.

In reply she received a printed circular with blanks for affidavits as to time and place of her birth, as to her age, as to her identity, and as to several other matters. This was to be filled and returned to the company. Without waiting to do this, she went to Mr. Galtman.

He greeted her brightly, attributing the white, pinched look of her face to the chill of the morning. "You have come with your pocket full of cash?"

"I cannot take the mortgage," she said abruptly, her voice quivering. He looked at her in blank surprise: he was evidently not used to this way of doing business. She was pained by his manner. "I could not help it. I thought they would send the money as soon as the policy matured. That is what I should have done if I had given the promise that is given in my policy. But now they must be waiting for proofs of identity and age: they even require an affidavit that I was once born, and where and when," she added, with a little hysterical laugh.

"It is necessary for their protection and yours to require proofs of identity."

"But they ought to have called on me for the proofs and had them all in be-

forehand, so that the money could have been paid the hour it was promised."

"You should have made an earlier application for the money," he said.

"You see, Mr. Galtman, the company always notified me two or three weeks before a premium was due,—all except the last one; I had hardly four days on that one,—and I used to send the money in a day or two. They had shown such business forehandedness in looking after my policy that I supposed they would continue to look after it and would notify me if there were any steps for me to take. As I did not hear from them, I confidently expected them to send their check the moment the policy matured."

Mr. Galtman laughed: "People show more business enterprise in collecting their money than in paying it out."

"But you see, sir, that I cannot take the mortgage. I came to let you know that it isn't my fault. I hope you haven't lost your chance as I have mine. It is the only chance I ever had to make any money, except to dig for it penny by penny."

She looked so ineffably wretched that he could think of no words that did not seem out of proportion to her mood. "Perhaps your chance is not lost," he said at length. "I will wait another ten days."

"Will you? Can you?" In her eagerness she stood up and went toward him. "I surely shall have the money in that time."

"Then I shall wait?" he asked.

"If you can. I shall thank you forever." He had never seen any face look so earnest as hers.

Returned home, she hastened to procure the required affidavits. She wrote to the company, "It is now eleven days since policy 1396 matured,—the 17th of November. Thinking it would be paid that day, according to the plain wording of the contract I hold, I have negotiated the thousand dollars. I beg you to send it immediately, for it would be a terrible disappointment to miss this investment. It will bring some ease into a life which has had no ease for

thirteen years. If the money can reach me in nine days from date, the life will be reclaimed from poverty and hardship."

The secretary's reply to this Rachel read aloud, the mother listening with bread-dough clinging to her fingers: "You will perceive by reference to your policy that the company engage to pay ninety days after the required evidence is audited."

The woman dropped into a chair.

"Don't faint yet," said the practical child: "there's more." She read on: "I will add, however, that it is not the rule of the company to exact the full measure of this delay, but to pay a claim when it has passed the auditing committee."

"Bring me that insurance paper," said the little woman, getting up to the moulding-board and pulling the tags of dough from her small hands. "I don't think," she added, as Rachel came with the paper, "that there is any stipulation for ninety days' grace." She held out eager hands for it, and read it with swift, skimming glance, the child reading likewise over the mother's shoulder. "Just as I thought. They engage positively to pay the policy November 17. The stipulation for ninety days is in case of death. 'Ninety days after proofs of death.' They have no right to delay the payment." Without waiting to wash the flour from her hands, she wrote to the president, "By the words of my policy the company engage to pay the endowment November 17,—a day long past. The words 'ninety days' occur but once in the paper, viz.: 'Ninety days after proofs of death.' Now, a death is unexpected, and there is always chance for fraud, so that it is only fair that the company should have time for proofs and time to meet an event uncalculated for. But you have known that my policy would mature November 17, and you should have been prepared to pay it, and doubtless were prepared. And, now that you have the necessary proofs, I do beseech you to send the money at once. I can give you no idea of the cruel disappointment any delay will cause me."

The same day she went with the company's letter and policy 1396 to Mr. Galtman: "I don't know what you will think of me, but I can't get the money in the time I promised." She handed him the letter.

He glanced over it, and then read the policy: "There is no stipulation here for any grace, except in case of death. I don't think that any court would sustain the claim. I should like to try it and see. But perhaps they mean to pay the money in a few days. I judge that they do, from the closing sentence of their letter."

"But you couldn't save the chance for me a few days?"

"Well, yes, I will wait a few days. In the mean time, I will write to my friend in X, sending him your policy, with your permission, and also this letter from the secretary. I will ask him to see the officers of the company. If there is a law which gives them ninety days for the payment of endowment policies, I think it has been made since your policy was issued. Either this is the case, or the form of your policy was drawn for use on the ordinary life-plan, and was not designed for endowment policies. I see there are a good many erasures by the agent, and manuscript emendations. However it may be, it is certain that your policy does not give them ninety days."

Mr. Galtman's X friend sent this letter:

"I have seen the president of Y Company concerning policy 1396. I showed him by the document that there was no stipulation for ninety days, except in case of death. I made the most pathetic appeal I was capable of, for that little widow's case, as you represented it, quite touched me. But it did not touch the president. He said that the company's rule was unalterable, and this was to pay in ninety days after the proofs were examined and accepted as satisfactory. Then I showed him the letter of their secretary which stated that it was *not* the company's rule to exact the full measure of delay, but to pay a claim when it had passed the auditing com-



mittee; and I begged him to give this case all the margin of clemency possible. But it simply irritated him to have the secretary's letter placed over against his sounding declaration that the company's rules were unalterable. At any rate, I was unable to obtain any concession from him. The proofs, he said, were accepted by the company December 14. In ninety days from that date—that is, March 15—the company would pay the money, not an hour sooner."

As Mr. Galtman finished this reading, his teeth were hard shut, his fist was hard shut, and he was thinking hard things. "This is an outrage, an utterly abominable outrage against mercy, against bare justice. Ninety days from maturity, that might have been endured; but to keep the woman out of her money ninety days from their acceptance of the proofs is outrageous. Ninety days from November 17 would be February 17. They propose to pay March 15. They're going to steal twenty-six days in addition to the ninety. And after all that woman's pathetic appeals! And after the secretary's written declaration that it is not usual to exact even the ninety days of waiting! Keeping themselves in her sight these dozen years while they were taking her money, and hiding when it was their turn to pay! By the Lord! it's about the meanest piece of business I ever knew. Anybody but a sneak would have notified her beforehand when the policy would mature and what steps were necessary for her to collect the money. Poor little woman! She's been holding on to that chance like death. It will about kill her to lose it, plucky as she is. Poor brave soul! A little Great-Heart! Fighting the Fates single-handed. But they shall not abuse her! I'll fight this case. The meanness of tacking on those twenty-six days! It is horrible! I'd almost give my 'chance' to be able to put the screw on to that company and force them to fork over the money,—straight,—to-day."

A rap at the door interrupted his passionate thinking. The visitor was his twin brother, the Rev. Mr. Galtman.

"I hear that you are investing in mining," said Dr. Galtman, in the course of the visit.

"I am; and, John, my fortune is made. I've got a bonanza." And with rapid, glowing words he proceeded to exhibit facts, figures, plans, and prospects. "A hundred millions can be made from our claim. I am turning everything possible into money to meet the expenses of developing it."

The doctor brother looked grave. "I hope you will be prudent," he said. "You must not risk your all. Remember that our mother and sister, Mary and little Harry, must have their comfort assured. You ought to have your life insured for them."

"I ought," the other promptly admitted, "and I will. I'll take out a hundred-thousand-dollar policy; and I'll do it to-day."

"What company shall you choose?"

"Well, now, let me see." As he pondered, a smile crept into his face; it broadened and broadened into an audible laugh, a triumphant laugh. Its explanation may be found in these two telegrams, exchanged that day:

"PRESIDENT Y INSURANCE COMPANY,—I will take a life-policy for one hundred thousand dollars in your company, provided policy 1396, which I have bought, with interest from its maturity, November 17, be applied toward payment of premium.

"G. H. GALTMAN."

"G. H. GALTMAN,—If you can pass our examinations we will take the risk on the terms you indicate.

"PRESIDENT Y INS. CO."

To-day the little woman and the practical child are receiving about a dollar a day on the rent of their Chicago property. Mr. Galtman is dead. The condition of his mining interests is uncertain; but his mother, sister Mary, and little Harry have the one hundred thousand dollars paid by the Y Insurance Company.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

## CONSOLATION.

NATURE is not pitiless!  
When upon some sudden woe  
Mornings glitter, sunsets glow,  
As in glad unconsciousness,

When upon our dead delight  
Sweet winds play and roses bloom,  
And we seem to have no room  
For our sorrow, and no right,

Then, ah, then! could we but know  
From what wealth of bliss eternal  
Nature's joyance, fresh and vernal,  
Overflows upon our woe,—

From what opulence of light  
She shines down upon our grief,  
Till in glimpses comes relief,  
As the star-beams to the night,—

From all doubting we should cease,  
Knowing that our faltering glance  
Faints and falls in the expanse  
Of a universe of peace!

Mother Nature, fair and grand,  
Mocks us not, but, round us throwing  
Her warm arms, with love o'erflowing  
Bids us wait and understand.

Then we see that air and sky  
Throb with beauteous, boundless life,  
Winds and woods and waves are rife  
With unfailing melody.

Every discord of to-day,  
Ocean's moan, or tempest's jar,  
Ere it can the chorus mar,  
Drowned in music dies away.

And we dimly feel and know  
Something deep within keeps time  
To the wonderful, glad rhyme  
Of the ages as they flow.

Something mightier than pain,  
Heaven's own echo in the heart,  
Bids us rise and take our part  
In the song of life again.

Therefore Nature, loving Sage!  
Smiles the brighter when we weep,  
Knowing that we can but keep  
Our eternal heritage.

FRANCES L. MACE.

### JOHN S. CLARKE, COMEDIAN.

**F**EW things connected with the public taste are so remarkable as the change which has taken place of late years in the comic drama. When Comedy presents her person now she is so distorted from her natural shape, and made to cut such antic capers, that her most faithful lovers can scarcely recognize her. Life and nature are no longer the staple subjects of imitation on the stage. The drama has so far advanced in invention that its persons are not the representatives of anything which the living world holds, but the genuine and undisputed offspring of something called the author's brains.

A good comedy acted by John S. Clarke is, perhaps, as great a treat as can be presented to a cultivated mind, and with his reappearance upon the American stage we predict a return to a higher, healthier, and at the same time more joyous and more delightful school of comedy. If we consider what is the true object of the imitative arts, we shall acknowledge that comedy approaches nearer to perfection than any other. The purpose common to them all is to place before the senses or imagination copies or combinations of originals which exist in nature. Sculpture and painting are restricted, the one to a single posture, usually of a single person, the other to a single point of action. When they furnish copies merely of the lower animals or inanimate things, they effect all that art can accomplish in that kind of imitation; but when they rise to the representation of man, his passions, his sympathies, or his actions, so far are they

from fully succeeding in the attempt that our pleasure in witnessing the result arises in a great degree from wonder that even a little has been done where it seems so difficult to perform anything. When we gaze with admiration mixed with astonishment at the Magdalen of Canova, or at Raphael's cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens, we see Penitence personified in the worn figure of a beautiful woman emaciated by long sorrow, or we witness the triumph of eloquence more than human, attested by the looks of an ignorant and impassioned crowd; but in both it is a glance at only one moment of existence, giving indeed, from that very narrowness of representation, an impulse to the fancy, but yet, for the same reason, unsatisfactory and imperfect as a representation. In all works of imitative art, save the dramatic, the looker-on has to fashion out in his own imagination forms and situations which are not exhibited, and is left to make such suppositions as he may of look, tone, and gesture; but that mysterious and impressive language which nature addresses both to the ear and to the eye is spoken in the drama alone. Nothing nearer to the reality can be conceived in imitation, and, accordingly, that imitative quality which is found in man at every period of society and at every stage of his existence has made dramatic representations, in almost every nation, one of the earliest contrivances for entertainment and delight.

We have spoken of comedy as representing the drama, because of the two

great branches into which the art is divided comedy is undoubtedly the best qualified to afford that species of pleasure which arises from successful imitation. In tragedy the characters are taken chiefly from a class of which the individuals are imperfectly and indistinctly known to us. How intense soever are the sympathies they excite, these sympathies are forever checked by the consciousness that, as they belong to a state of existence which can never be ours, their joys or their sorrows are such that we can scarcely ever hope or fear to share them. But in comedy the persons are taken, as it were, from among ourselves. We see upon the stage, if it be true and genuine comedy, the virtues and the vices, the follies, levities, and humors, the littlenesses and intricacies, that engage and interest and engross us in real life, and our sympathies are roused in proportion to the closeness of the copy. True comedy gives rise to reflection as well as to the most joyous and hearty mirth. It never tires us in the repetition. Its reign is not transitory, but permanent. Hence we regard the return of so true a comedian as Mr. Clarke to the field of his earlier triumphs, and that which has a right to claim him, as marking an epoch on our stage,—the restoration of comedy to its legitimate rights and domain.

Though the public naturally takes more interest in the biographies of actors, with whom it has, so to speak, personal contact and acquaintance, than in those of the representatives of any other branch of art, their lives are not in general more stirring or eventful. The attraction of the lives of most actors is limited to their early difficulties and strolling career. It ceases when the performer reaches the capital. The man's public career is thenceforth to be read in play-bills and notices of the drama. Of early adventures Clarke had his portion. He was born in Maryland, that land renowned, like Argos of old, for "galant steeds and lovely women," and, like most Marylanders, was of good English extraction. His mother was a granddaughter of John King, Esq., who was

a director of the East India Company; and his grandfather, Stephen Clarke, was a merchant in the Strand. His father died when he was very young. Clarke, like most great actors, had from childhood a predilection for the stage, and, as boys, he and Edwin Booth were rivals in a small band of Thespians. It is strange, this fancy that tragedy is their forte, which has possessed some of the greatest comedians of the English stage,—Munden and Liston especially,—but it is natural that a strong relish for the ludicrous should be accompanied by a genuine pathos, as both arise from quick sensibilities to the peculiarities of our fellow-men and the joys and sorrows by which they are affected. Both Robson, in the travesty of Shylock, and Clarke, in passages of Bob Tyke, have exhibited an intensity of power not given to many of our so-called great tragedians. Be this as it may, happily for the gayety of the world and the many evenings of delight which this choice has given it, Clarke, who had for a time, from deference to a devoted mother, gone so far in the study of the law as to serve a term in the office of Elisha R. Sprague, of Baltimore, finally settled down to become a great comedian, and did become one.

His earliest regular engagement was at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, in that Philadelphia where his fame was to become afterward a household word. The part was Soto in "She Would and She Would Not," the date August 28, 1852. In the January after he was promoted to the position of leading comedian in this theatre, which, then in its palmyest period, held a position akin to that of Wallack's in New York. In 1854 he transferred his gayety to the city in which he had found his early training and which was the scene of so many pleasant pranks and trials in his boyhood, and became first low comedian at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore. The complimentary benefit given to him in the autumn of that year is remembered as one of the greatest ovations ever awarded to native talent in America. In August, 1855, he joined the

Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he was leading comedian until 1858, when he became joint lessee and manager with William Wheatley, making occasional starring visits to the South, where he was always a special favorite.

Wheatley, although a well-trained artist and a kindly man at heart, was essentially a solemn swell, and had a most overweening sense of his own importance. Many amusing ebullitions of this trait are told by Clarke, who is an admirable *raconteur*. In 1861 this merry partnership was broken up, and in the summer of that season he made that essay on which so much of the future of an artist hangs,—his first appearance in New York.

We remember well that night,—a sultry evening in August. Something more than a year had passed since the death of another great dispenser of laughter had brought a moment's pause to thousands whom he had delighted with his drolleries. Burton was the greatest living comedian of his day, and with his death the roll of genuine low comedians seemed extinct. It is true that we had in Joseph Jefferson one other artist of great charms just blossoming at the time, but he belonged essentially to the school of character and eccentric comedy, not to that of "low" comedy. Whether it was that the Philadelphian fame of Mr. Clarke had preceded him, or that the public were eager to see the blank left by the death of Burton filled and the silent halls of comedy again peopled with the images of merriment and fun, the time was fit. The audience was not large, but it was special and critical. All the best and most brilliant critics were there. The account which one of them—Charles B. Seymour, of the *Times*—gave of his sauntering on that night into the Winter Garden, wholly unexpected of seeing the great artist he found, is not unlike that given by Dr. Véron of his and Jules Janin's turning into the theatre in search of shade and solitude on the famous summer night on which they discovered Rachel. The result was

the same. Clarke was not merely a success: he was a revelation.

It was not surprising that to cultivated men Clarke should come as a fresh delight. He belonged to the best and most genuine school of comedy,—the school of unforced gayety, animal spirits, and buoyant humor. The school of what is termed genteel comedy seems fairly to have died out. Even were it popular, it would be almost impossible to find the genuine fine gentleman nowadays,—not a fop or a fribble, but the high-bred gallant, full of spirit and vivacity, with the air of a man of fashion and the world, such as Palmer, Elliston, and Charles Kemble are pictured to have been. The characters, too, of genteel comedy are such airy nothings—mere abstractions of the modes of the day—that there is no substance for a mechanical grasp to lay hold of. It is like attempting to embody evanescence, to mimic the wave of a feather or the flutter of a fan. Whim, lightness, address, a genius for trifles, the practical wit of manner, the air of grace and gayety which is inborn and most difficult to acquire, are essential to vivify these creatures of artificial life. Not even the wit and vivacity of Congreve or Farquhar can charm from the mouth of a modern genteel-comedy man. You look for a butterfly and find a grub. The school of genteel comedy is gone by. The writers who originated, the actors who realized, and the audiences who relished these creations have alike passed away with the state of society that produced them, and we have come to the comedy of our time, the comedy of natural opposed to artificial humor and life.

The great element of Mr. Clarke's power, as indeed of that of all great actors who have swayed an audience, is his thorough identification of himself with the part he represents. He has the faculty and advantage of seeing nothing in front of him or around him, and while playing Toodles is as thoroughly Toodles as that worthy gentleman himself could be. When we add to this gift a facial expression of infinite



variety and merriment, we have the ingredients necessary to a great comedian. Mr. Clarke's face is radiant with humor and glowing with buoyancy. Upon its bland, smooth, inviting surface all manner of playful folds and dancing dimples hold merry communings. His humor, instead of being piped from a reservoir, gushes from a spring. Nowadays, when so many people look dried up and every second face is a *siccus hortus*, thinned by the loss of the poetry of life, this pleasant institution of Clarke's face is a most refreshing sight. The roguish little dimples, in reward for the hospitality his face affords them, are ever ready for all practical jokes, and anything in the shape of a peculiar twist of the nostril or twinkle of the eye is performed by them with hearty gusto, to the apparent delight of the actor himself and the infinite enjoyment of his audience.

It is this power of facial expression which especially enables him to simulate wonderfully every phase and variety of drunkenness. Other mimics of inebriety may have surpassed him in feats of grotesqueness and strangeness of postures, but Clarke's drunkenness is an intellectual conception, and for originality, humor, and spirit as different from all others as Caliban is from all other monsters. That broad, senseless grin, betraying the half-consciousness of their condition, which drunken men always have, spreads itself over his whole face; that type-defying hiccough, which seems to startle him into a sort of sobriety, is not a mere conventional stage trick, but an irrepressible outburst. There is drunkenness in his limbs beyond what we have seen in any other; and, to crown all, there shines through every look, gesture, and motion, an intellectual and artistic conception which prevents any shade of disgust and renders the exhibition purely amusing and agreeable.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in an essay on "Stage Faces," in his work recently published in London, called "The World Behind the Scenes," says, "But of

Clarke — J. S.—what is to be said? Such an emollient face, surely such rich enjoyment and fun, is seldom seen. The rapidity with which the changes are made, the return from boisterous laughter to instant gravity,—in this he is unique. A favorite device of his is known to us all: a sort of chuckling is going on, the unctuous face is rippling into waves of enjoyment, he is getting familiar, when some remark is made,—an allusion to a wife of whom he is in awe,—when in a second a livid terror fills his face. His eyes roll, his lips take an O shape, as if anxious to form words but cannot, his cheeks become red and distended, he seems hot with alarm. This change the play-goer will recall. His Major De Boots is full of such, and there is nothing more diverting on the stage than the gravity of his face and tones as he reads, or attempts to read, the letter at the end of the piece. J. S. Clarke, in Lamb's phrase, 'makes faces,'—i.e., according to the strict meaning. Indeed, he often recalls the essayist's marvellous Munden. Does not this exactly portray our actor? 'There is one face of —, one face of —, one (but what a one it is!) of —, but [Clarke] has none that you can properly pin down and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion; not so much a comedian as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*: applied to any other person the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river-horse, or come forth a peewit or lapwing,—some feathered metamorphosis.' In this view there could be scarcely anything better of its kind than his display of varied expressions in 'My

Wife's Out,' a farce by Bunn, with that or some such name. *There* he plays on his own face as on an instrument, and shows all the extremes of comic distress, jealousy, rage, humor. It should be revived."

The triumph of his engagement at the "Winter Garden" was sustained to the last and complete. The effect he produced on the most cultivated persons, rare dispensers of their presence at a theatre, rarer still of such encomiums of those who perform there, may be judged from the opinion of George William Curtis, whose long and brilliant *éloge* at the time in *Harper's Weekly* may find perfect compression in the one line in which he says, "I consider Clarke by far the finest artist who has been seen on our boards since Rachel." Horace Greeley delighted in him, and might be seen nightly in the stalls with his two little girls, who have since bloomed into beautiful womanhood, chuckling like a boy with delight.

He at once became the rage. Every season, until torn from us by our selfish British cousins, who seem to rake in to themselves all that is best in art, as in all other things, of every land, he played engagements of abiding attraction, and as he passed to other cities success still rode behind. He secured a joint interest in the Winter Garden, New York, the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and the Boston Theatre, being thus simultaneously interested in the three leading theatres of the three leading cities of the Union, and carried luck to all. He almost immediately attained a competency, which has since ripened into a large fortune.

It was in the autumn of 1868, just seven years after his triumph in New York, that Clarke made his first appearance at the St. James's Theatre, London. His triumph there was just as instantaneous as that in New York. The public at once took him to their hearts, and have since held him there. It may be affirmed with a confidence beyond dispute that, while some American artists may for a brief period have gained an apparently equal success in England, no

one has ever achieved the same enduring distinction as John S. Clarke. What Curtis said in New York, Dickens said in England. What Fry of the *Tribune*, Hurlburt of the *World*, Seymour of the *Times*, and Winter of the *Albion*, said in New York, Oxenford of the *Times*, Blanchard of the *Telegraph*, Joseph Knight of the *Athenæum*, and Charles Dunphie of the *Morning Post*, said in London. He has played at all the leading theatres there, at the St. James's, at the Princess's, at the Haymarket, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Adelphi, Vaudeville, and for four hundred and twenty nights made all London merry at the Strand,—winning equal triumphs everywhere and making of all the different quarters of the great city so many little Olivers calling for more! Royalty was as much his admirer in London as were the cultured and refined of New York. In fact, he became a kind of dramatic tie between the Old and the New World.

Clarke in every different part, as Oxenford and Blanchard truthfully describe, is a different individual. The outer and inner man are completely changed. He puts off his own individualities so completely that he makes of himself what the old ethnologists call a *prima materia*, susceptible of an infinite variety of forms. It is no mere assumption of external oddities that can produce two such personations as Bob Tyke and Toodles. He has caught the spirit which colors every feature of the former remarkable personation,—which made Fechter describe him when he saw it as an English Frédéric Lemaître,—and all the strange, unctuous drollery of the latter. In this, as in many other respects, Clarke possesses more of the qualities of French artists, like Bouffe and Ravel, than of English ones, like Munden and Liston, to whom many of the English critics compare him.

The plastic sensibility of mind which enables the player to become another being on the instant is a gift, though it may be improved by study and practice. Mr. Clarke possesses an innate, pliant mobility that enables him

momentarily to assume a certain condition of humanity. The elasticity of this faculty, his native humor and power of mimicry,—the mimicry of character and modes of thought and feeling, not of personal peculiarities merely, and of the various forms and degrees of natural drollery,—have always given variety to his acting. His forte is the imitation of humanity as seen in every-day life; and everywhere in this wide range he seems to be at home. He endeavors to be natural by being the character he assumes; and the secret of his great success we believe to be that he experiences for the time the emotions, comic or otherwise, which he depicts, and is for the moment the person he represents. It has always seemed to us that in forming his personations he unfolded from the germ of the dramatist's idea a visible shape, clothed in the external attributes of some person who may have crossed his path, and whose image is recalled by some analogy of nature. We are confirmed in this notion by knowing that in creating such a real and original person as De Boots he did so by mimicking a real person whose manner accorded with the characteristics of the dramatist's sketch; and some of the best bits in Toodles we know to have been taken from living subjects. His by-play in both these performances surpasses that of any comedian we have ever seen. He fills up the pauses of the dialogue by a number of trivial and unimportant actions, performed with so much ease and address that they seem habitual and unconsciously done, always tending to preserve the illusion of the scene or develop minor traits of character, and never appearing forced. Clarke rivets attention by what he does; he does not invite notice to what he is about; there is no note of preparation sounded, no intimation given to watch his movements, nor are they exaggerated for effect at a distance.

We have seen how, after his New

York triumph, he became interested in the three leading theatres of the three principal cities of this country. In like manner, shortly after his London success, he became lessee and manager of its leading comedy theatre, which he conducted for several years with great success and elevated to and maintained in its old historic position. We deem it fortunate for the drama—fortunate, too, in the delight it will bring to hundreds, however the producing occasion may be matter for regret—that the death in the same year of Mr. Sothern and Miss Adelaide Neilson, who were, with Mr. Clarke himself, the sustaining stars of the Haymarket, permitted him to transfer to another the lesseeship of his London theatre, and so to become enabled to devote, while yet in the full vigor of his dramatic powers, the coming season to a visit to the principal cities of the Union. In the old spots, where his name is familiar and his memory treasured, he will be met with joyous welcome. In new ones—for he will find many new ones sprung up along his route, as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand—there will be few who will not have heard of Clarke's De Boots and Toodles and longed to see them.

Unlike too many artists, Mr. Clarke's personal character stands fully as high as his artistic. Married early to a sister of Edwin Booth, who has inherited all the physical and intellectual graces of the family, his delights away from his art have all been found in her society and a family circle of which he is the idol. And, though these refined tastes have not permitted him to dull his palm with every new-fledged comrade, he has shown himself in many trying cases a true, tender-hearted, and unselfish friend. His noble conduct, in days when kindness could look for no return, to the late Mr. Buckstone, though he has never spoken of it, has gained him tributes from many unknown hearts.

WILLIAM STUART.

## THE ORDER OF THE CARMINE COUNTENANCE.

IT was on the soil of a republic that this estimable society first sprang up, and it has of late years so flourished and spread that any one who has been in Switzerland can recollect having met some of its members. The distinctive mark of the order, worn in plain sight by all the associates, is not to be mistaken when once its signification is understood. At first, you cast curious glances at your *vis-à-vis* at the *table d'hôte*, wondering what is the matter with him,—poor man! It is hot in the room, but really he looks ready to fall down in an apoplectic fit. Perhaps, with the humane desire of cheering his last moments by a little conversation, you ask if he was ever at Interlaken; beautiful place; you were so sorry to leave it; you would have liked to stay there forever.

Yes, he knows Interlaken, but thinks it awfully stupid,—can't bear it.

Well, it is no wonder if the beauties of nature have not for him the attractions they possess for most people. His health is his great preoccupation, of course; he is probably now on the way to some mineral springs to get cooled off a little.

Nevertheless, the invalid is not so insensible to the charms of Swiss scenery as you imagined. He begins to talk to some one a few seats away,—positively, with just such another fiery face as his own!—about places even the names of which are all unfamiliar to you,—the *Triftjoch*, the *Alphubel*, the *Weissthor*, and this is “very fine,” and that is “quite worth doing,” and the other has “a good bit of rock-work.” And on them all, as on every snow-pass or peak, the wind and sun know how to paint impending apoplexy, to the life. The gentlemen are mountaineers! It is a discovery which may be variously treated. Those who assume that from the train or in a carriage, or by mounting a mule now and then to attain some point

of view, everything can be seen that is worth seeing, will call such as trudge afoot “fools for their pains.” Or they may think it worse than folly to risk life and limb scrambling to the top of the Jungfrau, instead of contentedly contemplating it from the Casino at Interlaken, with a band playing and the kellers dashing about with coffee-cups. Or, finally, they may declare there is no real pleasure in such expeditions, and that people only go up mountains in order to crow over their fellow-creatures. To this last it might be answered that there must be some intrinsic enjoyment in any pastime to which a man will sacrifice the skin of his nose; while as to the rest, one reply would be that those who like Interlaken had better stay there and leave all the more room at the Riffel for the Knights and Ladies of the Carmine Countenance who make that their headquarters. There are feminine competitors for the crimson, and they wear the color, when won, without a particle of personal vanity. So much must be granted even by those who sit at Interlaken and shake their heads in disapproval. Others, again, think excursions in pure, invigorating Alpine air less dangerous than dancing all night in stifling ball-rooms. At all events, women are asserting their rights on what has been called the play-ground of Europe, much as they do elsewhere. Without following the lady who accompanied her father up the Matterhorn, or attempting to rival the Misses Pigeon, who have “done” everything in Switzerland, they can still gain admission to the order, earning their fiery laurels according to their ability (there are Horns enough to admit of a choice), and ladies as pedestrians have ceased to attract attention, unless they happen to be Americans, in which case any one to whom the interesting fact is revealed exclaims, in naive amazement, “Why, I have always heard American ladies *can't walk!*” It sounds

rather as if they were suspected of having no apparatus for the purpose; but, at any rate, their achievements in locomotion awaken all the interest which attended the first efforts of the peripatetic doll.

It is a mystery for the uninitiated what the attraction is in these wanderings among the high Alps, and there is something mysterious about it even for those who go. None of them, perhaps, could accurately define the feelings with which they return year by year to their white pleasure-grounds; still less could they who have only looked on them from afar explain a sudden longing that possesses them to stand on one of those shining summits, to tread for once in their life upon eternal snows. It is on heights like the Riffelberg that the desire comes, if ever; in the plain you may be safe from it, but the *Berggeist*, the spirit of the mountain, knows his own, and, having ventured within the charmed circle of his domains, there is no saying how much farther, or rather how much higher, you may go. The nether world is already as good as out of sight; Zermatt, down in the valley, looking like a child's toy village, is all that is left of it; whereas, straying over the breezy, gentian-carpeted pastures around the Riffel inn, or standing on the Gorner Grat, you have close at hand the Alpine world in all its dazzling splendor. Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Breithorn, a whole chain of summits too numerous to mention, are constantly inviting you away, and there lie the roads—the glaciers—that lead gently up to broad white plains and softly-rounded domes and peaks standing sharp and clear against blue space. Then, besides all that, there are the guides with their adventurous accoutrements, their rope and ice-axe, and with them the people in knickerbockers or plain serge costumes, coming and going while the skies are fair, and, when weather-bound, continually on the lookout for the first break in the clouds, in order to be off again,—bold birds of passage, making those who stay behind seem like tame barn-yard fowls. If you really have a

higher destiny, you will know no peace till you fulfil it. A good walker feels his strength already doubled in the keen, pure air of the Riffelberg, there is no doubt that you can do what others can, and then—knickerbockers are easily improvised, or you have a blue serge handy, and thus your deliberations culminate in the words of Jack Bunsby, "If so, why not? Therefore."

You hold converse with one of the bronzed men who stand about the premises, and after that are able to tell everybody what "our guide" thinks of the prospects for to-morrow; and he must be really *ours*, unless we want to lose half the pleasure, having no one to share our first impressions. One thing our guide says is that we must start at two o'clock in the morning. They always propose some such hour: if there happens to be a moon, so much the better; if not, a lantern will do instead.

Going to bed under the circumstances is merely a ceremony, as likewise breakfasting in the middle of the night. The excursionists, bound in various directions and collected at the dimly-lighted table, sip their coffee with shivers, and, after creeping about up-stairs in wholesome respect for their neighbors' slumbers, talk in whispers from force of habit. A few candles in the passages are of no particular assistance in descending safely with one's hands full of last things; and, whatever is dropped, let it not be the botanizing-box, for its tin hollowness bumping down a resounding staircase will create sufficient commotion to cause the stoutest heart to quail; it then depends upon your sex whether or not it is a comfort to imagine that the people groaning in their beds also mutter something about the outrageous noise *those men* make. Everything is laid to their charge, of course, though they do their best to be quiet, trying to roar to each other "as gently as any sucking dove" from the ground-floor up to the second story.

"Ja-ack!" in a deep whisper, "is one of my *gai-ters* up there?"

"One of the *wai-ters*?" in the same long-drawn tones.



"Yes, on my bed." After which the dialogue goes off in an antiphonal succession of "Eh?"—"What?"—"Can't hear!"—"Don't understand!"

So far we have talked of the first excursion as if it were from the Riffel, whereas really our own was *to* the Riffel by the Weissthor pass, and on certain accounts a pass is better than a mountain to begin with. True, your most ardent aspirations tend to some beautiful summit, and words can hardly express the splendor you would find there in the spotless, sparkling expanse of white that spreads around the sister peaks that stretch away, the sky so "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and oh, wonder! set like a gem, an emerald in eternal snows, the valley far, far below, while the rocky bases of the mountains that surround it and which from beneath look bleak and frowning are bathed now in a faint violet haze, as if it were the perfume of the earth that rises. All that, once seen, can never be forgotten; but still your pass lies also in majestic Alpine solitudes, and any surprises in the matter of wind and weather, such as are constantly brewing among the high Alps, are better borne when every step tells toward your haven than when every step will have to be retraced: in the one case you probably give up your expedition for lost, while in the other there is nothing you dread so much as having to turn back; once started, with a porter carrying your goods and chattels, you are in the spirit of the thing perforce, and perhaps the desire to go on is made doubly strong by the thought of the friends and letters that await you at the journey's end.

We were alarmed lest our guide should propose a return to Macugnaga, for, just as we got on the Swiss side of the pass, snow began to fall and we were enveloped in clouds. It is a serious matter to be out on a glacier in a storm which prevents seeing more than a few feet before one: you may walk in circles for hours, and, if the cold be intense, end by not walking at all. We did not know what Baptiste might be thinking when he stopped and looked about.

The guide, weighted with the whole responsibility of the situation, expects to be master of it in all senses: perhaps members of the Alpine Club have their own way, but in chance tourists docility is taken for granted. It is a rather singular connection between traveller and guide: you engage and pay him as a servant, and in return he gives you orders with military curtness. Even the pace is regulated by the powers that be, and if you feel able to go faster you need not tell Baptiste so: he will merely answer in proverbs without quickening his long, slow stride by the fraction of a second. However, when the time comes to offer a service he is not behindhand, and if he has ladies in his charge he takes as much care for their comfort as any polished man of the world; at a halt he has the wraps unrolled directly and spreads something for a seat; he is as good as a maid to button their gaiters and tie their veils, and will rub their cold fingers in his big warm hands, and express more concern lest their feet should be wet than the feminine functionary would be at all likely to display.

As it happened, we need not have trembled for the fate of our journey: Baptiste had seen worse weather; he only muttered some uncomplimentary remarks upon it, and, after vainly trying to pierce the gloom with his hawk's eyes in search of landmarks, decided to walk by instinct. Later, we discovered footprints of a party that had gone our way the day before, and so we were all right. Bright sunshine would have been preferable, but such as the weather was it lent a certain impressiveness to the situation. You are a dweller in the busy haunts of men: the term "fellow-creatures" suggests an indefinite number of beings running about like ants, indefinite as to personality and likely to be burdensome in numbers, so that you call a crowd a "nuisance,"—and suddenly your "fellow-creatures" have become two or three men who take you in their midst, you and they the only living things under a leaden sky, as linked together in a common fortune you wander through a silent, trackless wilderness of

snow. Long after, you need only shut your eyes to see the rope swaying between you and the person before, and to hear the cry, "*Gespannt!*" which means that it is to be kept taut while the guide sounds with the axe-handle where he has his reasons for presuming a crevasse; the yawning depths are merely bridged over by the snow, and, without that confidence in Baptiste which prepares one to follow anywhere he goes, one might hang back a little.

"That was very thin," he remarks calmly, when we are all on the other side. The next time it is thinner still; the process of sounding is followed by a call to the next in the line to come up close, which gives the guide the benefit of ten feet of rope for taking a flying leap. Somewhat aghast, we inquire what is expected of us, and are told with a grin that we may combine as much lightness of step with as little delay as can be managed. "*Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas,*" is a suitable motto for the occasion. It is evident that nothing very dreadful can happen with Baptiste holding the rope on one side and the two porters on the other: still, it is a moment of suspense for everybody, interrupted by a sudden slump and semi-disappearance; the mortal is pulled out again, assisting itself with hands and feet, and the rest of us, the better to distribute the weight, are drawn recumbent past the ominous big hole.

A glacier is the easiest of walking, once you are off the snow and on the ice, being released from the rope at the same time, for you are not expected to fall into crevasses that you can see,—you leap the little ones and tack around the big ones, mounting one ridge and descending another where the guide wields his axe to make a securer foothold, and gives you leisure the while to gaze into beautiful blue depths and hear the water rushing in sub-glacial caverns. Finally, on reaching the Riffel, you can feel that you have done your best in furtherance of the order, and if, after no matter what weather or fatigue, you can sleep in no matter what bed like a dormouse,

your spurs will have been well earned. Supposing, however, that you are restless and feverish at night and headachy the next day, then the *Berggeist* tempted you beyond your powers. He maliciously does that now and then. His victims are often the gayest and friskiest at the start, full of innocent mirth and thinking they shall be at the top of the *Breithorn* in no time. Alas! they are not far on the *St. Théodule* glacier before a change comes o'er the spirit of their dream, their merry jests are spent, and they have not even a word to say to bread and cheese when the knapsack is opened. One such invalid damps the spirits of a whole party, who all begin to think they have undertaken more than they knew, and any member of the company who tries to keep up still a show of jollity is regarded gloomily by the others as a sort of tomfool. Our guide attached his rope to the rear-guard of such a caravan, and we walked behind them for a while, until the halts became so numerous that we quietly cast loose again and proceeded to the next victim, who, even more wretched than the one we left, had still contrived to struggle to the summit, where, wan and shivering,—no Carmine Countenance his,—he was presented to new-comers by a companion as a gentleman who was so dreadfully ill that there was no knowing how he was ever to be got home, at which, half in ghastly confirmation, half deprecatingly, the sufferer feebly smiled. The fact is, mountain-sickness, having the same deplorable effect on the system as sea-sickness, like it can hardly be carried off with the self-respect that belongs to more dignified disorders. There is reason to believe that the unfortunate gentleman was better as soon as he arrived in lower regions and sought repose in the hostelry on the *Théodule* pass, whither the invalid of the glacier had already retired, and which that day deserved rather to be styled a hospital for disabled knights. We met the first sad party once more, minus its saddest member, toiling up the steep slope to the top as we descended, and the cheerful spirit, not yet quenched, pronounced that we had "done wonders,"

—with a touch of envy, doubtless wishing his own wonders were accomplished.

From those encounters on Alpine heights people go their several ways, never thinking to meet again; and should they, recognition is by no means certain: mountain-rig, blue goggles, short skirts, thick veils, are as good a disguise as any other. At Martigny, a gentleman comes in to dinner: where have we seen him before? He happens to remark that he was on the Breithorn

such-and-such a day. That makes us look up, and if he adds, "There were two ladies on the mountain; *we went ahead* and made tracks for them," there is no doubt that it is one of the melancholy party on the glacier, and one who has so far recovered from the first painful impressions of mountaineering that it would be unkind to recall them by asking if he succeeded in getting the ladies to the summit.

G. H. PIERCE.

## TWO SONNETS.

### I.—THE SEA.

CREATOR and destroyer, mighty sea!  
That in thy still and solitary deep  
Dost at all being's base thy vigil keep,  
And nurtarest serene and potently  
The slumbering roots of vast Creation's tree,  
The teeming swarms of life that swim and creep,  
But half aroused from the primordial sleep,  
Draw all their evanescent breath from thee.  
The rock thou buildest, and the fleeting cloud;  
Thy billows in eternal circuit rise  
Through Nature's veins, with gentle might endowed,  
Throbbing in beast and flower in sweet disguise;  
In sounding currents roaming o'er the earth  
They speed the alternate pulse of death and birth.

### II.—THE AIR.

Invisible enchanter, sweet and strong,  
That crumblest mountains in thy soft embrace,  
That rock'st the feathered seed through sunlit space,  
And lull'st the sea with thy caressing song,  
How lightly dost thou dance the waves among,  
And wingest them for flight of fitful grace,  
And in the cloud-rack's path which none can trace  
Dispersing cheer the parchéd earth along!  
My voice thou bearest over dale and hill  
And spread'st in viewless billows near and far,  
And with a subtler undulation still  
Thou tremblest with the light of farthest star,  
And holdest lightly, hovering on high,  
The bright phantasmal bridge from earth to sky.

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

## ALMOST A CATASTROPHE.

ON a Sunday afternoon in late September, two people on the piazza of Mr. Reed's cottage at Atlantic City were silently enjoying the waning hours of a day that seemed to have strayed from mid-July into autumn, so cloudless was its sky, so warm its flood of sunshine, so soft its wandering air, so summer-like the undertone of waves intensifying the stillness and rest. Mrs. Reed, lying back in her invalid's-chair, looking seaward and listening to the fragments of girlish-voiced chatter floating out from the windows above, stirred herself at last in her mass of wool wraps and glanced at her husband. "How can you read, dear?" she asked. "This is so perfect! What a pity Nan should lose such an evening as this is going to be! She ought to wait and go up with you in the morning."

"Instead of going up with a younger man to-night? Suppose you invite her to choose between moonlight at the seashore plus our society, and the train plus Peyton's."

"Oh, Peyton would stay. It's Nan's arrangement that they go back to-night."

"And why must Nan go?"

Before Mrs. Reed could answer, two girls came out upon the piazza, one in a white home toilet, with airy ribbons, the other slim and trim, in a walking-dress of a steely blue, already equipped for her journey, in hat and veil, and buttoning her long gloves as she came.

Mr. Reed put his arm round the traveller as she paused near him: "Mamma thinks you lose a great deal by hurrying off to-night, Nan. Must you go? You won't give a singing-lesson before ten o'clock in the morning, surely; and Peyton can get to business as early from here as he will from up town."

"Don't mention my staying, papa, when I'm so unhappy at having to go. I really must. The governess is off on sick furlough, Mrs. Hooper has to go to

New York to-night about some of her son's troubles, and, as the school-girls are nearly all back now, she doesn't like the house to be left with only Ma'amselle in charge. Ma'amselle's so new to the ways yet. Peyton could stay, of course, as usual; but I don't suppose mamma would like me to go up alone in the evening."

"Certainly I should not, Nan; but constant little happenings like this don't make me feel more amiable about my daughter's persisting in going out as a music-teacher when her mother wants her at home."

"Wishes for her, mamma, but doesn't need her more than a coach a fifth wheel," returned Nan. "And I had to be sure I wasn't a sieve, and that I could at least earn my bread and butter, after the piles of money papa has spent on me. —But Peyton ought to be here now. It's time we were starting, for I promised to stop a little while at the Bodines'. Rebe is suffering even more than usual; can't be moved without falling into convulsions. Our invalid has gained every day since June; — hasn't she, papa?" And Nan went to her mother's chair and knelt beside it to kiss her.

"My wilful, headlong Nan!" her mother said, keeping her daughter's hand. "Aren't we rather fine for that dusty train?" she added, glancing at the pretty gown of some silken stuff and tapping the dog-collar of silver filigree that clasped the round throat.

"I'm taking my duster," Nan answered meekly.

"But not meaning to wear it," put in Alice, coming up beside her. "Consider the circumstances, mamma, and remember how you felt when you were going somewhere with *your* young man. We don't believe you tied yourself up in a bag to save spoiling a gown."

Nan rose to her feet. "Peyton's making his friends a real visitation," she said. "I shall have to go, if I'm to

have a moment for Rebe, and he must find me at the train,—if he remembers it."

A half-hour later, the train-bell was sounding its final peals when a tall young gentleman, much flushed, rushed into the station and down the long platform. He caught sight of Nan almost directly, talking, from the car-window, to Algy Bodine and Henderson Kay outside.

"A near thing, Rolfe!" young Bodine called. "We'd given you up, and Kay and I were just coming to blows as to which should get the chance of escorting Miss Reed up to the city."

Rolfe waved his hand to the young men and sprang into the car. Nan did not look at him as he drew near her, and when he would have lifted her bag and wraps from the seat beside her she stretched her arm over them, still without interrupting her chat or giving him glance or smile to soften her action.

There were but few passengers, and he silently took the empty seat in front of her; and just then the train began to draw out of the station. He turned eagerly to speak to her as soon as her adieus were concluded. "Did you really not wish me to sit beside you, Nan?"

"The train's not crowded to-night, and it's so comfortable to have my bag and wraps where I can get them easily," Nan answered evasively. "A seat to one's self on an Atlantic City train is a luxury to make the most of."

"I'm sorry you think so just now," Rolfe said patiently. "But, Nan, I must beg your pardon for being so late and letting you come away from the house by yourself. I had no thought of being kept when I went around to Mrs. Burleigh's; but Agnes was out, and I had to wait to see her."

Nan was silent, and looked out of the window.

"What is it, Nan?" Rolfe asked. "You seem so strange and cold. Did anything happen at home? Are you seriously vexed about my being hindered from walking up with you? Won't you tell me just what's the matter?"

"Is anything the matter?" Nan answered in a clear, hard tone. "You

need not apologize for being detained. It is hard to go away when one wishes above all things to stay. We won't have it happen again,—to keep an engagement with me."

"Nan!"

"Mr. Rolfe?"

"Nan! Are you trying to hurt me? Of course you are,—calling me 'Mr. Rolfe.' What has come over you? you were as sweet as possible all the morning and at dinner. What has happened? Do I ever make you ask twice for anything? Tell me, Nan."

Silence.

"Nan, may I come and sit beside you?"

"No."

"But, Nan, this is too unreasonable. We give the vilest wretch a chance to defend himself,—if he's able. What is my crime? Three years we've known each other, and for two of them we've belonged to each other, and I never in all that time have seen you in the mood of to-night. Try to make me some explanation."

"I've nothing to explain," flashed Nan. "There's nothing mysterious in my doings."

"That means there's something in mine. What, Nan! have I ever kept a concern of mine from you since I had a claim to inflict them upon you?"

"I used to think, and a very happy girl I was in thinking it, that all was clear as sunlight between us; but I'm not quite silly enough, as things have gone lately, to keep such pleasant credulity. And it's better for me to wake up now than—later."

"Great Scott! Nan, this is too much! How have things gone lately? I am at my business all day, except the one afternoon each week when we have our gallop together in the Park; Sundays we spend at Atlantic City, and I see you as many evenings each week as you will tolerate me, besides. As it is, my mother and sisters complain that they get more society and attention from both my married brothers than from me since my engagement, and that I'm most selfishly absorbed in my happiness."

"Yes," Nan said, with a sigh, "if I



could be deceived I suppose they could be. But they know better now. Ask Edith if she thinks you buried in devotion to me now."

"What Edith thinks about that is of little consequence beside what you think. What *that* is I've a right to hear from yourself. Tell me, Nan, what it is I'm guilty of."

"How can you pretend such ignorance?" the girl burst out indignantly. "Suppose I had acted for three or four weeks as you have done in that time, do you think you would not mind it? And if I attempted to feign unconsciousness of anything amiss, so as to brave it out with you, do you think you would not resent that as an additional indignity?"

"I *am* unconscious, Nan, that any real thing is, or can be, amiss with us; but I own that I wanted to avoid, for the present, any reference to the Burleighs, and you force me to believe that my detention there to-day and seeming neglect of you caused all this trouble."

"Seeming neglect!" Nan interrupted. "If that was only seeming, may I be spared the real! A thing like that might happen once or twice and I could believe it a happening and forget it, but not when it follows a month like this last one. Each time that you have been at Atlantic City of late you have gone to see the Burleighs, and rushed from me to speak to them when we were coming out of church, besides. You correspond with Agnes: Mrs. Burleigh let that slip out to mamma, who, poor dear! though a little surprised, accounted for it on the score of old family friendship. I said nothing to her, but I knew in my heart family intimacy had little to do with letters of which you never spoke to me. And only this last week your sister Edith asked me why I let you be running about the city with Agnes Burleigh and taking her to Germantown cricket-matches. She said your mother was not pleased,—thought it looked as if things were at odds between us. Still I kept a serene face, and sent her away comforted. I tried to be entirely like myself, and to trust you, which *is* being myself. But when to-day, when you

knew it was all arranged that you should see Rebe Bodine, who has heard so much of you, and who is the noblest girl-friend I have ever had, or that any girl could have,—and it is a great event for her to see a stranger, now,—you could coolly be so rude to her and to me as to go and dally the time away in a trumpery call upon Agnes Burleigh, a girl whom you see and write to constantly, a girl of whom it is easy to see enough at any time,—then I gave up trusting, or pretending to myself that I did. If Agnes Burleigh's claims on you are so imperious, I yield mine."

"Nan, Nan! for goodness' sake stop. I don't deserve a harsh word you've said. I *have* been at the Burleighs' a good deal lately, I have written to Miss Agnes several times, have met her by appointment twice in town, and I took her one afternoon to the cricket-match. The last was a friendly attention, the other matters pure business, and rather dismal business. I was more annoyed than you could be about to-day's upset arrangement; but I *had* to wait to do my errand. Now, if you cannot believe me, what shall we do? The business is not in the least my own, I am tacitly bound to silence about it, and I shall be obliged to go on and finish it. It is a time to trust me. Surely the bond between us will bear a stouter pull than this can be."

"Reverse the position. Could you trust me when I could not, or would not, explain a similar entanglement on my part?"

"Yes, I know I could, if you told me, as I tell you, that there is nothing in this affair to wound you, that even touches *us*."

"Then I am made of sterner stuff. And I feel all bruised and humiliated with such a scene as this, and that it has been for an Agnes Burleigh it has befallen us, and that I am asked to go on enduring this mystery. There is only one way to end the pain. Take back my ring," and, leaning suddenly forward, Nan dropped in Rolfe's palm the ring she had for some minutes been nervously twisting about on her finger,—"and your freedom; and then we

never need be cruel or explain things to each other any more," she finished, with an hysterical sob.

"Nan, how can you be so torturing to us both, and hard as iron?" Rolfe asked. "This is the journey I've been thinking of every two or three minutes since you told me yesterday you wanted to go up to-night! I believed I had some good news to tell you, and kept it for the hours when I should be quite alone with you, sitting close beside you. I fancied the news would be good to you, too, and that you would let me see you were happy if you would not tell me so in words. Give me at least a little time for reprieve, and, if you're afraid of showing me too much mercy, talk the whole trouble over with your father and mother."

"Can you explain to papa what you refuse to explain to me?" Nan asked hurriedly.

"No," Rolfe answered; "I expect any sane person who knows me to do me the decency to accept my words as truth."

"Then we needn't discuss the matter further," Nan said coldly, leaning back in her corner and staring with unseeing eyes out at the flying landscape.

Rolfe looked at her averted face a moment, then turned himself about in his place to fix in his turn a blank gaze upon the same landscape. When at length he roused himself from his bitter musings, the last rays of the setting sun streamed in a vertical flood through the car, and the train-boy at his elbow was offering him that *vade-mecum*, that solace in all woes to an American, a daily newspaper. As he settled to his reading, Nan watched him gloomily. A newspaper at such a moment! Did he mean it as a bit of bravado, she wondered, or was it the levity, the natural callousness and indelicacy, of men in matters of the heart?

While she watched and he read, or seemed to read, the sun sank wholly from sight, and suddenly the early twilight began to fill with a confused noise of shouts, laughter, gusts of song, and piercing cries of women and children.

The train gradually slackened its

speed, and presently halted abreast of a motionless train on the parallel railway a field's breadth away. An excursion train had manifestly come to grief, and its passengers—a great crowd of Germans—had rushed across to intercept their only means of getting to their homes again that night. Before the train had fairly stopped, they swarmed upon it and were scrambling and jostling for places, of which in a moment there seemed none left. A vast *frau* with a sleeping baby in her arms sank heavily into the place beside Rolfe, and her vaster spouse had lifted Nan's *impedimenta* with, "I can dake dis seat, matame?" and dropped into it with a great "So!" of satisfaction before the sundered lovers had fully wakened to the situation. Rolfe rose and turned toward Nan, but she would not lift her eyes: so he quietly installed the *frau* in his own seat and began to ask the man about the details of the misadventure. Meanwhile the excursionists poured and pressed into the carriages, until when the train was once more in motion the passage-ways and every foot of standing-room were packed with a crowd that seemed impossibly turbulent to be a German one. In the car where our lovers were, the air was thick with pipe-reek, hoarse with gutturals, and from a party of half-tipsy young men gathered a little way behind Nan, flourishing about and drinking from a preposterous number of long-necked, slender bottles, came screams of wild laughter. The invasion seemed hideous to her, and the plunging onward of that mass of racketing revellers through country fields lying hushed in the peace of Sunday and the sweet summery night something so monstrous that she had a fantastic feeling it must be interrupted and that the innocent no more than the guilty would be suffered to end the journey prosperously. To herself, she reflected, a catastrophe had already come; nothing hereafter could matter much. Yet she knew that her close environment by these people, with no one belonging to her beside her to shield her from their actual contact, was a sore discomfort, and when among the

young men near her a sudden furious brawl broke out, terror seized her. Loud menaces were heard, and, as the pacific-minded in the passage-way backed as far in either direction from danger as they could, the nearest among the sitting passengers could see that two combatants with clinched fists and in fighting pose were glaring at each other like angry cockerels. Finally one dropped his offensive attitude, and, leaning over, grasped a girl a dozen or so years old by the shoulders and would have torn her from her seat but that the other man's hands as forcibly held her down. The girl screamed with fright and the rough handling, and other children and shocked women screamed in sympathy. "Shame! shame!" cried some of the men. "Let the child alone; *she's* not to blame." A torrent of angry discussion poured from fifty throats, and, as if by instinct, all the roughs in the other carriages flocked to the promised fray and hustled their way as nearly as they could to the fore-front of battle. To these new-comers *staccato* explanations thickly perforated with explosive denials were hurled, and then chaos came again with brawler Number One's successful whirling of the girl from her place and a prompt blow in the face with which Number Two staggered him. The din was frightful, combatants, backers, and non-combatants all bellowing together, and the standing men in the narrow lane surged back and forth as the battle ebbed and flowed. The sound of blows turned Nan faint and shuddering sick, and she clung convulsively with both hands to that which Rolfe, watching, stretched back to her.

Rioter Number Two, who looked a much older man than his opponent, was a stunted, pallid, shock-haired, wild-eyed, sharp-visaged creature. His strength so feebly seconded his rage that he was quickly forced as far back as the crowd permitted, and Nan shrieked in horror as a savage thrust dropped him white and stunned upon the broad shoulders of the German beside her and his battered hat rolled into her lap. Eager hands lifted him up and plied

him with a stimulant, and Rolfe, tossing the hat with fierce disgust from its resting-place, strode over the back of his seat. "Change places with me, please," he said to the big German; "this lady is in my care," and he gave the worthy man, who clambered obediently and elephantinely to the place beside his wife, a vigorous helping hoist.

Seating himself, Rolfe put his arm round Nan, and, finding her shaking with fright and chill, wrapped her in a shawl.

"Thank you," she said, and presently, with great meekness, "I'm so ashamed that I screamed, Peyton; but I really couldn't help it."

"I think you may forgive yourself, this time," Rolfe answered: "I will." He turned with a great lightness in his heart to look at the warriors. She had called him Peyton again!

The worst, the actual fighting, was over. The little man was too shaken for further contention of any sort, and lay back still, and with closed eyes, in the seat where he had been placed; but a wild war of words raged between his disappointed sympathizers and the other combatant and his supporters. The statements and counter-statements were freely enough bolstered with threats, but that ministering angel, the train-boy, was here discovered to be worming himself through the impacted avenue with a great supply of cigars, and the buying, lighting, and proving of these seemed to conduct harmlessly away the most heavily charged of the thunder-clouds, and the subsequent discussion to be but the spent rumblings of a retreating tempest. Rolfe kept a close watch for a little time, and once sprang up to trample out a match thrown down near him, still burning, saying, as he sat down again beside Nan, "I am more worried by the chance of fire among all these muslin gowns and starched furbelows than by that of a fight."

"But I thought a German crowd was never turbulent," Nan said, "and that no amount of lager could make a German tipsy; but surely many of these men are partly intoxicated?"

"Yes," Rolfe answered; "but it's

not with lager. They've been drinking new, heavy wine all day in the vineyards around Egg Harbor. That has made the mischief. I'm dreadfully annoyed you should have had such a disagreeable experience; but it might have been uglier. I'd have given something a while ago to have had you and these women and babies out of such a boxed-up jam. See how women and children hamper Americans! When you get the suffrage you'll vote war, maybe; but there won't be any Amazon regiments in this country. The men couldn't stand it, if the women could."

"Amazons?" Nan repeated, in a voice too tremulous to be saucy; "that will be a reign of peace, sir. Women will do away with all war."

"Change their history and nature altogether, eh? I hope not. But, Nan, I've been thinking a great deal about one woman in particular to-night, trying industriously to put myself in her place, and though I can't somehow help thinking I should trust her in pretty dark weather, yet I don't see that I've any right to impose an extraordinary test upon her faith in me: so I conclude that my bond of silence ought to be broken in her behalf. Nan, you knew Tom Hyatt before he went to the bad?"

"Yes; but, Peyton, I've been thinking too, and feeling, which means a great deal more, and I know I've been a very unreasonable, cruel girl. I didn't know it was in me to be so wicked. But there's a little excuse for me. It wasn't—not *much*—that I really doubted you. It was that I've grown perfectly selfish about you, and all puffed up with complacency because your ways were so unlike the careless ones of men that other girls loved and were engaged to, and I had to have a fall."

"But, Nan, your excuse has rather a bitter tang to it. I do belong to you out and out, I like you to reckon on me, and I don't want to have a single 'way' that you would wish different: so why should you have a fall? And now, my darling, I want to clear up this mystery about the Burleighs."

"But, Peyton, I don't want it cleared up. I'm going to trust you."

"Nan, if you knew Tom Hyatt well, you know that his ruin and disgrace came upon him more because he was weak than because he was criminal at heart. We were friends for years, and I've always pitied him too much to be as severe upon him as most business-men are. And off and on we've corresponded ever since he went West because he couldn't hold up his head and begin over again here."

"Peyton, what has Mr. Hyatt to do with our trouble?"

"He has everything to do with it."

"Then I don't want to hear about him. I've been so bad that I'm going to punish myself. You shall explain nothing."

"But, Nan—"

"Nothing!"

"Nan, I think it is right you should know."

"And if I don't wish to know?"

"Still—"

"Peyton, I want to show you I have faith in you, all faith. Do you mean to hinder me?"

"No, darling, I don't. But I want our skies to be without a cloud."

"Peyton, it is you who doubt now. I mean you to see that a hundred Agnes Burleighs shan't move me again."

Rolfe made no answer, and they rode on in silence for some minutes.

"Peyton," Nan began again, "I can't bear to ask you, but I must,—have you got— Where did you put my ring?"

"Your ring! Can I have lost it?" He tried sundry pockets and a note-book, where it was not.

"Peyton, you *cannot* have lost it! Oh, do look! I shall die if it's gone!"

"Die for a ring? There are bushels more, Nan."

"Bushels? There's only that ring in the world. I would never have another."

"Never? Not one other?—the dearest ring any woman can wear?"

"Please, Peyton, try to find my ring. If it's really gone, I shall know there's never to be any more happiness for me."

Her tragic tone was too much for Rolfe, and he showed her, lying on his palm as she had dropped it, the quaint little hoop, an old-fashioned regard-ring,

the jewels of the legend set in a twinkling frame-work of diamond sparks. Nan gave an inarticulate little cry of delight and stretched her hand impetuously toward the ring, but some swift thought checked her, and she drew back her hand, letting it fall on her lap.

Rolfe glanced at her a little anxiously. "Well?"

"Peyton, I ought never to wear it any more!"

"Quicksilver! Why?"

"Because I'm so bent on having my way. Just now, because it would be a sort of expiation to me to show you I can trust you, I refused to let you explain what you wished. You really did want to tell me, not for my sake, but because you thought it best?"

"Yes, Nan, I did; but I want most what will please you most."

"No coals of fire. Tell me, quick. It had to do with Mr. Hyatt?"

"Yes; Agnes Burleigh's going to marry him next month."

"To marry him? A forger?"

"Yes; and I think maybe it's the best thing for them both. It's an old affair. They loved each other years ago, were engaged, in fact; but there was some quarrel—"

"A quarrel? Oh, Peyton!"

"Yes, Nan; and they didn't make it up as—but we haven't quarrelled. 'It takes two to quarrel': did I say a single bad thing? And then Tom married his cousin to please his mother. His wife didn't live more than three or four years, and then Tom found his way back to the Burleighs. Agnes would never go anywhere with him, or receive any special attention from him; but he was always at the house. She has always been a great belle, you know; but she seemed to fall into her fast ways and her reckless flirting after Tom's marriage, and he was rather afraid of her as she had come to be, while she had never forgiven him. So, if Tom had gone on prosperously, it is likely he and Agnes would have been separated to the end of the chapter. But when his dreadful trouble overtook him, Agnes found that his misery was hers. Mrs. Burleigh has

fought against the marriage till lately; but when Tom's two little children were left homeless by the death of his mother, last spring, Agnes became so restless and unhappy that her mother gave up her opposition, and she is to take Agnes out to Tom next month. He comes as far east as Chicago to meet them, and the marriage will be there. This has all been kept profoundly quiet, for reasons you can imagine, and for property reasons besides. In the character of 'next friend,' both of Tom's and the Burleighs', I have trudged, written, interviewed and been interviewed, and am acting as guardian of the children till Mrs. Burleigh and Agnes set forth with them on their journey. There! that's the mystery in outlines, and I'm ready for any catechism upon details. Upon what point shall I enlarge, Nan?"

"Upon none, Peyton; but I'm glad you told me, because I feel as if the sad story were a kind of illuminated guide-board for us. For me, really, you think? Well, we can't be wicked or be punished for it singly any more. And, do you know, though I never liked Agnes Burleigh, never admired her, even, handsome and clever as she is, she seems quite grand to me since your story, and I feel almost envious of her."

"Quicksilver! Quicksilver!"

"Oh, yes, because the man she marries can never doubt her love, whatever she may do, however she may try him."

Then both were silent for a space, and could notice that the noises about them had subsided to what was stillness by comparison with a half-hour or so earlier. The hurt man was still very pale and resting quietly, and his antagonist, nodding in vinous sleep in the seat over which they had fought, had lifted to his knees the child he had wrenched from it, and she had fallen asleep with head resting against his shoulder. The pugnacious sympathizers, too, were locked in smoke or slumber or had retreated whence they came.

"Peyton," Nan said with some hesitation, "about my—my ring? Do you want me to wear it again?"

"Nan!"



"You said I was 'hard as iron,' you know."

"And if I did: weren't you, while it lasted?"

"Then, Peyton, if you wish me to wear it again, why don't you give me my ring?"

"Nan, I'm considering. When people have silver or golden weddings there's a repetition of the first ceremonies. Now, I know that you had to be frightened out of your life to tolerate my arm round you in the face of even this public, and I feel that you would compel me to the baldest slipping the ring into place again if I return it here. You must admit that it was thrust back upon me in a highly ignominious fashion, and that I am justly entitled to reinstate it with all the original solemnities and such additions to the rites as I choose to insist upon."

"If you wish your arm to remain where it is, you will at once replace my property in the very quietest manner," Nan said sternly, holding out her finger.

Rolfe lifted his hand. "You, N., promise—" He paused.

"Yes, I do. Put in on, please."

"What do you promise?"

"Anything! Oh, Peyton, give me back my ring!"

"Anything? Now I have you! And the first clause is," he slid the ring into place and held it an instant while he finished his sentence, "that whatever tiff you may choose to spring upon me, however abominable you may believe me, this ring is never again to be flung dramatically back to me. And now, Nansie, I want to talk to you. Two years ago I thought the bottom of the wool business had dropped clean out; but we got down to hard-pan last year, and it looks now as if we were sure of bread and butter for a while to come, anyhow. And I've served my time out as traveller for the house, and a younger man starts on the tramp. But railways and the telegraph have changed all that part of the business, and he'll miss all the fun and picturesqueness as well as all the hardships of the weeks and months I had in the saddle in the West and Southwest year after year. I wouldn't

change times with him for all his palace-cars. But what I want to impress on you, Nansie, is that as I've settled down into a stay-at-home Philadelphian I ought to have a home of my own to stay in. And I've bought it,—the shell of it, I mean. Fact. I—have—bought—our—house!"

"But, Peyton, to buy a house, all in a breath, without telling me! Is it in the country?"

"No, Nan, and that's the only fault it has. But for a few years, while our bank-account is creeping up, can't you put my comfort in leaving you later, getting back to you earlier, of nights and mornings, against the delights of that country cottage we've built and furnished so many times? It's Uncle Will Crenshaw's house, and I had to decide in a hurry; for they're off to Europe and mean to sell everything. As soon as they're out of the house we'll turn masons and plumbers in to devastate, and when their ravages are complete you will superintend any kind of latter-day getting up you choose. I don't care what kind of 'interior' we have,—Queen Anne, Pompeian, Egyptian, Japanese: if you are in it and are happy, the accessories may be fire-red or the most dismal of olives, I never shall see them."

"Yes; I'm told they all say so—beforehand. Afterward life is one long tragedy of muddy coffee and over- or under-done steak. But, Peyton, you talk as if I were going to be living in that house directly, and you know—"

"Directly? Oh, no! Early in 1900."

"—and you know I can't. I never dreamed of being married for years. I hoped—I mean, I thought—we should be too poor. And, anyway, I've engaged to teach for Mrs. Hooper the next twelve months."

"It's Mrs. Hooper's misfortune that she holds only a second mortgage on you. You will have to notify her to find another music-mistress by the end of this term at farthest. You needn't worry about that. There are so many waiting for the place that it's almost a cruelty for you to be keeping it a minute."

"But, Peyton, you are wild! People

don't marry in that electric-flash way, if they do buy houses so. And oh, Peyton, we're so happy as we are! When any home for us two together seemed a long way off, we could idealize it and fill it with brightness and tenderness. Suppose in the actual one there should be harshness, tiresomeness, and two perfectly un-ideal, frumpy, grumpy people! If we could last as we are, I own it would be very sweet to be together, but—"

"'Last as we are'? We shall be a great deal nearer, a great deal better than we are," asserted Rolfe stoutly.

Here the stopping of the train with a jolting concussion of the carriages broke in upon his speech.

"And here we are, so soon after all, at Camden and the ferry. I shall be glad to have you in fresher air."

When the boat was in motion with its heavy freight, Rolfe and Nan lingered outside the aft cabin for the breeze.

"What a thoroughly disagreeable journey!" they heard a lady say to a gentleman. "In all my goings to and from Atlantic City I never had such an experience as to-night's."

"And may never have such another. But in your car you were spared the fight that in ours threatened for a few

minutes to end in a catastrophe," he answered, as they passed beyond hearing.

"Almost a catastrophe," Nan repeated, looking up at Rolfe. "Yes, it was, and rough and horrible as could be. Yet perhaps it hindered another catastrophe. Where would our engagement have been if I hadn't been terror-stricken out of my obstinacy?"

"A broken bone mended is strongest after at the join," he answered cheerily.

"What a brilliant star that is almost within the moon's crescent! Look, Nan."

The boat touched the Philadelphia wharf, and Rolfe and Nan were just following the last of the rear-guard passengers into the cabin on their way ashore. Nan threw her head back sharply to clear her gaze from the jutting roof, and Rolfe, stooping, took the kiss he had schemed for.

"Peyton! What a disgraceful dodge!" she murmured. "What must everybody think?"

"Everybody wasn't looking, Nansie. And that kiss, you know, went, by rights, with the ring. All the bruises are healed now, and we may sleep to-night thankful that of our hovering calamities each turned out to be, mercifully, only *almost* a catastrophe."

S. FOSTER.

## NATURE COVETING FRESHNESS.

REGRET seems touching Nature to the quick  
That now no longer do her roses glow;

Their slender flame is burning faint and low  
Above their ashes,—rose-leaves fallen thick.

Out of the sky has all its color fled,

Quick lights are flashing, and big drops are shed;

Nature remembers, rich fulfilment past,

Prodigal passion that has spent its last.

She covets now the white that blossomed first,  
Before the blood poured through the veins of June,  
Reddening her cheek with brilliance of its noon,

Ere the pale May to mantling ardors burst.

This tempest, with its torrent and its fire,

Is Realization mourning for Desire.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

## SHROTON FAIR.

Then give one cheer for Dorset dear;  
One cheer!

*Barnes's Poems, in Dorset dialect.*

SHROTON FAIR is not held in a barrack riding-school or in the Albert Hall; it is not made up of tottering "old Englishe housen," built of laths and pink calico; it is not—thank goodness—any one of "ye fancie faïres" that are the last hobby of the fashionable London world; and you can buy as much rubbish at Shroton for your shilling as at such-like places for a pound. Shroton Fair is the original thing,—the genuine article, as shopkeepers say. Regularly with the last week of September it comes round and establishes its vans and booths and tramps and gypsies at the foot of Hambledon Hill, in Dorsetshire.

Time was, I am told, when prudent housewives could accomplish a good deal of their household shopping there; but nowadays there is only the feeblest survival of that, and it is impossible to buy anything more useful than a mug or a match-box, both of the basest kind. Perhaps, with luck, you might get a "weather-house;" but an incorrect sixpenny thermometer would be easier to obtain there, and brass necklaces and false chignons are much more the kind of wares for sale.

The fair lasts two days. Of the first I know little, but it bears, I fear, no better character than most country fairs; the second it is that gives it its little fame. It is the custom that on that day the East Dorset hounds should meet close by—at Hanley Gap—for the first fox-hunt of the season. Cubs will have been hunted for weeks beforehand, if the harvest has been an early one; but not till after Shroton Fair would any one dream of a fox. This brings all the "quality," and all the people too,—squire, "squarson," farmer, parson; in fact, every "gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief." The fair itself is

held at the foot of the highest down-hill in the county, and it is expected of the hounds and all their following (the only word for the miscellaneous collection on horseback, besides an equally motley crowd of folk on foot who can't get a mount) to pass close by—indeed, almost through—the fair, and somehow or other to hunt their fox, for the benefit of the populace, more or less up and down Hambledon Hill. A steep hill it is, too; but, if you can ride a rocking-horse, follow, for that is the kind of action to expect as we go up or down.

And see! here they come, the hounds and field, and all the runners are collecting round, of whom the less energetic, ladies and children, probably, are climbing upward already to some pretty easily accessible mound from whence to get a good view.

The pink coats look bright, and the mounted ladies are extra trim, with scarlet geraniums in button-holes and horses' ears. The hounds look eager to begin their work; but it is rather hard to keep them together, as not a few of the riders don't exactly know their place to-day, and consequently get in the wrong one: besides, all the horses are more or less restless and frightened from the din of steamboat swings, merry-go-rounds, and the hundred and one discordant noises of a fair. But we shall soon take it out of them up that hill, and the sooner we get out of this row the better. Up we go, gently, for we are only on our way to "draw"—goodness knows what. I suppose the furze covers all about the hill-side; but that's no matter on an occasion like this. Beside us is a stout parson on foot, with three young daughters, all going to run (they say) wherever we ride. They are in good spirits, and so is every one else,—or shall I except the owner of a Voice behind me? (I think he must be a Cockney, or, anyhow, some one used to flatter country than this.) "Whoa,

old man, there! steady! Oh, why does this horse try to rear at this angle! Honor bright! Oh, whoa, can't you! I shall come off behind, and fall out of the world, like Mark Twain's farmer." What a commotion among that advanced group of folk on foot! It's a hare, and they are all after it with sticks and stones. Now's your chance, Hodge: if you can catch her and kill her, you can cook her afterward to-day. All the same I don't think you will get her; and, sure enough, despite them all, poor puss darts down an overgrown chalk-pit, gets lost from sight in the furze, and is safe. "Wish I was!" groans the Cockney again, whose unmanageable beast is shying at something, and he is already clutching at the mane, when "Tally-ho!" comes ringing from somewhere up above, and the voices of whips crying on the hounds start our eager horses into a canter, or rather a series of jumps, up the hill. Let them go,—scrambling, scuffling, stumbling, rushing, huntsmen, horses, hounds, villagers, children, toward the top and through or over the furze-bushes,—as they like or can. Here, at last, is flatter ground; we gather up our reins and are ready for a gallop, when "Gone back!" unwelcome cry, salutes us; the hounds seem puzzled, and we come to a stand-still.

Being thus pushed up, let us spare a minute for the view. Yonder, over our hills on the horizon, is a lion-shaped outline of the Isle of Wight; while on the other hand, beyond the near slope, with the wavy black-and-white "sterns" of the hounds poking through the undergrowth, stretch away in uneven waves the wood-studded down-lands, brilliant, though in the distance, with the golden furze and autumn-tinted bracken. Through the cultivated valleys one can see the winding threads of the Stour and Tarrant (both streams, by the way, full of trout, and their banks bright with kingfishers and herons and dazzling dragon-flies), slowly creeping past the cottages, manor-houses, and farms, here and there condescending to turn, very lazily, a water-mill; while, generally pretty close at hand, peeping

through the trees, are the old cruciform village churches, their red-tiled roofs made yet more brilliant overgrown with yellow lichen. I think even a stranger would call it very pretty in its quiet way; but most of us here to-day have associations with the country below, and we are glad that happy memories—ay, and sad ones too—warp our cooler judgment a little and make the place to us superlatively beautiful.

But we must not stay mooning here. The hounds are off again, and the runs are but short on these days; the fox is sure to be headed by the people who don't know better: so, give the horses their heads, and let them do their best for five minutes. In!—just in time. Some lady has the brush, and probably some visitor asks for the head. It is a barbarous sight to see the hounds enjoying themselves over the departed fox,—mercifully, one knows that it is only his headless body that is thrown to them,—but there certainly is a fascination in the brutal way in which those who can't get a bite anyhow, by fair means or foul, are happy if their paws get blood-splashed in the fray, and lie down in the shade to make the most of that.

But now it is over, and most of us turn luncheonward to some hospitable house near at hand below.

Who is going our way? You, and you, and you? That's right,—we go together. And so, in little groups, we start down hill. This is the time for gossip and local news. The blood-hounds are to be given up; Mr. So-and-so can't let his farm; there's a new parson here, a new curate there.

"How about the new parson?" asks some one. "Hope he'll get on. He comes after a very popular man. 'A turr'ble good shapp'erd he wur,' as one old woman remarked to me."

"Ay, 'he wur,'" says another, getting off his horse to lead him down the steep descent. "Do you remember that story of his about Crippled Tom and his grave? Poor Tom was dying, and gave instructions he was to be buried with his feet toward the church-yard gate (which, you must know, happens to be wrong

way round, as graves go).—"Why so, Tom?"—"Why, zur, when the Lord do come, and do blow his trumpet on the last day, I'll be first to be outen dthicky gate whilst the t'othern be a-turnen of un round." Well, that was promised; but the request caused the neighbor-women who were standing by to realize the fact that Tom was going. So the one sobbed out, 'If 'ee de zee my poor John when 'ee do getten to heaven, do 'ee tell un—" and so on; and messages began to be sent to Harry and Dick and all the rest. Well, he stood one or two patiently, but at last interrupted gently but firmly, 'No, no; do 'ee mind, I can't go stumpin' all around heaven wi' dthicky wooden leg.'

"Those innocent, all-believing souls won't be found in the village now: they are dying out with the dialect,—killed by the school-boards." So sighs a squire. "Why, the other day I heard a girl dropping her *h's*! Isn't that too bad? We never used to hear that before these board school-madams came,—corrupting the language and everything else."

"And soon," says another pessimist, "'maish,' and 'doddy,' and 'dthicky,' that all-comprising pronoun, and our verbs and plural in 'en', will all go."

"In short, there'll be only the 'mum-mocks' left," chimes in a new speaker.

"Yes, literally," we all cry, laughing.

So we chatter till we reach our good host's, where a wonderful amount of make-shift accommodation is waiting for our horses, and liberal luncheon for ourselves, with a nice garden to rest in for half an hour before starting—on our toes this time—for the fair again.

Now, if you are a great personage, either don't come or else make up your mind to behave like the rest of us. There'll be plenty of better folk than you in the shooting-galleries, at the peep-shows, and—shall I say it?—on the merry-go-rounds; but, then, of course that's only to please the children. If there are no little ones with us, you can have no difficulty in finding a few, for pretty nearly all the brats in the county—my lord's and my lady's, and the little

Hodges, with all the intervening "rungs" of the social ladder—are running hereabouts to-day. By all means let's catch some: they add immensely to the fun. Now, which of them is for the steam merry-go-round, and which for the slower old hand-turned one? and who of the elders are going to devote themselves to getting on too, in case a child gets giddy in the course and requires holding on to his wooden steed? Then there are the sights to see. Who can resist the menagerie,—mangy, odoriferous exhibition as it is? "Walk up, walk up! The wonderful performing dogs! Only a penny each. Walk up!" shouts a tramp who has a show of wretched canaries being made to fire guns, and dogs and monkeys all being set to do what heaven never meant they should.

One's heart feels very sore for these poor beasts. "Walk up, ladies, walk up! the fire-eating Indian! only two-pence."—"The wonderful circus! best penn'orth in England! reserved seats, sixpence," halloos a rather clothesless lad on a white, long-tailed horse, emerging from a canvas-encircled ring as an earnest of the splendid equestrian sights to be seen within. "Three shies a penny!" shrieks a woman whose stock in trade is a few sticks and cocoanuts.

When we have seen as many of these sights as we can tolerate (I believe there are some performing fleas somewhere, but for purely personal reasons I draw the line there myself), we must go to the booths, and supply the children with money to buy fairings for the household. There the noise of the Cheap Jacks is as deafening nearly as the showmen's announcements. "What d'ye lack? what d'ye lack?" cries a fellow mounted on a barrel. "Here's a work-box; ye nivver seed its like. Why, with that ye can make and mend a townful of clothes. Here's a bottle. My! ain't he a fine un for a chimney-piece! Gabble, gabble, gabble!"

But the shillings come to an end at last, and we and the children are all getting weary, while before most of us lies a long, dusty drive, or a rough ride, as



the case may be, ere we get home. And let us be thankful that the days are over when the big country ball completed the day's dissipation.

The respectable lot of poor people are gathering up their traps and fairings, too; and if only we could persuade them *all* to start homeward, we should hear no tales of evil doings at Shroton Fair. For, up to this hour, the mixing of the upper classes honestly and merrily in the

fun has had its due effect, and we have seen no drunkenness or rioting (except, perhaps, among the inevitable riff-raff whom the earth seems to produce for such occasions only, for no one ever knows where they hail from), and we and our poorer and richer brethren alike have had a long day, which, on the whole, I believe we have all enjoyed in our different ways. I know I have, for one.

E. M. R.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### PUBLIC TOPICS.

#### The Nation's Loss.

THE profound and universal sorrow occasioned by the death of Mr. Garfield has no exact parallel in our history. Sixteen years ago the country had to endure a still heavier blow,—one that awakened greater horror and alarm, a more bitter and intense grief, a keener sense of irremediable loss. But Lincoln fell like a general in the hour of victory, whose death is an incentive to fresh exertions, inspiring his followers with the resolution to follow up success and secure its fruits. The nation had just passed through a crisis in which its own existence was at stake, which had strained all its energies to the utmost, familiarized it with bloody sacrifices, and brought anguish and mourning to every household. The catastrophe of the present year, coming in the midst of general tranquillity and of mere ordinary activity, found us unprepared and unabsorbed, concentrated our interests and sympathy, held us in prolonged suspense, merged all other feelings in tender pity, and left in all hearts the sense less of a national than of a domestic calamity. It may be doubted whether the death of a public man ever before called forth this feeling to the same extent and in the same degree.

The career thus prematurely cut short will perhaps be chiefly remembered by the sufferings that marked its close and the sweetness and fortitude with which they were borne. Yet the high hopes entertained of it were no mere illusions, but were based on knowledge and experience. It may in fact be said that the public knew Mr. Garfield better than he knew himself,—that his main lack was that of confidence in his own capacity to give practical effect to his principles and convictions without stooping to compromise, balancing rival claims, or seeking to propitiate his natural opponents. Those who most regretted his course in this respect felt that it proceeded from no unworthy motives and had no connection with schemes of personal ambition. They believed that the habit of authority, and the perception that in a contest with selfish obstructiveness he could count upon popular support, would in time strengthen his self-reliance and sense of independence, and embolden him to pursue a policy in full accordance with his own instincts and with the true interests of the nation. The force and sincerity of his patriotism, his statesmanlike breadth of mind, knowledge of principles and familiarity with details, his superiority, moral as well as mental, to the ordinary type of political men, were generally recognized, and it seemed

to rest with himself alone whether he was to assume the post which had so long been vacant in American politics of a great popular leader. There are now no competitors for that place. There is no one to whom the nation turns with anything like the same degree of trust and sympathy. This is what enables it to appreciate its loss. We have been lifted for a moment out of the rut, only to sink back into it again. The hopes and expectations we had begun to cherish are for the present quenched.

Some people, it is true, are sanguine enough to believe that the reforms which might, and probably would, have been gradually effected through Mr. Garfield's administration will, instead of resting in abeyance, receive a fresh impetus and a more rapid accomplishment as the result of his death. The country, it is asserted, has been stirred by that event—more powerful and immediate in its effect than any array of arguments or facts—to a full comprehension of the evils under which it labors and the necessity of providing a remedy. But even if this sentiment be as general, as strong, and as deeply seated as is supposed, it supplies only one factor of the problem. In the present condition of our politics it is idle to speak of public opinion as having the irresistible weight and authority ascribed to it in theory. If such were the case, there would be no room or demand for reforms of the kind proposed. It is precisely because the machinery by which elections and legislation are managed and controlled furnishes means of thwarting and hampering the public will, preventing its free expression, or diverting it from its natural course, that we are seeking to get rid of it and to substitute other methods. Local and isolated attempts with this object can have only partial and temporary results. They proclaim the reality of the grievance, but furnish no effectual relief. They are in their very nature mere expedients for weakening a system which they have no power to overthrow. This can be accomplished only by combined and organized efforts directed by

men who have deserved and won the confidence of the nation, whose knowledge, experience, and ability are such as to qualify them to decide on the means by which the purpose may be best attained, and whose popularity is such as to overawe resistance, baffle manœuvres, and compel unanimity of action. Till some such man appears, uncertainty of purpose, confusion of counsel, and frequent discouragement may be expected to prevail. The present condition of the public mind we take to be, not a clear perception of what is needed and a determination to effect it, but simply the impatience and longing with which a sick man waits for the coming of a skilful physician. To make the case worse, the patient is surrounded by quacks whom his easy confidence has admitted to his bedside, who soothe and wheedle him with flattering assurances that he is in a fair way to recovery, and who resist or elude the mild and spasmodic efforts of his friends to force an entrance and place him under different treatment.

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#### PLACE AUX DAMES.

##### A Costume for Lawn Tennis.

MAJOR WINGFIELD, the English gentleman who generally has the credit of being the inventor of Lawn Tennis, deploras the fact that ladies have as yet devised no distinctive costume for the game which some think is to entirely supersede all lawn games for ladies. It has certainly one advantage over croquet, for example: you must stand erect in playing it. In croquet the great majority of players stoop more or less, while some seem trying to bring their heads in a line with ball and mallet-head. On the other hand, lawn tennis has one great disadvantage: it requires too much exercise for hot weather or for ladies no longer young or active. For this very reason it is becoming more and more popular with those who want a "live" game. It is very exciting, and sets the blood dancing through the veins and brings roses to the

cheeks as our staid old croquet never thought of doing.

And because of the movement, the alertness, the agility, required in the game, a light, easily-fitting costume, which, above all things, will leave the feet free to run, is necessary and must be instituted, or women will finally give up lawn tennis as they have given up so many games because they could not cope with men in playing them.

Major Wingfield, after vanquishing a young lady at lawn tennis, though in his judgment she was the better player, determined to compare the weight of their respective costumes. He therefore rolled up his flannel suit, lawn-tennis shoes, socks, cap, and belt, and had them weighed. Five pounds and a quarter was the result. An answer to a note sent to the young lady showed that the weight of the clothes she wore in the game was ten pounds and three-quarters. He saw clearly in this the cause of her losing, and he strongly urges a lawn-tennis dress. Leaning back in his easy-chair and "musing," there comes to his mental vision "a fair form clad in a tunic of white flannel, with a roll collar, a kerchief of cherry silk around her throat, the loose ends showing from under her white collar, a skirt eighteen inches long, a cherry-colored band about her waist, and a pair of continuations of white flannel (such as men wear, only looser)." To him this seems "a sensible dress and a modest dress that would shock no one."

Most ladies would not agree with him, for there is something essentially unæsthetic in any combination of petticoats and pantaloons. Then the Turkish costume is suggested. This is vague. What costume is meant? for there are several. That of the Turkish lady would be the worst conceivable impediment to the tennis-player. The trousers (generally of silk) are very wide, and so long that, being tied just below the knee, they fall over to the slipped feet. The outside of the leg to the waist nearly is heavily embroidered with gold or silver thread,—so heavily as to make

them quite stiff. The dress proper is cut something like the polonaise, but not open in front below the waist. On the contrary, this garment is open on the side quite to the hip, leaving the embroidery of the trousers exposed. The *front breadth* of this polonaise is some two yards long, double or lined, and very heavily embroidered on the *under side*,—for this reason: it passes between the legs and forms a long embroidered train behind. I know the costume well, having worn one which was actually made in Constantinople. With flowing sleeves, a lovely jewelled cap, the neck bare in front and covered with gems, it is certainly a picturesque and beautiful dress, though awkward in walking. The train, however, is held up on the arm by the Turkish lady whenever she steps into a court or corridor.

Clearly this would not do for lawn tennis, for the first condition for a costume for active movement must be skirts comparatively short. Now, is it absolutely impossible to design a pretty and becoming short dress which ladies will accept? I believe the solution lies in a proper boot,—one fully three inches higher than those we now wear. Then let there be wide prettily embroidered or braided trousers just covering the boot-top, and for the rest of the dress a polonaise reaching nearly to the end of the trousers and trimmed in the same way, whatever the trimming may be. An ample, fringed sash and kerchief of the same shade with a jaunty hat, would be a proper finishing of a charming, appropriate, and modest dress, not only for lawn tennis, but for the thousands of instances where any long skirts are cumbersome and every way inappropriate.

M. H.

## ART MATTERS.

### Paris Art Models.

IN the art life of Paris, as in that of Rome, the model plays a conspicuous and important part. In these days of realism no painter dares to evolve a face or a figure out of the depths of his artistic consciousness. He must see before him

a personage at least approximating to his ideal before he can put on canvas the image that fills his brain. Time and again has the progress of a picture been delayed because the artist was unable to find a model that in any way realized his conception of the central figure of his work. Thus, Cabanel was searching for two years for a model for his "Phèdre" before he discovered the exact type of womanhood that he required. On the other hand, the presence of a model of a peculiar and striking individuality often leads to the creation of some remarkable masterpiece. A famous gypsy model that Henri Regnault met in Rome led to his painting the "Salomé" that revealed him to the world as one of the greatest artists of the day; it was the discovery of a new and charming child-model in the art-world of Paris that caused Hugues Merle to paint his "Hester Prynne and Little Pearl;" and the entrance into Cabanel's studio of a beautiful Jewish model with great sleepy Oriental eyes and profuse dark tresses induced him to put upon canvas his graceful and poetic "Sulamite."

There are as many different styles of models, among the female ones especially, as there are different styles of painting. First in order of merit, and most highly prized and paid, is, of course, the living statue in flesh and blood who poses for what is called the *ensemble*,—that is to say, the entire figure,—and who, as Diana, Venus, Undine, Spring, or Aurora, looks down in unveiled loveliness from the walls of every Salon. A fine model for the nude is very rare, and receives as much as ten francs an hour for her services. Some years ago a young married woman of irreproachable character was the delight of the studios, from the unimpeachable perfection of her form. Her husband having failed in business as a small shopkeeper, she commenced to pose as a draped model, but her earnings were small, and, having consented to sit to a female artist for a nude nymph, she was finally persuaded into regularly adopting that branch of the profession. She retired in a few years with a comfortable com-

petency. One of her stipulations before accepting an engagement was that if an insulting word were addressed to her while she was posing, the sitting should be considered at an end. The models for the nude are of various nationalities. Henner's nymphs are painted from an Englishwoman; Lefebvre's superb "Truth," now in the Luxembourg, is the portrait of a magnificent Belgian; Bouguereau paints from an Italian woman. Most artists, on finding a model that exactly suits their peculiar line of subjects, engage her by the year, as is the case with Madrazo and the piquante little damsel called Aline, whose form and features he has reproduced in nearly all his well-known pictures, and notably in that gem of the Spanish-art section of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, his bewitching "Pierrette."

The female draped model is of two classes,—the one who poses for historic pictures, and the one who sits to painters of modern scenes and of the *genre* school. There is a very famous model of the former class who has sat to Gérôme and to his pupils for years. She is past middle age now, and never was handsome, but she is a woman of rare intelligence and of great dramatic power of expression and mobility of feature. Let the painter explain to her what sort of personage she is called upon to represent, under what circumstances and actuated by what passions, and she will at once assume the appropriate attitude and expression. So admirably does she adapt herself to the requirements of antique or mediæval costume, and so superbly does she impersonate the character she is called upon to assume, that she is frequently engaged to pose for the male personages of historic pictures.

The models that pose to Béraud, Vibert, and Toulmouche for the fashionable ladies that figure in their works must possess another and a totally different qualification: they must know how to wear a modern toilet, how to manage a train or a tie-back, how to put on their gloves or a bonnet, how to carry a parasol or a fan; in fact, they must be able

to look "chic" in an elegant and stylish costume. This task, which is not a light one, is triumphantly accomplished by certain leading Parisian models. The dresses are furnished by the painters, and form a very serious item in the cost of their work, some of the wealthier and best-known artists actually purchasing the toilets required for their pictures from Worth, at what prices the reader can very well imagine. It was recently estimated that a well-known painter of modern Parisian life had paid no less than fourteen hundred dollars for the models, costumes, etc., for one of his more complicated works; and Roybet, it is well known, expended four thousand dollars on the antique armor and accessories used in painting his "Departure for the Tournament."

There is a class of models, less highly paid than are those of whom we have just spoken, who pose for some particular point or feature. One model sits for the head, another for the arms, a third for the feet and ankles, etc. There is a woman who makes her living by her wonderfully beautiful hair. It falls in a rippled mass of shining gold far below her waist, and its possessor is much in demand by the painters of mythological subjects. Ary Scheffer used to employ a drunken, bloated woman called Reese to pose for the hands only, which, by some strange freak of nature, were perfectly exquisite in form and color, small and dimpled, with rosy nails and dainty tapering wrists. She always wore four pairs of gloves to preserve these precious members from all contact with harsh substances or the outer air. It was estimated that she earned no less than eighty dollars per month from her sittings. A cast from one of her hands still figures among the treasures of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

The masculine models form, of course, a much less interesting group. The chief character among them is one Father Cot, who has pursued his profession for full fifty-three years, having begun to pose when he was twelve years old. He is now a picturesque and patriarchal-looking old man, with

a long white beard. He sat to Bonnat for his magnificent "Job," which figured at the Salon of 1880. Cot is a model by inheritance, his father having pursued the profession before him. A certain superb Italian Hercules is also to be recognized in many of the pictures at each annual Salon. He is much in vogue among the painters of classic subjects. The military models who pose for Detaille, De Neuville, and the other military painters of the day form a class by themselves. They are generally discharged soldiers of irreproachable character. There is one, a former sergeant in the Garde Républicaine, who is extremely popular by reason of his docility and intelligence. He has sat for the Prussians of M. De Neuville, for the French soldiers of Detaille and Berne-Bellecour, and has even been known to assume the red hair and the Breton costume of one of M. Le Blant's Vendéans. He is a very martinet for cleanliness and order, and when left alone in the studio usually employs himself in dusting the uniforms and polishing up the bayonets, helmets, and cuirasses. One day he laid hands on a superb suit of ancient armor belonging to M. De Neuville and scoured it till it shone like a new tin kettle. The indignation and despair of its luckless owner, when he returned to witness the result of his model's industry, may be better imagined than described.

The painters of modern high life are sorely at a loss for male models for their elegant heroes, as distinction is the rarest quality to be found among those gentry. A young man named Léon enjoyed some years ago a special vogue for that class of characters. He was not particularly handsome, but he was slender and well made. He knew how to carry a cane or a hat, how to put on his gloves or an eye-glass, and, above all, his bearing in a modern dress-suit was irreproachable. To his profession as a model he joined that of supernumerary at the theatres of the Gymnase and the Vaudeville, to appear in the ball-room scenes of modern comedies.

A duel took place some years ago be-



tween a noted Italian artist and a still more famous Spaniard, both living in Paris, on account of a model whom the former had found out and engaged, and whom the latter contrived to win from his rival by the promise of a higher salary. This new Helen of an artistic Troy was a dazzlingly handsome blonde, just sixteen years of age, with shining golden hair that floated around her like a mantle. Being a keen-witted little creature, as cunning as she was beautiful, she finally, it is said, induced the Spaniard to marry her. Her portrait in a white satin dress and Spanish hat was one of the gems of the Salon a few years ago. The duel, it need scarcely be added, was a bloodless one.

L. H. H.

#### ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

##### The Bigotry of Liberals.

It is wonderful how long a wrong opinion may prevail simply because it never occurs to any one to examine it carefully. And yet, perhaps, nothing should be regarded as wonderful in the history of man when we reflect how many generations used the gimlet and the screw—that is, always making a hole for the screw with the gimlet—before it occurred to any one to make a gimlet-pointed screw which would make its own hole in the wood. Now, with regard to bigotry, I have always noticed that people associate it with those noted for piety or who are, at least, careful in the observance of religious forms. And yet the “gospel truth” is that the most insupportably bigoted people under the sun are to be found among those who are called “liberals,”—people who seem to think their heaven-appointed mission is

To drive the world's team wren it gits in a slough.

They know the infallible remedy for every evil of society. Generally they have written some ponderous volume which the world is not wise enough to appreciate and to whose merits publishers

are stone-blind. Frequently the work is the construction of a perfect language based upon the simple elementary sounds “*fee, faw, fum,*” and “scientific” to the last degree. Such a man has generally a certain following of uneasy people, who think he is deep simply because he is dark. “Stir a puddle,” says Swift, “and it is deeper than a well.” Their silence when he reads his “works” to them is the effect of sheer weariness, but he thinks they are “too full for utterance,” and he is deeply flattered. One of these great liberals in my acquaintance refused to send his children to the public schools, because he thought them all wrong in their methods of instruction and in everything else. He thought his children would be much better educated under his system at home; yet that system must have had some slight flaw, for one of his boys at twelve could not read a line in a primer intelligently, and labored under the impression that the earth's surface was a plane. Another “liberal” would not have a clergyman invited to tea, and when his wife and other ladies of the family insisted he persisted. He would not come to the table, he said, if they invited a “parson.” In vain they urged the well-known piety of the particular clergyman they desired to invite, and specially his genuine liberality of sentiment: the bigoted liberal said he would not “compound in any way with superstition and bigotry,” and the women yielded for the time. Another precious example of an illiberal liberal was Charles Lee, author of a volume of “Memoirs.” In his will he left special directions that he was not to be buried in any church-yard, nor “within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house.” Having, as he said, kept so much bad company during his life, he wished on dying to turn over a new leaf. But there is no end to examples that might be cited of the bigotry of those who specially pride themselves on being liberal-minded and tolerant, and, what is more remarkable, who bear that reputation everywhere except in the bosom of their own families.

M. H.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Spain." By Edmundo de Amicis, Author of "Studies of Paris," "Holland," "Constantinople," etc. Translated from the Italian by Wilhelmina W. Cady. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SIGNORE DE AMICIS is the most enthusiastic and impressionable of travellers. The mere thought of treading foreign soil fills him with a rapture of anticipation. When he finds himself in scenes of which he has heard or read, and which his fancy has pictured, he is seized with a tremor and asks himself if it can be true that he is here and not in his little chamber at Genoa. On reaching a new place, be it at noonday, midnight, or early dawn, he scarcely gives himself time to deposit his luggage before darting through the streets to seize the general aspect in its fresh novelty and strangeness, and every subsequent hour of his stay is spent in amassing the details that are to fill out the picture and leave it complete and unalterable in his memory. Nothing escapes his alert eye, no fatigue impedes his movements. He climbs the loftiest towers, descends into crypts and caves, peers through garden-gates, wanders through noisome alleys, plunges into every crowd, and misses no spectacle or public festival. Nor does any famous sight disappoint him, or any marvel of art or nature find him cold. The site or object which he has approached with feverish haste no sooner meets his eye than he stands transfixed and overcome by the appropriate emotion. As he enters the Alhambra he "utters a cry;" beside the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella he "trembles and weeps;" before Murillo's "St. Anthony of Padua" his heart expands with a sentiment of "supreme joy, angelic sweetness, and boundless hope," such as he had felt but once before in his life. It remains to be added that he is always in good humor; that the discomforts and annoyances of travelling neither affect his spirits nor shadow his views; that his avowed purpose is not to criticise, but to enjoy; that he is conscious of "a desire not to find anything to censure," of "a wish to embellish all lovely things," and that, consequently, to his eyes "everything presents itself almost spontaneously under its most agreeable aspect."

This youthful eagerness and exuberant sensibility would have a wearisome and depressing influence if they were not so evidently a matter of temperament, as genuine and unforced as the moods of childhood, and the fit atmosphere, so to speak, of a rare faculty for description, quick and keen perceptions, and a fancy which delights in contrasts and is equally vivid and playful. The subject, too, of his present book is peculiarly well suited to the author's genius. The attractiveness of Spain, at least for the great majority of travellers and students, lies in its picturesque aspects, the monuments of its former grandeur, the relics and associations of that clash of hostile races and creeds which was nowhere else so violent and prolonged, so rich in scenes and figures that stir the imagination, or so durable in the impress it has left both on the national character and on the features and condition of the country. It was a contest not of barbarians or of mere physical and martial prowess, but of two rising and energetic civilizations, and hence as remarkable for its productive as for its destructive effects. Mosques and palaces, castles and cathedrals, works of utility and of ornament, sprang from a rivalry which grew ever more intense, which led to the establishment of a world-wide dominion, but of which the ultimate results were scarcely less fatal to the conquerors than to the conquered. Spain has a past, but no present: such signs of revival as have begun to show themselves are too recent and superficial to suggest any comparison with the life of a bygone time or to cover the traces of a long decay. In visitors from any land that now marches in the van of progress this is apt to excite melancholy reflections or a positive repulsion. But Italy is itself too backward a country, its own glories belong too exclusively to distant eras, to allow its citizens, when travelling in the western peninsula, to know any stronger feeling than the closest sympathy and a sense of intimate relationship, which is strengthened by affinities of language and race. With the Italians, too, as with the Spaniards, the vivacity of the Southern nature tends to assert itself under all conditions, and the fleeting flowers of life are not left ungathered

because they grow among graves. Signore de Amicis had, therefore, the great advantage over an English or American tourist in Spain that he was able to enter at once and fully into the life around him, and, instead of stopping to study and speculate, had only to give himself up to the allurements which he knows so well how to describe. His pictures have the great merit of presenting the *ensemble* in vigorous and life-like touches, and of thus conveying impressions in which there is nothing indefinite or confused. Many works on Spain may be found more instructive than this, but we doubt if there is another of which the pages are so bright with reflections caught on the instant and as faithful as they are sparkling. The description of the bull-fights at Madrid comes further to enabling one to realize the horrible fascination of the spectacle than any other we have met with; while that of the famous Andalusian beauties—who “seem created on purpose to be seized, bundled up, and hidden away, so small, light, plump, elastic, and soft are they”—is as piquant and seductive as the treatment of the same theme in certain paintings by Madrazo. After reading such passages one can only exclaim, *Viva la giovinezza!*

#### New English Novels.

“Ayala’s Angel.” By Anthony Trollope. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

“The Private Secretary.” By the Author of “The Battle of Dorking,” “The Dilemma,” etc. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

“Fragoletta.” By Rita. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

“The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi’s.” By Catherine Drew. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

“One of Three.” By Jessie Fothergill. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

AGE does not wither nor custom stale the powers of Anthony Trollope. Touching human life and human experience at more points than other writers, and basing himself upon the widest conditions of sympathy, he is able to construct his novels out of the essential and permanent elements which make society what it is. He has a sure knowledge of life, and is the dupe of no poetic illusions. His men and women are not sublime, nor does he choose to see sublimity and heroism in the usual ideals. He takes the keenest

interest in anything which is human, but does not allow himself to be depressed by the mystery and perplexity of things in general. Life to him is an affair of cakes and ale, for which all men and women scramble, each in his or her own fashion. His girls want new frocks and handsome husbands; his men enjoy romance to begin with, afterward good dinners, the hunting-season, and political or church preferment. His disappointed people are not soliloquizing Hamlets pondering the problems of life in many-sided philosophy. They have instead missed the visible good things of the world,—wedded love, assured incomes, seats in Parliament. Ayala, his present heroine, is perhaps more of an enthusiast and a dreamer than any other of his heroines. But there is nothing fantastic or unsubstantial in her dreams. All she wants is a lover, handsome, noble, and heavenly as an angel of light. How she keeps this stainless ideal, like Galahad his vision, through all varieties of temptation, makes a pretty story; and how she is made happy at last is a pleasant thing to read about. There is no end to the love-affairs in the book, and the lovers’ ordeals are many. Mr. Trollope does not apparently write with any great moral intention, but the moral is always there; and even Mr. Frank Houston, after balancing the expediency and forecasting the results of marriage on a small income, makes up his mind that it is a better thing to let his heart speak and appoint his destiny than to marry an heiress whom he loathes. Much of the interest of the book centres in the household of Sir Thomas Tringle, a financial magnate, whose son and two daughters and two nieces and their love-affairs afford the old gentleman opportunities for studying human nature which the widest banking-experience could not have given him. Traffick, the husband of his daughter Augusta, is the *chef-d’œuvre* of the novel and the most amusing bore of our acquaintance. After his balloon is inflated by his wife’s dowry of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds, a more pertinacious, pompous, servile, windy, and pretentious sponge cannot be conceived. Some of the choicest traits of the true Briton are frankly exhibited in the character of the Hon. Septimus Traffick.

The new novel by the author of “The Battle of Dorking” is in all respects a disappointment. The title seems to be a misnomer. A private secretary is, we have always supposed, the appendage of a man

in public affairs who has other secretaries, not private. Mr. Robert Clifford, however, the present hero, is a young man in private life, possessed of an income which he chiefly devotes to charities, necessitating a large correspondence; accordingly, he advertises for a confidential secretary, and accepts the services of a pretty young girl. Miss Hilda Reid, who undertakes the office, spends the hours between ten and five at Mr. Clifford's flat in the Alexandra Mansions. The young man has a housekeeper and a female servant; besides these bulwarks of respectability, he arranges with much elaboration a system of communication between himself and his amanuensis which shall stifle any frivolous comment upon this situation, which the author seems to consider a peculiarly piquant one. It certainly proves too critical a one to Mr. Robert Clifford: the appointed barriers are soon leaped over, and a dangerous intimacy established. Clifford's character presents itself to the reader as a problem, and an unpleasing one. One hardly decides whether he is more knave or fool. His knavery is asinine, and his folly too calculating to inspire either distinct aversion or the pity one yields to honest, hopeless weakness. He holds his property by an uncertain tenure,—being bound by the terms of his father's will to marry his cousin at the age of twenty-six or give her the property. He is not wholly unscrupulous as to the means, yet he constantly ponders some method of preserving at least a portion of the money and possessing Hilda, who gradually wins his ardent love. Had the author wished to exhibit his hero as an unprincipled libertine, he could hardly have made him act worse by the defenceless girl whose relations to him are so close and perilous. To Hilda herself, we are ready to take oath, the writer has been unfair. After faithfully and cheerfully bearing many burdens, with a high consciousness of all that is best and worthiest in life, she must have been not only too pure in heart but too clear-sighted in intellect to make such a tragic failure of her career. No later and happier opportunity could have brought her peace of mind after such a lapse; and to paint her as a satisfied woman with no urgings toward a "grand retrieval" is the author's mistake. There is a blundering indefiniteness concerning not only morality but common honesty in the book difficult to account for. The whole story

is misshapen: the situations develop illogically and unnaturally; the characters, with the exception of Hilda and her little brother, display the most unblushing meanness; while the whole is unlighted by any glimmer of humor. A sense of propriety and regard for respectability are usually the bulwarks of the average British novel, and it is better and safer for the average British novelist to adhere to the old-time virtues.

"Fragoletta" is the story of a young girl who arrives, fatherless and motherless, in England to take up her residence with her aunts on the old family estate. The prettily-named heroine is sixteen years of age, very beautiful, gifted in music and art, and at once wins two lovers, one a boy of eighteen, and the other a man of thirty. This is easily comprehensible, although the cruelty of destiny, in such a case, is not. Major Rayburn returns to India hastily and without confiding his love to the young girl whose heart he has won. A tangle of circumstances over which he has no control forces him into a marriage repugnant to all his wishes and inclinations, and Fragoletta is sacrificed. The story is told in the diaries of two young girls, and is youthful and imaginative, but thoroughly healthy in tone, and likely to captivate readers not too prone to put a check on their romantic instincts.

Neither of the two latest books of the Leisure Hour Series challenges much remark. "The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi's" has for its hero George Neumarck, whose hymns still give him a place in musical history, and the author has linked with him Simon Dach, who is best known nowadays by his charming verses, "Annie of Tharaw." These historical suggestions are, of course, interesting, and the love-story linked with the few striking episodes in the life of Neumarck has a grace and sweetness of its own. The author has evidently studied the period she writes about, and, if she has not vividly reproduced its spirit, has given us a pleasant hint of the music and lace-making of the day.

Miss Fothergill's two stories are slighter in construction and general interest than anything of hers we have hitherto met. "One of Three," from which the volume takes its name, is the chronicle of a passage in the life of an heiress who for a time gives up her wealth and prestige and assumes the duties of a governess. As is usual in novels, thus stooping she conquers and secures her happiness.